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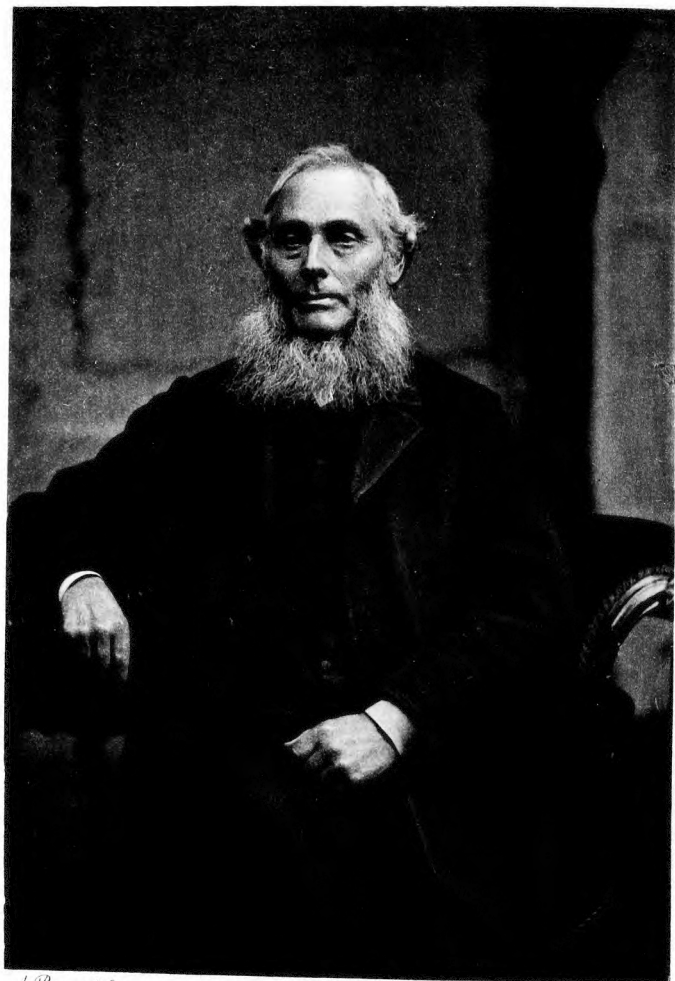
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LIFE OF
REV.
PARKINSON MILSON
(PRIMITIVE METHODIST MINISTER).

BY
REV. GEORGE SHAW,
AUTHOR OF
"FILEY AND ITS FISHERMEN," "OUR RELIGIOUS HUMORISTS,"
"TIMOTHY TURNABOUT," ETC.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

“ We gather up with pious care
What happy saints have left behind.
Their deeds upon our memory bear,
Their faithful sayings in our mind.”

AN ancient writer, in comparing a Biography to a Temple, expresses an opinion that as the portico should bear some proportion to the building, and give the beholder some idea of what is to be seen within, so an Introduction should give the reader of a Life an idea of the hero whose image its pages are intended to enshrine.

When the family of the late Mr. Milson requested the writer to act as architect to the present superstructure, he shrank from doing so for several reasons. The principal one of importance was, that though he had previously engaged in several undertakings of a similar character, with much pleasure to himself, and, as he had reason to believe, with some profit to others, a dangerous affliction had compelled him to lay aside his tools, and rest and be thankful, and it was not therefore without considerable hesitancy that he ultimately determined to “arise and build.”

The principal reasons which led to this decision are the following :—The fact that considerable preparation had already been made for the undertaking. Mr. Milson for over forty years kept a journal, and for more than twenty-five of them entered every day’s work in detail, with numerous incidents, accounts of conversions, and general observations of the scenery, places, and people among whom he laboured. These fill about twenty large volumes, and are a rich treasury of the mental struggles, devoted labours, and marvellous success of this eminently “holy man of God.”

Again, Mr. Milson evidently intended that the records

should be published for the good of others and the magnifying of the grace of God.

This is evident in almost every part of his journals. The volume numbered Book I., consisting of nearly 400 closely-written pages, has the following inscription on the first page:—

“An Autographical Memorial of Parkinson Milson,
Primitive Methodist Minister,
Being an Account of his Birth, Parentage,
Experience of DIVINE MERCY
and
SALVATION,

with some Account of his Labours, and brief Extracts from his
Correspondence.”

The following extract from the Preface to the Magazine for 1823, he wrote on the back of a plan:—“The preacher’s journals are edifying, improving, and instructing, in a high degree. Some complain of their containing a degree of sameness, and indeed something of this is unavoidable, though it be a sameness of excellence. They will, however, form a most valuable record, for which, perhaps, children yet unborn will be thankful.”

In his journals there are several references to the loss the Church has sustained by Clowes, Atkinson Smith, and many others, having left so few records of their labours, and quotations from Payson, Caughey, and others, expressing the good derived from keeping one.

We recollect him speaking to us over thirty years ago on the subject of publishing portions of his journals at intervals, and stating that he had prepared several sheets with the intention of submitting them to the Publishing Committee, without whose sanction a minister in those days could not attain to the dignity of authorship. We had an impression that he had done so, but could not be certain, when we discovered among his papers a manuscript which now lies before us, addressed to the Committee, from which it appears that he had already received sanction for the publication of a portion which had been previously submitted for their inspection. On the first page is the following note:—

"To the Hull District Publishing Committee.

"DEAR BRETHREN,

"1. I thank you for your sanction and counsel as to a further portion of my Journal, which was submitted to you.

"2. I shall be much obliged by your examination of this part. It contains some things rather remarkable, and concerning which there may be more than one opinion, but I believe you will sanction all you can, calculated to illustrate God's truth, the powers of prayers, and promote spirituality and edification.

With Christian love,

Yours truly,

P. MILSON.

"Hull, April 3rd, 1862."

Among the numerous ministers who have expressed a conviction that a Life should be published, the Rev. F. Rudd writes:—"Who that has heard him preach on his favourite themes, 'The deep things of God,' 'The glorious possibilities and actualities of the Christian life,' 'The equipment for Christian service,' 'Being filled with the Holy Ghost,' can ever forget his gleaming eye, radiant countenance, rapt manner, and rich and flexible voice, quivering with emotion. His name is as fragrant as the most precious ointment. His memory will be cherished while the present generation lives, and should be perpetuated to coming generations, like the lives of Bramwell, Stoner, Clowes, and others.

Writing to Mrs. Milson, the Rev. A. Ward said:—"With mingled feelings I read to-day of the death of my dear old super, or rather of his translation. . . . Will you bear with me when I say thus early, that I hope you will further on permit the records of his life, as contained in his diaries, to fructify into a Life. It would, in my judgment, be a connexional loss should no such work appear."

The Rev. John Stephenson concludes a letter by saying, "We all here think a Life of him ought to be published."

We have the conviction that the volume will give even to

those who knew Mr. Milson best, a more complete knowledge of him as a man and a Christian. His journals reveal a many-sidedness which has surprised those who have been privileged to examine them. His natural reserve and modesty prevented him from revealing many things which are conspicuous in those precious records. And again, the persuasion shared by many who were acquainted with him, that such a memoir must be extensively useful, not only among those who knew him, but to many to whom he was a stranger, who may be animated by his example, directed by his experience, and inspired by his success. If the memory of the just is blessed, and their death precious in the sight of the Lord, should not their life and memory be dear to us, their excellences are for our imitation, and their defects for our correction. We see in their experience a vivid illustration, apart from controversy and "doubtful disputation," of the power of divine grace, and the blessedness of a life of full consecration and practical piety.

Nor is the multiplication of such volumes as the present unnecessary. True, there may be danger of similarity, approaching "sameness," yet there is among men such diversity of temperament, gifts, and graces that in the case of a man possessed of the individuality of Mr. Milson there will be but little danger of this. "Books of this class are the levers of human progress, the germs of a yet undeveloped power in our Church. Let them be read and studied, let our rising youth become imbued with their spirit, and then the mantle of their power will invest them, their saintly lines will be repeated, and their example be found an accumulated power for good in our community."

While Mr. Milson still speaks in the loving recollections of thousands who were saved by his earnest ministry, and of tens of thousands who caught inspiration from his burning words, our hope is that in reading the following memorials, many who never heard his voice or saw his face will be savingly benefitted by the "Gospel" presented in his life and teaching.

In attempting to give a *true picture* of our dear old friend, we have permitted him to speak for himself. In doing so our "selective instinct" has been severely tasked, and we have

spared neither labour or pains to exercise a wise discretion, but even after doing so we can scarcely hope that we shall succeed to the satisfaction of everyone. It is difficult for friendship in its admiring veneration for every tone and feature of his character "to discriminate between that which has an interest for the general reader, and that which excites the fonder recollections of intimacy."

While there are some things in the following pages which a few may think *should not* have appeared, and others that might have been omitted, we fear that no small number will miss the record of well-known incidents in his ministry in many places, but it was impossible to give one-tenth of the thousands of written pages, and hundreds of letters which have been submitted for our inspection, every line of which has been carefully read and pondered.

No representation of this many-sided man would have been complete without a few specimens of the gentler and lowlier traits of his character, as shown in the relationship in which he stood to his family and more intimate friends. Hence the introduction of several incidents and playful passages taken from his letters to them when from home.

While the writer has no intention of offering any apology for the imperfect manner in which he has performed his work, of which he is painfully conscious, he may venture to claim the exercise of Christian charity on the part of the critical reader, by stating that nearly all the manual part of his work has been performed at sittings of an hour at a time, or two at most, owing to physical weakness. The labour involved has been to him far greater than that of composing the same number of pages; it has, however, been a labour of love, and should the reader derive *one-hundredth part* as much pleasure and profit in perusing it as we have found in writing it, he will not consider his time altogether lost.

We especially desire that our younger brethren may find the book a stimulus and inspiration.

When Amiel wrote a criticism of the *Monologues* of Schleiermacher, he concluded thus: "What a life, what a man. Those glimpses into the inner regions of a great soul do one good. Contact of this kind strengthens, restores, refreshes.

Courage returns as we gaze ; when we see what has been, we doubt no more that it can be again. At the sight of a man we say to ourselves, let us also be men."

So may our rising ministers, increasing as they are in culture and mental equipment for their great work, catching the spirit of the subject of this volume, and beholding what he became through divine grace, emulate his devotedness and purity, and exclaim, "*Let us also be saints.*"

CHAPTER II.

1825—1842.

EARLY DAYS.

“O thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God,
The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed
By the unceasing music of thy being !
Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.
'Tis ages since He made His youngest star,
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday.
Thou later revelation ! silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine,
Whence all things flow ! O bright and singing babe
What wilt thou be hereafter ?”

PARKINSON MILSON was born at Broughton, near Brigg, in the county of Lincoln, November 6th, 1825. “The house in which my nativity occurred,” says he, “was a portion of what was known as the Old School House, and was situated near the corner of the East Wood. The position is remarkably pleasant, bounded as it is by the East, North, and West Woods. The village lies near the fine chain of hills known as the Wolds, the sides of which wear a sylvan loveliness, particularly when steeped in the cloudless splendour of a summer’s sun, in its post meridian attitudes.

“Nor is summer the only season at which they appear invested with interesting charms, for when its glories are departed, and frowning clouds from northern and eastern skies scatter their frozen treasures over the landscape, they look like hills of marble, varied and intersected by the leafless hedgerows. This scenery is one of the cherished physical associations of *Home*, which imagination frequently recalls, and was always a source of interest to me since the commencement of my ripening and cognizant years. To other minds these things may be quite devoid of interest, but he who feels that *Home is*

Home, will sympathize with these views, and pardon my digressional observations on the association of my native place.

"I was my parents' first-born. They were poor, but industrious, and had a good prospect of being well supplied with the necessaries of life. My father was a clever workman at the various branches of agricultural art, and excelled in hedging, thatching, sheep-clipping, and similar pursuits. No master could ever complain that he did not do a day's work for a day's wages, but having saved a little, he entered into the jobbing business amongst cattle. With horses he was very unfortunate: several were drowned, and some died under uncommon circumstances. He believed them to have been destroyed by a witch! but I doubt not God was crossing his designs in mercy, and preventing him taking a course calculated to lead him to eternal ruin. Doubtless his aim was to get rich, but God by repeatedly blasting his efforts compelled him to adhere to the humble and artless employments of the field, the garden, and the wood, in consequence of which the knavery, lying, drunkenness, and peril to life and soul, frequently attendant on a jobbing career, were avoided.

He was addicted to intoxicating drink, though I do not recollect having heard him swear half-a-dozen times except when in liquor.

My mother and he, however, were considered amongst the respectable and moral of the village, and though not converted to God, they had a measure of His fear, some light, some power given to them from above for their own souls' sake, and for the sake of their children, as have all men through Christ Jesus.

Under this grace they sent me with my only brother George, at a very early age, to the Church of England Sunday School.

I still recollect the first sabbath of my going thither. I can mentally see my position in the school on that day.

I was baptised and *christened* in the Parish Church of Broughton, a godfather of mine, Joseph Wilson, married Ann Parkinson, and they both thought much of me, and being rigid church people it was owing in some degree to their

influence that I was taken so early to Church Sunday School. I was accustomed to call them uncle and aunt. Their kindness to me will never be forgotten, but will embalm their memory in my grateful remembrance throughout my sojourn here."

The vicar took considerable notice of him, and repeatedly rewarded him for his rehearsal of the collects and other portions of the prayer book. He was a ready and quick scholar, and when twelve years of age he was sent to Brigg Free Grammar School, where, in his opinion, he might have made considerable proficiency but for the carelessness of the usher. "I went there a year and a half, and learned scarcely anything! and this loss of so valuable a privilege through the negligence of those who ought to have instructed me I have often deplored. They made me do over and over again what I had previously done, considering, I suppose, that because I was a country boy I knew nothing."

"When at the Church Sunday School, I often felt the operations of the Holy Spirit, and while very young, I believe I was truly converted to God. I can recollect praying and weeping upon my bed until I fell asleep, and at such times I used to plead much for the conversion of my dear parents; and, according to my recollections, I felt sweetly conscious of the Divine favour; but this was unknown to all but God. This was at a very early age, how long it continued I cannot even judge." It is certain however, that he constantly felt "the drawings of the Father," and was often obliged to hide his face in his hands to prevent his school mates from seeing his tears. But he did not feel, he states, any particular pangs of remorse.

At no time was he devoid of the fear of God, which exercised a restraining influence on his "words and ways, and made him wretched" if he did wrong. When quite young he took some crow-wings from a neighbours' potato land, but could not rest until he had restored them.

He had frequently to accompany his father to Brigg Market, and spent hours a day in public houses, where he was annoyed with *tobacco smoke*, and the foolish conversation of the company, though his father never took part in such conver-

sation when it descended, as it too often did, to indecency and profanity. "Blessed" says he, "is the child who is taught to avoid ale-houses as hell fire. For years some of the sayings I heard in these places would start instantaneously in my mind and cause me to shudder. O what infernal hot-beds are these. What abodes of corruption, knavery, and damnation."

The gracious drawing of the Divine Spirit continued to powerfully influence him until he was over twelve years of age, after which he began to indulge in pleasure, being very fond of kite-flying, marbles, rabbit-trapping, fishing, and field and wood sports. But he never would associate with immoral young men, the "steadier and milder" were his companions, which choice he attributed, "under God," to Sabbath School tuition and parental restriction. The latter was often painful to him, and passionately resisted in spirit, but he never allowed his feelings to find expression in outward ebullitions of temper or language.

Though he avoided the company of the wicked and profane, yet owing to his having to work with such, he was often obliged to listen to their filthy conversation, and found that their language and conduct insensibly affected him. His "youthful" and sinful curiosity was excited, and he was imperceptibly drawn near to the outer eddies of a whirlpool, from which he was snatched by mercy's hand, just before it was too late."

"God speaketh once, yea twice," said Elihu to Job. "And God who had frequently spoken to me in various ways, now spoke to me in the following circumstance. I was turning an unusually large grindstone which ran upon revolving metal wheels, when the iron handle caught the sleeve of my waistcoat, which being new and strong fustian would not rend; in consequence of which I was hurled over it, and my right arm broken. When the stone was stopped, my hand was standing in a wrong direction from my arm. And now it was that I began to think more seriously about my soul. What if it should mortify and cause my death, was the overwhelming thought that troubled me, and promises of amendment and devotedness to God if I should be spared were solemnly made. At length I was restored, but during my affliction I frequently

prayed—using certain suitable forms of prayer contained in a volume which had been presented to me, but I had not clear views of my state, and the plan of salvation. Nevertheless I would not undervalue the early work of the Holy Spirit. *There was a work, and a blessed work.* Glory be to God.”

Soon after his recovery, he was, along with his brother and two or three others, crossing the common one summer day when they were overtaken by a thunderstorm, and walked behind a load of hay for shelter. A sudden flash of lightning, followed instantaneously by a terrific peal of thunder, “terribly startled” them, and so terrified the horses that they turned off the road, and galloped away. One of the men felt his heart much affected, and Parkinson experienced “a dreadful sensation of stifling, and felt as if he were dying.”

Another day, when he was leading corn for a neighbour, with two horses and a cart, one of the horses, a bad tempered one, suddenly started off, frightened the other, and away they ran. He was standing in the empty cart. To stop them was impossible—jump out he could not—a corner and a gate were before him; on the frightened animals rushed violently round the corner and *through* the gateway without they or the cart touching either gate post. This astonished him, and led him to look upon his escape as a miraculous interposition of a merciful providence, which through hidden and “*palpable* dangers too,” gently cleared his way.

“Yes,” he observes,

“And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they,”

for being very fond of music he became anxious to possess and learn to play the violin; but a Wesleyan local preacher advised him not to purchase a small one, as “he himself, through having one, had been exposed to many soul dangers by being sent for to play at public-houses.” This advice, backed by that of his mother, he reluctantly listened to, but his desire to play sacred music was so strong that he ultimately walked to Redbourne, to make enquiries respecting a second-hand *bass-viol*, which he ultimately purchased, and the learning of notes and playing upon the instrument “completely absorbed” him for some time.

In the year 1841, * he heard the Rev. T. Holliday preach at the opening of the Primitive Methodist New Chapel, when "his mind was deeply affected, and solemn thoughts of God filled his soul day and night. So much so, indeed, that in walking through the crowd of people at the fair he kept mentally repeating the lines :—

"The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years ;"

and while at work in the woods, verses of hymns on the Great White Throne, the Day of Judgment, and similar subjects were constantly upon his lips.

He became, too, the subject of solemn, and occasionally terrifying, dreams by night, and horrible temptations by day. He feared that he had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, and that for him there was no forgiveness. "This," says he, "I recollect, distressed me awfully. I was strangely tempted to curse God. This blasphemy seemed to be put into my heart and mouth. Not knowing this to be a temptation of Satan, I bore it for two years without mentioning it to a single soul. I have often since adored the riches of divine mercy in being preserved from committing so dreadful a sin."

In later years, during private conversation with him on the subject, we have heard him express it as his firm conviction that these terrible experiences were the result of his neglecting the sweet drawings of the Divine Spirit, "who," said he, "would have drawn me in early years, and spared me the terror and dread I experienced, but, having neglected the former sweet means, I had, for my poor soul's sake to be made acquainted with the *terrible*. Had I continued in the love of God, I should certainly have escaped much anguish of spirit."

On June 18th, 1841, there happened a most terrific hail-storm. Its desolating influence over certain portions of the country was unspeakable. The rain seemed like a descending

* The chapel was opened July 11-18th. Stone laid February 22, 1841.

flood—an object at the distance of a few yards could not be seen. The wind was awful, and there was one continuous roar of thunder. Vegetation was mown down by the hailstones, and men wondered if it were the last day. When the storm ended, about 5 P.M., what a scene was witnessed! Smitten crops, flooded lands, sail-less mill. This atmospheric sermon made a deep impression on my mind, and that night I went to the Wesleyan Chapel. There I saw, as I thought, an illustration of the sublimity of the Christian faith. An old afflicted man rose, and with holy solemnity announced the following words :

‘How happy are the little flock
Who safe beneath their guardian rock,
In all commotions rest ;
When war’s and tumult’s waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
They lodge in Jesus’ breast.

Such happiness O Lord have we
By mercy gathered unto Thee,
Before the floods descend,
And while the bursting cloud comes down
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.’”

The name of the “old man” mentioned above was John Shepherd. On visiting Broughton a short time ago we mentioned the storm to a few old people, and found that they remembered it well, and the old man too. He was considered by them “one of the best men that ever lived,” and some surprising stories were related of his wonderful power with God, who revealed many things to him, especially in relation to several of the people of the village and their spiritual condition.

He now commenced diligently reading the Bible, and frequently retired into the woods for prayer when his soul was sweetly drawn out after God. He also attended regularly the preaching services, but did not join the church. At length, having heard a very impressive sermon one Sunday evening by the Rev. Edward Dixon, then travelling at Brigg, from “The

Great Day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand," it so affected him that he was "induced to attend a prayer meeting at William Neil's, after the congregation had left the Chapel. I *wept* much, but did not pray *audibly*. Eternal thanks to God! however, I went on the Wednesday evening following to class, and have never left God's people to this day."

CHAPTER III.

1842—6.

FROM HIS JOINING THE CHURCH TO HIS LEAVING HOME FOR THE MINISTRY.

“I will serve the Lord while my heart is fired
With the zeal of youthful days ;
And I will not wait till my feet are tired
With the world’s weary ways.

For the spring of life is greener
Than its autumn sere and grey,
And the morning air is keener
For the heated breath of day.

I will serve the Lord ere my sight is dimm’d
By the world’s blinding light,
And I will not wait with my lamp untrimm’d
Till the dreary hours of night.

For the foe is best defeated
With a clear unflinching eye,
And ’tis watching saints are seated
At the marriage feast on high.”

IN February, 1842, he received his first ticket (on trial) from the Rev. T. Ratcliffe.

In May, 1843, he took his first appointment *on the plan*, at Howsham, a distance of about nine miles from Broughton. He was accompanied by Mr. Thos. Doughty (who subsequently went out to America as a missionary). On their return they were both so tired that they were compelled to sit down about midnight, under some trees, a mile and a half from home, where they rested awhile, and then pursued their journey.

Of his work as a local preacher he leaves but few notices. It is evident, however, that he loved it, attended it regularly, and performed its duties conscientiously. “The studying of sermons during the week-days when at work in the woods, the

fields, or the barn, was both pleasurable and profitable. It doubtless preserved me from many temptations. My work of manual labour was on some occasions comparatively unfelt while I meditated on the chosen theme of my next pulpit address. And when wending my way homeward, with weary limbs and heavy eyes sometimes, over Scunthorpe Common, Gokeneell Fields, along Appleby Lane, or from Kelsey or Waddingham, and other places, I have enjoyed much of the divine peace which only those who are engaged in such work can understand."

He was certainly popular as a local preacher in every part of the extensive circuit, and so numerous were the applications for his services that he could not but perceive this. While he gratefully recognised his increasing favour with the people, he was far from being elated thereby, but gave all the glory to Him to whom it was due. At the same time he was deeply humbled by the apparent want of success, which he afterwards attributed, not to any lack of preparation, but to the want of that *intense desire* for the salvation of men, which can only be felt by those who have received the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. Writing in 1852, on this subject, he says :—

"My labours as a local preacher, considering my youth and comparative inexperience, were, I presume, generally acceptable to the people, but I saw scarcely any souls saved, and now I am persuaded that I was far too little concerned on this account. I did not wrestle with God during the week-days for the conversion of sinners as I ought to have done, though I can recollect praying and fasting a little sometimes, and then I felt a soul-pervading peace and love. But I did not see so clearly on spiritual things as I ought to have done. The fact is, I needed a fully sanctifying baptism of the Holy Ghost to give me the *perceptions, emotions, wisdom, and energy*, necessary to make me a *soul-saver*."

Let none of our readers conclude from the above modest estimate of his labours that he was in any way indifferent to his work, or without deep searchings of heart and intense religious emotions. The following extracts will show that the contrary was the case :—

"In May of this year (1845) I went to Hull to hear that

soul-saving servant of Jesus Christ, James Caughey. His text was: 'To those who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honour and immortality and eternal life.' Never shall I forget him. The memory of that hour causes tears to start in my eyes while I think of it. The Lord bless and keep him.

July 20th—Preached at North Kelsey. May the scene I witnessed this day damp my earthly joys, and increase my gracious fears. A man dying in agonies, appealing to be saved.

August 3rd—About this time I had a dream, the impression of which still remains deep upon my soul. I dreamt that I was dying—a deep solemnity seemed to settle like a cloud upon my departing spirit. I seemed to enter into the immediate presence of God. The passage from time to eternity—from a state of trial to one of destiny and retribution—seemed to be realized with all the vividity, solemnity, and unspeakable consciousness of perfect reality; but I did not fear God's wrath. I did not dread eternal fire—there was no exposure of hell as being the region prepared for my abode and eternal destination. I felt how little I had done for God. This solemn fact absorbed all thought. All I desired to live for was *to do more for God!* It awoke me, and trembling had taken hold of me. I felt I would warn every sinner I afterwards met with. This dream had a good effect upon me."

In a note he afterwards added:—"It has been said that dreams are generally mere combinations of previously existing ideas, and are therefore more to be regarded as reflections of the past, than as intimations of the future. This dream, however, was to me a *call from God.*"

Of his inner religious life we can find but little information. The following extracts from a small diary which he kept in 1845, show, however, that he was careful to cultivate both "inward and outward holiness."

"January 3rd, 1845—Whilst praying in a wood I was greatly humbled, and solidly happy; Bless the Lord!

January 8th, Sunday—This was an indescribably happy day to my soul; I could say in truth,

‘I fear no condemnation,
My father’s wrath is o’er.’

January 9th—I was happy in a prayer meeting this evening.

January 17th—Endue me with wisdom, bless me with holiness, inspire me with zeal.

January 19th, Sunday—Whilst preaching in the afternoon and evening, I was greatly humbled.

February 2nd, Sunday—At times I have to fight powerfully against my spiritual foes, but the grace of God is sufficient for me in every conflict.

March 23rd. Easter Sunday—This day I preached at Broughton from ‘The Lord is risen indeed,’ and God was my keeper. It was a happy season. I renewed my strength.

April 13th to 19th—took Mr. W. Garner’s work at West Halton, Whitton, Alkbro, Thealby and Burton. The Lord work a deeper work of grace within my heart.

20th. Preached twice at Crosby. The Lord was my helper.

21st—Lord I am apt to wander from Thee. My heart would lead me far astray. O! my righteous Father, henceforth may no creature have my *supreme* affections, which are due to my Saviour.”

About this time he and three other young men connected with the society, formed themselves into a private band to seek for a revival of religion in the village, and the strengthening of their own souls in grace. They drew up the following rules which we copy without alteration:—

“1st.—That we hold a band meeting every Monday evening, to commence at eight o’clock.

2nd.—That we report nothing from the band meeting.

3rd.—That we read at the least one chapter in the Holy Scripture daily.

4th.—That we never spend more than one hour together, except business or duty require.

5th.—That we never stay at a neighbour’s house later than nine o’clock P.M., except on duty or business.

6th.—That when our association with the impious is unavoidable, because of business or duty, we reprove open sin,

and be deeply solemn, sober, and godly in our manners, as becometh those who profess to be disciples of Jesus Christ.

7th. That we fast for humiliation on the first Friday in every month of the year.

8th.—That we spent a part of the Lord's Day in visiting the afflicted, if such there be in our village—provided our visits be agreeable to the will and circumstances of the person or persons afflicted, and also on our part possible.

9th.—That we each retire separately to a private place about eight o'clock every night excepting Monday night (this being the night appointed for our band meetings) for the purpose of praying for a revival of God's work :—should business prevent our going to prayer about eight o'clock, we must not neglect it, if we should be at any public meeting any night it must be done before we sleep.

This list of rules must be shown at every band meeting, and if one rule or more has been broken by any during the week, confession must be made, and a satisfactory reason for the breach of it or them assigned.

Whoever shall break one or more of the aforesaid rules three weeks successively without assigning a satisfactory reason, shall be dismissed from the band meeting."

He derived considerable profit from his connection with this private band, and continued to attend it until it was dissolved by the members being separated.

He was very methodical in the employment of his time, and seized every opportunity for converse with God, and the improvement of his mind, but was frequently assailed by powerful temptations arising from a variety of causes.

"At this time I was," says he, "growing in grace, but was much tempted to give up my plan because I saw but little evident fruit to my labours."

As the time for the quarterly meeting drew near, he purposed sending in his resignation as a local preacher, but for several quarters overcame the temptation. This led him to seek a closer walk with God, and direction in prayer. One night he went into a field where a stack of corn stood which he had built some time before. Prompted by the desire for the deepest seclusion, wherein to pour out all his desires

before God, he made a large hole in one side of the stack, and entering, pulled an armful of straw into the opening, and in the darkness and seclusion of this singular recess, wrestled with God for more of His Spirit and help. "To some," he observes, "this may seem ridiculous, but many can enter into my feelings, and sympathize therewith."

During the Spring, Summer, and Autumn, Broughton East Wood was a favourite resort of his for prayer and meditation. "Scores of times have I been familiar with the skies in the memorable glades, or beneath the trees of the wood. There, with the lovely sky above me, have I paced the ground in prayer, tears rolling down my face, while I was studying to be prepared for my work on the coming Sabbath." Sometimes a tree root would be rendered comfortable by a few "brackens" he had plucked, that he might sit penciling down his thoughts for the pulpit, or kneel supplicating divine light and guidance. At another time he would climb into the forked branches of a tree *to think* and prepare for the warfare of preaching.

The Rev. W. Garner was the first minister who spoke to him concerning his becoming a travelling preacher. On his demurring, Mr. G. said, "If you think you are not called to the itinerant work, or would not be happy therein, you must continue in a local sphere." This remark so deeply affected him as to move him to leave the room in order to hide his emotions.

Mr. Garner was succeeded by the Rev. J. Bywater, who spoke to him repeatedly concerning the ministry. His reply to his entreaties was, "Were I conscious that God desires it, I would leave all and enter into the work."

This was his only difficulty. He wanted to know the mind of God, and was doubtful as to his call to leave all and follow Him. But these doubts were fully removed before many months had passed. Among the circumstances which contributed to this result he mentions the following:—

"In the spring of the year 1846, I was engaged in felling oak for the Earl of Yarbro', in the rookery between Appleby Lane and Heron Lodge. The trees were very large, and two men or more were generally engaged in felling each tree.

On April 28th, in the afternoon, two men were felling a

large oak to fall westward. Mr. Wm. Neal, Senr. (a Primitive Methodist Class Leader at Broughton), and a young man and myself, were busily engaged in felling a large tree about fifteen or twenty yards eastward from the root of the other tree which was being felled.

Contrary to all expectation, the latter began to fall in the direction of us; the other workmen, astonished, gave instant alarm, my two companions sprang aside, but from my position I could not readily do so. I looked up and saw the tremendous tree was falling towards me. I dare not run to either side for fear of being crushed by the mighty branches, and therefore calmly laid myself down under the large bole of the tree I was engaged in felling, it being convex to where I was standing. In an instant the falling tree came crashing upon the other a few feet from my perilous position, and drove it shivered into the earth. The men, knowing I was somewhere underneath it, stood terror-stricken. The leader began to weep, fearing and feeling certain I was crushed to death.

A bough of considerable thickness lay across my back, but so broken at its ends, that it did not in the least injure me. At last I made my way out: they were all astonished, and a wicked man said he believed I was a good lad, and if he had been in my place he would have been killed.

What astonished me the most was the marked and unusual calmness of soul I felt, and God was there. When I had time to realise how great had been my danger, and how wonderful had been my escape, I wept, saying, '*I am Thine by preservation.*'"

We remember hearing, when stationed in the neighbourhood nearly forty years ago, from a Broughton man, the story related in all respects as it is given above, with the addition that one of the old men said to him, "I'll tell thee what, lad, the Lord wants thee to do better work than felling trees, and if thou does not do it, the next tree that falls will kill thee as sure as thou art born."

These words made a deep impression upon him, and he sought by earnest prayer and supplication to know the Divine Will, which was revealed to him in the following manner:—

"On June 1st, which was a very warm day, I returned from

my work, and after tea I went into my chamber to commune with God, and was enabled to state my circumstances and views to Him, in great humility, confidence, and simplicity, and with blessed liberty of soul. I was led to tell Him that in consequence of ignorance as to His will concerning the sphere of life I should move in, I could not take certain steps, and therefore I cried, 'Lord, if it be Thy will that I should be in the Ministry, let me see it, and see *Thy* hand *soon*. Thou knowest I love my dear parents, brother, and home, but I could leave all if I knew Thou requiredst it.'

Whilst praying in this strain my heart was as water, and my tears flowed abundantly. God was there. I felt He had heard me, and that the answer was nigh. I never before felt such love to my Saviour, and I paced the chamber floor, saying, 'I could go to the ends of the earth for Thee.'

'Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb.'

It was a never-to-be-forgotten hour. But little did I think that my Heavenly Father was going to summon me to the work on that very night, and that on that very day my manual labour had terminated. Yet so it was! The remembrance of this striking instance of the hand of my God now melts my heart, and causes my eyes to overflow, and my adoring soul says from its inmost depths, Hallelujah! And when I receive the flaming tongue and infinite light and capacities of immortality I will give Him nobler praise.

'Through all eternity to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise.'

Soon after this remarkable season with God, I walked down into the village with a soul unusually solemnized and happy. On arriving at Mr. John Winns', Grocer, a letter was handed to me, of the contents of which I had no idea. On opening, I found it contained a request for me to proceed forthwith to Hull, Yorkshire, to supply the place of a Travelling Preacher for a few weeks as a hired Local Preacher. At once I saw that God had *been preparing me for its reception,*

and encouraging me to comply. I had no doubt as to its being a Providential call, and I immediately wrote to its writer, the Rev. George Lamb, informing him that I would (D.V.) be at Hull at the appointed time, and told him how I considered the Living God had prepared me for compliance with the request.

June 2nd and 3rd were spent in gathering up my tools in Manby Wood, and in preparing for my journey and work. A solemn presentiment that the scenes with which I have been so long familiar were henceforth to be strange to me, possessed my breast. Only God knows how solemnized and distressed I felt. However a voice called me—'twas the voice of duty—it was the voice of God—my *Heavenly Father*, my *Everlasting Friend*."

CHAPTER IV.

1846—47

HIS ENTRANCE UPON THE WORK OF HIS LIFE.

“Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, here am I; send me.”—Isa. vi. 8.

“Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth *month*, in the fifth *day* of the month, the heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God.

. . . The word of the Lord came expressly unto Ezekiel.”—Ezekiel i. 1-3.”

ON June 4th, 1846, in the 21st year of his age, he left Broughton for Hull. He was the subject of alternate comfort and distress. Comfort from the thought that he was engaging in God’s work, distress arising from the fact that he was leaving for the first time the scenes of his childhood, and parting from his parents and brother who were unconverted, and his mother’s health was in a very unsatisfactory condition.

The morning of his departure was one of the “loveliest he ever saw.” As he left one by one the scenes of his childhood behind him, “woods, and commons, and carrs,” all invested with the sweetest charms and fondest recollections, he could not suppress his tears, and wrote in a letter home:—

“Who has not felt a pang, or dropped a tear,
On leaving scenes which time has rendered dear,
Where, day by day beheld for many years,
Each well-known object like a friend appears?

.
A walk, a prospect, mountain, stream, or tree,
Which passing strangers undelighted see,
To those who long have known them still appear
Above all other walks or prospects dear.
And few, in latest age, have e’er forgot,
Their youth’s attachment to some a favourite spot.”

He enjoyed his ride in the flyboat up the river Ancholme, and was delighted while crossing the Humber with the placid surface of the water, the bright blue heavens, the hills of

Lincolnshire and Yorkshire rising from either side. On his arrival in Hull about eleven o'clock, he was conducted to "Pilgrim's Inn" the house of Mr. Lascelles, 16, Bond Street, so called from having long been the home of our unmarried ministers. There he found the Rev. W. Marwood, who gave him a hearty welcome, and in whose company he visited *before dinner*, several sick persons, some of whom, though wasted by disease, were happy in the Saviour, and in the afternoon took tea with the Rev. Jonathan Ratcliff and his wife.

On the morrow he preached at Newbald, and had "a good day on the whole."

The following is one of his first letters to his parents :—

"Swanland, June 25th, 1846.

"DEAR PARENTS AND BROTHER,

Through the mercy and love of God, I am enjoying good health, for which I feel thankful. This morning we have had a very awful thunderstorm, several animals have been killed close to where I am staying. The mistress of the house, who is, I believe, a sincere Christian, hid herself in a cupboard by the fireside, nor could I induce her to leave it, though I endeavoured to do so by kneeling down and praying. Oh! what a day will the last be, but,

'We who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesu's Righteousness,
Stand as the Rock of Ages sure.'

Oh! get that religion which will enable you to rejoice when heaven and earth shall pass away.

Mr. T. Ratcliffe wishes me to go to Tadcaster as a hired local preacher, but I am at present resolved that I will not go unless I have some very different views on the subject than I now have. I think of returning home as soon as I have done in this branch. Make yourselves comfortable concerning me. I am very happy, and continue to pray for you. If you are determined on everlasting ruin, you must find that ruin in spite of my earnest prayers and tears. Oh, consider how you have sinned against God, and that none who, believing, seek for

pardon shall be denied it, also consider how short time is! May the Lord save you."

July 5th. "Preached at Beverley and baptised an infant, the first to which I administered the rite."

Many years afterwards, on a visit to the same place, a married man came to him after the sermon, and made himself known as the person he had baptised in 1846, and seemed somewhat surprised that he did not recognise him.

We remember that soon after we went to Dewsbury, in 1883, a man saluting us as we passed his shop, with, "Hey you, don't you know me?" On our stating that we had not that happiness, he looked astonished, and said, "Don't know me, why *you baptised* me before I was a month old!" We ventured to suggest that he had probably *altered* since that time, as he had a wife and several children.

Mr. Matthew Denton, one of the oldest local preachers in Beverley, says, "I remember Mr. Milson preaching at Beverley as soon as he came from home. At the close of the morning's sermon he stood in front of the chapel with a few friends, and on my joining him I heard him express himself as being very much disheartened, and he thought he must give up the work and return home. I believe he dined with us that day, and the case was mentioned to Mrs. Denton, and she, in her persuasive way, encouraged him to continue in the work, as did others also. He took their advice, and preached again in the evening with acceptance and success."

He was still, however, perplexed by doubts respecting his call to the Ministry, as appears from the following letter:—

"July 14th, 1846.

"DEAR PARENTS AND BROTHER,

. . . I intend to make myself at home, go where I may, the next quarter. . . . I shall write soon after I arrive at Tadcaster. I am still inclined to think I am not 'called' to the 'Itinerancy.' Yet were I conscious of the 'call' of my God I would obey—I *would* do His work by His help.

Live to God, that when this world is blazing, the judgment trumpet sounding, and the dead arising, you may 'come forth' from the mansions of death, to the delights of 'life eternal.'"

The reason for his hesitancy are given in the following quotation from his private note-book :—

“Of my being divinely called to Hull to supply the place of a travelling preacher ‘for a few weeks,’ I could not doubt ; but whether or not God required my entire dedication to the work of the ministry was a painful problem. And such was my estimate of my abilities for the regular work, and so overpowering were my views of literary, theological, and experimental deficiencies for so important a sphere, that I considered it almost impossible for me to continue in it. Not that I doubted the ability and willingness of God to qualify me, provided He called me. For even then my conviction of His will in the case would have produced a solemn and happy acquiescence on my part. Every natural conviction and sensibility would have been sacrificed to Him on duty’s shrine. But I dreaded to run without a Divine commission. How could I please God, or benefit the people, and ‘save’ souls ‘from death’ if unsent by God ! And, in such a case, how could I answer for my attempts at the judgment seat of Christ ? These considerations, with many minor ones, made me tremblingly careful on the subject.”

From subsequent letters it appears that he ultimately accepted an invitation to Tadcaster, where he arrived on the 18th July, and on the following day attended a camp-meeting and love-feast.

July 20th.—“This morning I made the following promise with the Lord, viz. :—That if I could ascertain at the September quarterly meeting that ten souls had been converted under my ministry, I will remain in the work, but if I cannot do so then I will return.”

Referring to this resolution afterwards, he says :—

“This promise evinces great sincerity, but little wisdom. For though it is true that God converts sinners in answer to prayer, yet it is true that the most powerful preaching and the most earnest praying may fail of saving effect through sinners resisting God. I thank God, however, that he made all to work for good, and eventually in his sovereign mercy gave me satisfactory evidence in his own way.”

“August 19th, 1846.

“DEAR PARENTS AND BROTHER,

During the last few days my head has been much affected, a result, I judge, of too close an application to study. But I intend struggling on a few more weeks, God willing, and if study continues to affect me as at present, I think of returning home. I do not yet know that I am Divinely called to the Itinerancy, and I am confident I will not engage therein unless I do know it. Sometimes I think I shall have to remain, and at others I am disposed to go home immediately. But if convinced that I am now in the way of God's will, I should be much more reconciled to all difficulties and conflicts, yea, I could suffer cheerfully.”

On September 15th, he wrote to his parents, and informed them that he had come to the conclusion to return at the expiration of the quarter, which would be on the 8th of October, and that he had informed Mr. Ratcliffe, the superintendent, of his intention. Fears of his health failing partly influenced him, but the principal reasons which led him to such a conclusion were, his lack of qualifications for so great a work, and his doubts as to whether he was as yet divinely called to continue therein. “I see, he wrote, the responsibility of my office, and feel my ignorance and insufficiency for competently performing its duties. On the other hand, the people tell me ‘God has sent you, and if you shrink from your work you will be chastised.’ The fear of missing the way of Providence distresses me.” He hoped also that by returning home and remaining there a year or two he might be better qualified for the Itinerancy. He did not return home as he intended, but on October 10th wrote as follows: —“During this week the preachers who have attended the missionary meetings, Bros. Geo. Lamb, Elihu Tyas, Henry Knowles, Thos. Ratcliffe, and J. Hutchins, have repeatedly told me that if I return home I shall be unhappy. This morning I have, upon my knees, seriously considered the matter, and solemnly promised the Almighty that I will *remain* in the work of preaching the gospel as long as I am able to do so and my way shall be open. If I have done wrong I pray that God will forgive me. If I have done what is right in Thy sight, O Lord,

be then my helper, keep me at Thy feet, and may I be filled with the Holy Ghost, and shed heavenly influence wherever I go. I know not what my dear mother will say, the Lord bless and support her." Three days afterwards he wrote home, stating that it was probable that he would remain a considerably longer time at Tadcaster, but intended to pay them a visit as soon as possible.

And now we come to an event which he ever afterwards looked upon as the most memorable in his life; his seeking and obtaining the blessing of entire sanctification. His description of his struggles and ultimate victory are recorded in his journal at length. We have not space for it all, but our readers must pardon us for the length of the extracts, as they illustrate his character, and account to some extent for his ultimate marvellous power and success.

November 3rd.—"I am conscious that I have long been living below the privileges I ought to have enjoyed. I am convinced that I may enjoy the blessing of entire sanctification, and I am determined by the grace of God to seek it until I find it; I want nothing in this world but to dwell in God, and to be every moment filled with his fulness. I feel willing and able to sacrifice all for Christ. What an importance and beauty I see in entire purity and complete devotedness to God. I intend to live in the glory in this world, and be useful in the ministry, if God spare my life. I do not write boastfully, God forbid! I want above all things to enjoy all the fulness of God.

4th—Deeply convinced of my need of entire sanctification and longing to be filled with God.

5th—To-night was informed by a local preacher that a 'great preacher' had said that there is not such a thing as entire sanctification! It was also his opinion that I was seeking a blessing unattainable in this life. For a moment or two his words were as daggers to my heart. However, I considered the testimony of certain eminently holy men and the promises of God, to be of more weight than his objections. Accordingly I left the room where were several local brethren, and prayed to my heavenly Father that he would not suffer me to live without it.

6th—Under such deep conviction of my need of full redemption that my heart and my flesh cried out for the living God. Derived unspeakable advantage from reading over Pipe's Dialogues on Sanctification. Sometimes I wept, sometimes I prayed, and at other times I adored ; they were made meat and drink to my soul.

7th—Still athirst for entire sanctification ; and tempted and tried, cried :—

‘ Holy Lamb, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night I cry to Thee,
As Thou art so let me be.
Jesus see my panting breast,
See I pant in Thee to rest.
Gladly would I now be clean,
Cleanse me now from every sin.’

My distress of soul was next to intolerable. I seemed to want neither meat, drink, sleep, nor anything but perfect purity. I could not sermonize. Eagerly read all I could borrow on the subject of entire sanctification, but wished the most for conversation with a living witness of its peace, power, and glory. I could not, however, meet with a soul in the branch who enjoyed a satisfactory evidence of the blessing. Several had once enjoyed it, but had lost it ! When upon my knees, I was *distressed* that I had not heard entire sanctification preached distinctly by travelling preachers, and said, ‘ Lord, what have the preachers been doing ? ’ I resolved to spend the night in prayer for the blessing. It was a night of distress and temptation indescribable ! It was suggested to my weary mind, with such force as caused me to tremble, that God would kill me in an instant if I did not desist from wrestling with him as I did. Sometimes I lay prostrate on the floor in tearful agony. My heart seemed ready to burst within me ! The blessing appeared to be further distant the longer I prayed. It was also suggested that as I had not heard certain preachers whom I had considered to be peculiarly blessed men of God profess to enjoy it, neither preach it, I ought not to think of obtaining it. This was a very plausible and distressing temptation. About one o’clock on Sunday morning I retired to rest.

8th, Sunday Morning—Much tempted and depressed, took but little food at breakfast time. I had fasted and practised much self-denial several days previous. Was planned at Cattall in the afternoon, and at Walshford in the evening. I left Tadcaster about eleven o'clock; as I travelled towards Cattall, my mind was severely exercised relative to entire sanctification, and my being divinely called to the work in which I was engaged. Such was my distress that I knelt down upon the horse-road in an agony, and begged of God to turn me back that moment if I was going to preach contrary to His will. However, I arose from my knees and went forward to preach for the Lord. When I had arrived within about one mile of Cattall, and was meditating on God's mercies to my soul, I somewhat suddenly became sweetly happy. I was serenely plunged into depths of gratitude and love, and in blissful glowings, I re-consecrated my all to the Lord, and my soul was filled with ardent longings for all His fulness. I knelt upon the road and felt unusually happy, but did not obtain the blessing which my soul went out after. However, the drawings of the spirit were so strong and bliss-inspiring, I was all on fire to be dissolved in love.

With this increased desire and felicity my confidence in God was increased too. The frame of my soul was exactly like that expressed by the seraphic poet, Charles Wesley, in the following lines :—

‘ I will not let Thee go unless
Thou tell Thy Name to me,
With all Thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like Thee.’

I knelt and wrestled with God again and again, but did not obtain a satisfactory evidence of entire sanctification. The devil again commenced tempting me fearfully. But God gave me the victory, when, having knelt down upon the grass, I was instantaneously filled with the Holy Ghost; I felt what the poet expresses in the words :—

‘ Thee descending in a cloud,
Now with ravished eyes I see !’

The heavens seemed to be opened to my soul, the invisible appeared in sight : the effect was unspeakable upon both soul

and body. I seemed as if electrified from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet! This manifestation of my Father's presence rendered me, I believe, insensible to all on earth for a few moments. The following scripture was sweetly applied to my mind and use, 'The Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you.' 'O Lord, I beseech Thee show me Thy glory.' And when I was nearly recovered from the electrifying shock, I found myself repeating the following words, 'This is heaven! This is heaven!'

As soon, however, as I had risen from my knees, I was fearfully assailed by a temptation to doubt the reality of this manifestation of the presence of my condescending Lord. I had to use my shield most determinedly, and the Lord again manifested His glory to my soul, and I went on my way rejoicing. Dinner time was now passed, and I went direct to the preaching room, spent a little time in secret prayer before commencing the service. I had glorious liberty, and in my service repeatedly exhorted believers to seek entire sanctification, but did not confess that Christ had entirely sanctified my soul that day—herein I believe I did wrong.

Evening, preached at Walshford. Told them that God had entirely sanctified my soul that very day. This confession was attended by a remarkable power from heaven, and a sister who had known the Lord more than twelve years, was convinced of her need of the blessing, and found it the following week. She afterwards told me that when I made the confession my face shone.

9th—This morning I rose very early, feeling very happy. As I walked to Tadcaster, I experienced such ecstasy, that I felt ready to bound into the air. I was so glad in the Lord, and so heartily did I shout for joy, that I evidently amazed a number of cattle in some fields that I was crossing! I have often since been amused to think of the cattle staring at me as I shouted praises to God. The following I wrote at Tadcaster under this date :—'Oh! thank God for what He has wrought in my soul :—

'Through all eternity to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise,
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.'

I ascribe all the glory to the ever-blessed Trinity, and I trust in God to keep me for ever. I know that I am baptized with the Holy Ghost.

‘The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.’

December 22nd—After preaching to-night at Wetherby, a poor backslider entered the house where we were at supper, restless in soul on account of sin, she told us she could not rest at home. This was joyful news, we knelt and prayed, and shortly she exclaimed ‘The Lord has pardoned all my sins, I feel as though I was in another world.’ This was an hour of joy on earth and in heaven.”

He continued to preach the doctrine of entire sanctification, but was tempted to think sometimes that there would be greater influence accompanying his preaching, if he truly enjoyed the blessing, and that his hearers would think he was in a passion when he *earnestly* pressed them to seek this glorious experience, and were wishing all the time that he would be quiet.

His preaching now was more intense than ever, his whole soul was occupied with one object, the salvation of those who heard him. He made everything subservient to this. As in the storm the pilot’s eye is fixed on the headland which must be weathered, as on the battlefield the general sees only the position to be carried, so he fixed his mind on that *point, and that only*.

December 31st.—“Attended the watch-night service at Tadcaster, was very happy when renewing my covenant with God in silence during the departure of 1846 and the commencement of 1847.

January 1st, 1847.—Attended the tea meeting at Tadcaster, in the meeting following spoke a little of the shortness of time, and the realities of eternity. However, I would rather have been fasting and praying than have been at this tea meeting, so trifling was the conduct of many persons attending it.”

Writing to his parents on the 27th, he speaks of having felt unwell, the result, as he judged, of his labouring too hard.

Speaking of his preaching, he says, "I am endeavouring to preach with plainness to professors of religion, and also to sinners, and I assure you I afterwards hear of it."

"If," he continues, "I live until mid-summer, it is likely I shall leave this place, and shall I, when away, have to reflect upon unfaithfulness in preaching to sinners and professors of religion? God forbid! If my hearers will go to hell-fire, they shall go thither over my faithful warnings and tears. I am under the wing of my Maker, and saved from the slavish fear of man, death, and devils. And I believe that so long as I trust in Him, He will make me useful.

I pray for you, I weep for you, I cannot forbear, your welfare lies near my heart, I believe God will answer prayer.

I sometimes weep for Broughton sinners. How many of them will be damned? *All* who continue to neglect the great salvation. Lord save them! My love to you all, Christian regards to all friends.

31st.—Conducted a love-feast at Aberford in the evening. In the prayer meeting which succeeded five believers professed to receive the blessing of entire sanctification."

The following letter shows how intense was his feeling on behalf of his parents and brother, as well as his concern for the salvation of his hearers :—

"Tadcaster, February 13th, 1847.

"MY DEAR PARENTS AND BROTHER,

I feel grateful to God that I am able to say my health is tolerable, but I am convinced that I must not labour so hard as I have done lately, or I shall have to return home. You will perhaps wonder that I have become so laborious. The reason is I have received more fire into my soul, which has increased my concern for those who are posting towards the realms of death, and sometimes my feelings carry me beyond the bounds of prudence. . . . Last Sabbath night several obtained the blessing of entire sanctification. The face of one of these appeared to shine.

Your last letter affected me much. My dear mother's 'becoming weaker' has deeply pained my heart. May immortal life be her portion when death shall free her from an afflicted body. Dear mother, it appears to me that you are

wanting to save yourself. Why write about 'leading a new life and *then* God will forgive you.' 'Tis true that repentance must precede pardon, but, my dear mother, we can be saved only by faith. And—

‘If you tarry till you’re better,
You will never come at all.’

Do you feel that you are a sinner—a sinner sinking deeply towards perdition? Then cling by faith to Jesus crucified. Cry, ‘Thou wilt, thou dost, save me through Jesus Christ,’ and God will say:—‘Thy sins *are* forgiven thee,’ peace with God will then be your portion. Time is short. Be in earnest. I will still pray for each of you. May we never be separated to all eternity. Some in glory and others damned!

Will you, my dear father, be damned for the sake of a little ale. I believe intoxicating drink is your great hindrance. O flee from the wrath to come, which, as a gathering cloud, impends over your soul. Never enter another alehouse. The blood of souls is there.”

Amongst his papers was found a small memorandum book with the following upon the cover:—

“February 13th, 1847.

“(For) A collection of scraps of ‘Poetry,’ ‘Prose,’ ‘Hymns,’ etc., etc., from various authors. O Lord smile upon my public endeavours, which, through Thy grace, I make designedly to promote the interests of my Saviour’s kingdom. P. Milson, Aged 21.”

The extracts show considerable reading, and embrace a large number of subjects. One of the earliest is on Prayer, and the one next to it, on the Sabbath, commencing with the well-known line—“O day most calm, most bright.” The greater portion, however, is on the beauties of Nature, and shows how even then the love of natural scenery, which was so strong in him in after life, was prominent, for there are extracts on “The Ocean,” “Meditations in a Grove,” “The Snow-drops,” “Spring,” “Summer,” “Beauty,” “Evening.”

On the second page are several verses which he composed while walking to Kirk Deighton on the 25th. As they are the earliest recorded lines we have been able to find, we give them

in the form in which they afterwards appeared in "Salem's Harp," with corrections made by himself in the printed volume :—

"THE DEAD IN CHRIST.

How blest the dead who landed are
In Canaan's tranquil clime,
Who, on love's wings, have fled afar
This stormy vale of time.

Beyond the reach of human foes,
They now reside in peace ;
Nor can dark demons interpose
To make their raptures less.

No cares can now invade their breast,
Nor tears their eyes suffuse ;
Their souls enjoy the promised rest,
Their flesh, the grave's repose.

Their bodies, in corruption sown,
Await the coming hour,
When Christ in glory shall come down
To raise them by His power.

Then, in His glorious image, they
From darksome graves shall rise,
And angels bear them thence away
To meet Him in the skies.

Before all nations Christ will crown
These faithful servants there,
Receive the conquerors to His throne ;
His endless reign to share.

To Thee, my Saviour, may I live,
That IN Thee I may die ;
FROM Thee a crown of life receive,
And WITH Thee reign on high."

March 5th.—" Fasting and praying at Tadcaster for more of the spirit of burning in my own soul, and for the revival of religion in the branch, and the Church universal.

April 16th.—Went into Ripon Circuit to have a little conversation with brother and sister R., two flaming spirits. I was ashamed of myself when I witnessed the Christian mightiness of these two souls. Preached at Whickley to a large congregation."

Writing on April 19th, 1847, to the Rev. Joel Hodgson, he says :—

“I am not surprised to learn that you are troubled. If it had not been so I should question your divine call to the ministry. I think the man whom God calls to preach His word will meet with all *Hell's opposition*. If the devil harasses you until you have to prostrate yourself before God in agony and tears to invoke his guidance and succour, I shall not wonder ! I assure you, my dear brother, I can sympathise with you, having endured the dreadful opposition of Satan myself. . . . Keep praying for sanctification, be determined to have it. I know it is yours, if you only believe. Do not keep saying in your prayers, ‘I believe thou wilt do it,’ but have boldness, through a Saviour’s blood and intercession, to say, ‘I believe thou wilt do it *now*, I believe thou *doest* it,’ and repeat these words with strong confidence, and God will soon let you feel it. Remember Mr. Bramwell got it when sitting on a chair in a house at Leeds, whither he had gone to settle some account. . . . You shall have the prayers of your unworthy but loving brother, and I beg that you will remember me in yours.”

April 28th.—“A year since this day I narrowly escaped being killed by the fall of a large tree in one of the Broughton woods. I have reflected often upon my hair-breadth escape with tears of gratitude and joy. Last night, in commemoration thereof, I held a watch-night in my chamber at Tadcaster, after having preached at Fenton. Oh ! what a solemn season was this, and oh ! how heavenly. The Invisible appeared in sight. The glory of my Father’s presence rested upon my soul in an almost overwhelming manner. I rejoicingly re-consecrated my all to God, and soon after the church clock struck twelve, I enjoyed utterable things.

June 1st.—A year since this day I ceased working with my hands. I had many solemn thoughts, and dedicated myself anew to the Lord.

June 22nd.—Whilst engaged in wrestling prayer for God to station me the next year, I received a deep baptism of the Holy Ghost, and an intimation that Hull would be the scene of my labour.

June 24th.—This morning I received a copy of the stations of the preachers and learned that I am appointed to the Hull West home branch. This will please you. (To his mother.)

July 10th.—Was much tempted, prayed long, and obtained deliverance about eleven o'clock at night. I received a most solemn assurance that on the morrow I should see sinners converted and believers sanctified.

July 11th (Sabbath)—In the morning preached at Clifford, afternoon and evening at Bramham, two sinners were converted, and five believers fully sanctified. The prayer-meeting was one of extraordinary power. In this day's scenes I had another instance of the efficacy of prayer, and of the faithfulness of Him who answers it.

July 16th.—Left Ulleskelf railway station for Hull, then proceeded by packet to Broughton, and returned to Hull the next day."

Thus ended his labours in his first station. In his review of them he says, "How wise is God in all his ways, and how excellent is He in working! How wonderful that He should fully sanctify my soul on the very day on which I was to have returned home! I have previously observed that I purposed to regard the evident conversion of ten souls under my ministry, in a given time, as a divine call to the ministerial work, and the non-conversion of that number as proof that I was not divinely called thereto. As I did not see half the number converted in that time, I resolved to return home. But I often felt serious misgivings in my heart. However, I informed my superintendent of my decision, and requested him to communicate my resolution to the Hull Quarterly Meeting. He did so, and it was resolved that 'Brother Milson be requested to remain in the Tadcaster Branch until November 8th.' When this resolution was sent to me by Brother Joel Hodgson, I felt considerably relieved in my mind, as I considered the Church had now consented to my wish, and that I might return home happy! Yet a secret fear of crossing the path of Providence often distressed me, and at times I knew not what to do. At length I resolved to give myself fully to the work of God, and He came and sanctified

me, as I have already said, on the very day on which my labours were to have terminated. God came to me and sealed me His abode! And, blessed be His holy name, unto this time I have, in the enlarged consolation of His presence which I have enjoyed, considered myself as realizing the truth of these words, 'There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, . . . for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time.'

CHAPTER V.

1847—48.

HULL WEST BRANCH.

“ I had rather stand
A prophet of my God, with all the thrills
Of trembling, which must shake the heart of one
Who, in earth's garments, in the vesture frail
Of flesh and blood, is called to minister
As seraphs do with fire, than bear the palm
Of any other triumph. This my joy
The Lord fulfilled.”

—*Ezekiel, and other Poems.*

THE conference of 1847 stationed Mr. Milson for Hull West, as fifth preacher, his colleagues being J. Bywater, C. Jones, and J. M. Ashley. Clowes' name stood at the head of the list as No. 1 and supernumerary.

Having solemnly re-dedicated himself to God, he entered with earnestness upon his work, and was cheered by the warm reception accorded him by the ministers, officials, and people, and the evident signs of success which followed his labours, which were both arduous and exhaustive. Finding his health showing signs of giving way, he embraced an occasional opportunity of recreation. One day, he tells us, he went to see a young whale which had been captured on Whitton Sands, and, as the day was fine, and he had never seen a fish of the kind, he was enabled to secure increased knowledge and improved health. The whale was 70 feet long, and was sold for £40.

July 26th.—“Took tea with Father Clowes.

July 28th.—Preached at Anlaby. A week since I wrote, ‘Last Sabbath, I received, in private prayer, an assurance that God would sanctify at Willerby on the coming Sabbath.’ But in preaching I had a heavy time, and saw no answer to my prayer. Satan buffeted me greatly. To-night, however, I have been

greatly encouraged to find that my prayer *was* answered. A sister informed me that whilst listening, she was convinced of the need of entire sanctification, and that she went home and continued in prayer for the blessing until she became a happy partaker thereof. Hallelujah !”

August 4th.—He wrote as follows to the Rev. Joel Hodgson :—

“MY DEAR BROTHER,

I have received your very welcome communication this day, which has done me good. To-night my mind is in a very solemn frame. I have been preaching in Nile Street, from 1 Peter iv. 7. I had liberty but did not feel much *power*. Lord, baptize me.

I feel comfortable in my new station. The Lord is with me. Since the 18th July, I have seen three profess to receive justification, and three entire sanctification, and many have been shaken. I am fully believing for far greater things. I feel quite confident that God has sent me here, and that he will make me a blessing. I am still the same happy man, and I feel much more power in preaching and love for souls. I believe the more we feel for souls, the more we shall see converted, *the only way* to obtain ‘a yearning pity for mankind’ is to get fully sanctified, and to strive for all the fulness of God. . . .

I am more and more convinced of the importance, and also of the *omnipotence* of Faith. ‘All things are possible to him that believeth.’ The feelings you have experienced in your pursuit of purity, answer to my own when I was in your circumstances. . . . Be of good courage, my dear brother ; you are disturbing the devil. He is at you. Seek on, and soon the Holy Ghost shall descend upon your soul in mighty power, making you pure within. . . . Do not faint in the pursuit, all hell cannot prevent your receiving it. Perhaps at a moment when you are thinking yourself at the greatest distance from the blessing, it will descend, and you shall have ‘planted in your heart a constant paradise.’

This moment, such an influence has come upon me, that I can scarcely sit upon my seat, and I firmly believe that if

the blessing is not attained by you by the time this letter reaches you, it soon will be yours. I feel God will do it, perhaps to-night.

In reference to preaching. I believe the best plan is to write as little as possible.* I would write down as *much as would remind me of every idea* I get upon a subject. But I think it matters but little how we do in this respect, provided we are walking with God, and aiming at nothing but the salvation of souls. Mr. Bramwell said, 'you can write all your sermons, but do not be careful about sticking to your plan!' Mr. Caughey writes 'skeletons' of his sermons.

I see, my brother, that we shall get mighty and powerful by *degrees*. Let us *patiently persevere*. Before I go to preach, I endeavour to get *my whole sermon rivetted* upon my *mind and memory*, and go depending upon God for help and success.

Like you, I shall have to be on with sermonising, you will get better and better sermons, your circumstances will drive you more to God, and you will choose those subjects which will produce, or be calculated to produce, the most *present* and lasting effects. This has been the case with myself.

I feel quite happy. I feel assured that God will *very soon* sanctify your soul if you will let him. Glory! 'Do it whilst he reads the letter, my Lord. Amen.'

I am glad your health has improved. God will fit us for our work. I must conclude. Accept my sincere love, and write to me soon as convenient.

Your sympathizing brother, P. MILSON.

On the 12th of the same month he wrote :—

"EVER DEAR PARENTS AND BROTHER,

This afternoon I am well in body, and my soul enjoys the peace of God which passeth all understanding. I am now opposite Ferriby in Lincolnshire. As I descended the hill from Swanland, I could discern *Broughton Woods*. My tears flowed as I looked towards the place of my nativity, and that of your present residence. I prayed that God would

* He evidently means as little as he needed to assist him to remember his sermons.

save you, and that he would direct me through this wilderness world.

The Lord is with me in my station, and I am very comfortable. The people in Hull are very kind. In preaching I am endeavouring to be very faithful. The other day a female member of ours told me I shall never get a wife if I go on preaching as I now do against pride in dress. Well, this I know, a woman who would take offence at such preaching, I do not want for a wife. . . . I hope you will all choose the good part which yields bliss in time, and beyond death—to eternity.

24th.—Preached at Beverley on entire sanctification. Several were convinced of their need of the blessing, and expressed, at the ticket renewing, a determination never to rest until pure within. We held a prayer meeting in which the presence of God, the Holy Ghost, was powerfully felt. Several were groaning to enter into the rest where fear and sin expire, cast out by perfect love. One brother, Jacob-like, wrestled until he prevailed, affording an affecting illustration of the passage, ‘The Spirit itself maketh intercession for us.’ When deliverance came, he exclaimed, ‘Praise Him, ye hosts of angels; praise Him, seas and lands.’ O! what an hour was this! Every soul appeared to be deeply engaged with God for a personal blessing, and to be mantled in the light and bliss of His countenance. We concluded about ten o’clock. Several had received the blessing of perfect love.”

Two of these, Thomas Greenbury and Thomas Cass, afterwards became travelling preachers.

August 26th.—After preaching in Mill Street Chapel Vestry, seven believers received entire sanctification.”

September 6th.—He records how, on this day, he received a very powerful baptism of the Holy Ghost, and during the week had some sweet seasons, both in public and private. One night he had such deep fellowship with God as to be well-nigh overwhelmed, and filled with rapturous awe and adoring love.

September 12th.—“At Beverley and Cherry Burton. Preached three times, and three sinners were saved and three believers sanctified.

September 19th.—Preached in Hull. One sinner saved, and

two believers sanctified." Under this date occurs the following entry :—"Some in Hull and in the country are much offended by my plain preaching. • And 'who are they? Reprobates?' No! 'Who are they?' Hear it ye sinners, damned through ministerial unfaithfulness! Hear it ye angels who rejoice when sinners are pierced by the two-edged sword of the Spirit! Hear it ye saints in heaven and on earth, who were saved under such preaching! they are professors of religion—some of them class leaders and local preachers. The doctrine of entire sanctification, too, is giving no little offence to some. The offence of the Cross is not yet ceased. . . . And what of opposition? I am on the side of Christ; under the wing of my Saviour's omnipotence! He knows my aim and desire, and I solemnly feel that neither men nor devils can touch me, but as He pleases. O! my God, give me strength and utterance from above

' To urge on the saints through grace forgiven,
To scale the mount of perfect love,
To seize the brightest crowns in heaven.'

I believe that Thou hast called me to preach the doctrine of free salvation, and that thou wilt confirm the word with 'signs following.'

September 20th. —He preached at Mill Street (now West Street) Chapel to a large congregation, one soul was saved, and three believers entirely sanctified. A man told him after the sermon that he had, up to that night, being deceiving himself!

During the week he enjoyed the reading of the memoir 'of that eminent saint, Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers,' and was encouraged to go on urging believers to seek full salvation.

And he needed such encouragement, for during the same week a lady, belonging another denomination, asked him if he durst say that he enjoyed entire sanctification, and, on his replying, for the honour of his Heavenly Master, 'Yes, God knows he has wrought the glorious work in my soul,' she replied, "It is nothing but pride that leads you to say so!"

October 3rd.—"Preached in Hull. Four souls found salvation.

October 10th.—At Beverley and Cherry Burton. Three found salvation, and one, entire sanctification.

October 11th.—Preached at Mill Street. Had a large congregation, and a powerful time. In the prayer meeting, a female found salvation whilst we were singing:—

‘There is a fountain filled with blood.’

Before the meeting concluded, some were overpowered by Jehovah’s presence. It, indeed, resembled ‘a mighty wind or torrent fierce.’ Six believers were fully sanctified, and three sinners found pardon. This was on the night of ‘Hull Fair Day.’ Who had the best night? My brethren, sisters, and I, or the pleasure seekers in the devil’s service? This evening’s services made an impression upon my mind which will not be obliterated, I believe, to all eternity.

October 16th.—Conducted the band meeting. One soul pardoned, and six believers fully sanctified.

“November 2nd, 1847.

“MY DEAR PARENTS AND BROTHER,—

‘You will learn from the plan, I am appointed to spend this week at North Cave, where I have had so much opposition, both as to the matter and manner of my preaching. Well, I am now labouring among them, and am very happy. Opposition does not run so high as it once did. I believe God is giving me the affections of many of the people, and is evidently making the word I preach a blessing to many souls. O! may I live nearer to Him, and be made very valiant for His name’s sake. I anticipate having a good week upon the whole, but the state of the society depresses my mind, but I know God can say *live*, and it shall be so! O! my God, may the celestial winds blow upon this part of thine inheritance. Many sinners are evidently affected under the word, but do not yield to the spirit, and many professed Christians cannot get hold of God. O! for a godly life at home, then we shall shine, and bring the glory down in the sanctuary. Last night my head pained me much. I prayed in my closet that God would, if it were His good pleasure, give me relief. Well, I went to the chapel, but could scarcely sit in the pulpit, when, just before I

began to preach, the pain suddenly left me. I told the people how God had answered my prayer, and was well during the whole of the night.

I hope to shake hands with you all on the Plains of Light ! . . . O make haste to Jesus. Time flies. Death hastens near. Eternity await us. Eternal sorrows or eternal joys be our lot hereafter."

November 6th.—"To-day was 22 years of age. Felt that God's mercies to me were *special*. Renewed my consecration covenant with Him, and believingly prayed for all at home.

November 8th.—A year since this day I experienced the deep and heavenly meaning of those solemn words, 'If a man love me and keep my words, my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.' He who has kept me one year, can keep me for ever. The heavenly glory still flames around me. Day and night I live with God ! Every night for months my chamber has appeared to be illuminated with glory ! Oh ! to know more of Deity !

September 14th.—Preached at Beverley and at Walkington, four souls found Redemption through the blood of the Lamb."

"November 17th, 1847.

"MY DEAR PARENTS AND BROTHER,—

I have just come from Beverley by railway ; the morning is beautiful. My health is good. My soul is happy. For these things I thank God, and say :—

'Thro' every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds
The pleasing theme renew !'

During the week I spent at North Cave, five sinners found pardon, and ten believers were sanctified wholly. I understand, however, that I was designated a madman, and a class leader belonging to the W——s said I deserved to live upon bread and water all the days of my life. What for ? Why, for preaching against the use of tobacco when its use is not necessary. Another person professed to be disgusted with my remarks. I spread these things before the Lord, and was blessed with glorious assurance of His favour.

If I err in anything, it is not intentionally, and I know I am His. My soul mourned before the Lord, often during the week until nearly midnight. I wrestled with God, sometimes in agony and tears, for the inhabitants of the place, but did not see anything remarkable until the last Sunday evening after the Lovefeast. Then it was that God came down; five persons were fully sanctified, and two sinners were pardoned, some were overwhelmed with the Divine Presence. One female, a Wesleyan, clapped her hands, and exclaimed ‘Oh I see Him! Glory! I see Him! I see Him!’ For about an hour we seemed to be admitted into the presence chamber of Jehovah! My tears flowed, and I felt the sacred fire to run through soul and body almost overpowering me. . . . You will perceive that God is with me.

‘I am at His feet saying
I nothing have, I nothing am,
My treasure’s in the bleeding Lamb,
Both now and evermore.’”

“Hull, Quarter Day, December 22nd, 1847.

“MY DEAR BROTHER HODGSON,

I see most plainly that a man cannot be a successful minister of Christ until saved into the image of his Lord. O believe, and full redemption is yours. I beg you will read Mr. Wesley’s hymns on ‘Full Redemption,’ this will fire your soul, and fill you with intense longing to be plunged in the Godhead’s deepest sea, and lost in his immensity.

We are doing *nothing* particular in the Branch. Last week I saw seven or eight unpardoned souls profess to be made happy. But here is no *general* work. I intend to be more plain and faithful than ever in my preaching. O! plain preaching, attended with power from heaven, is what is wanted.

I am not very well at present, but my soul is washed in the Lamb’s all-cleansing blood. Hallelujah! Go on, my dear brother, pray much until pure in heart, then prayer will be sweet, and you will be mighty. The Lord cause His face to shine upon you.”

January 2nd, 1848.—“Sunday. Preached at Beverley. The best Sabbath I ever experienced. Five sanctified wholly,

and two sinners converted. One man who found salvation exclaimed, 'If there were a thousand hells, I deserve damning in every hell!' He had been powerfully tempted to commit suicide."

The next Sabbath, at the close of the evening sermon, the power of God descended in such a manner that many were filled with the Holy Ghost, and several unconverted people "fled out of the place."

"16, Bond Street, Hull, January 11th, 1848.

"MY DEAR BROTHER M——

I duly received your welcome letter, but am sorry it has not been duly answered by me. Will you forgive me?

Last night my soul was peculiarly drawn out after my beloved Saviour, and by faith I beheld myself enveloped with divine glory. But like Moses' bush I was unconsumed. This is one of the deep things of the Spirit. It is the result of a constant thirsting after God, and much believing, agonizing prayer.

I believe God will make you mighty for himself. I have often felt much of his presence when praying for you. God bless you with the deepest felicities of his uttermost salvation! Since I last wrote to you, I have seen such mighty movings from heaven as I never before witnessed. The Lord is opening my way, and my congregations increase, particularly in Hull. Glory be to God! I hope you hold fast a full salvation. Do this, and you will have some conflicts, but after a while you will see God work mightily. Continue to preach it, never be beat off your ground. Pray much, and God will teach you all things necessary to your becoming gloriously useful. Read Wesley's Hymns on Full Redemption; Bramwell's Letters, etc. They will be made a blessing to you. Excuse my giving you advice so freely, as you are older in Jesus, and of longer standing in the ministry. God bless you. Accept my Christian love. Your companion in trial, and brother in the Kingdom of Jesus.

P. MILSON."

Writing to the Rev. Joel Hodgson, October 12th, 1847,

he says at the close of his letter :—"A travelling preacher was over at Hull from Norfolk some time since. He heard me, he got sanctification. I have heard from him this week. Since he left Hull he has seen twenty pardoned, and two sanctified. Glory! Believe, my brother!"

The minister referred to above was the Rev. W. H. Meadows of the Norwich district.

After a long and successful ministry he is now superannuated. Writing him on the subject, I received a parcel of letters, with the following one from himself.

"Wymondham, May 1st, 1893.

"DEAR MR. SHAW,

Your letter to hand. Glad you are about to give some account of my dear old friend, P. Milson. My acquaintance with him began in the summer of 1847. I was on a visit to my sister in Hull, the wife of the late W. Bolton, local preacher and class leader in the Hull First Circuit. Mr. Milson had just come to that station, and being full of perfect love, zeal, and power, was causing no small stir by his simple, pointed, and energetic preaching on holiness to large congregations. August 26th, I heard him in West Street Chapel (then Mill Street), on 'Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?' The history and teaching of the text were soon given. Then he said, 'I will now tell you how I got sanctified.' It was a splendid meeting. At its close he went with me to supper—a kindred spirit drew us together—we seemed one in spirit. After supper we bowed to pray, and pray we did, all prayed, Faith rose, Heaven opened, the mighty power of the Spirit fell upon us, my soul realized the all-cleansing power of Jesu's blood, we were washed and made clean, and filled with wonderful grace and love. What a meeting was that—all present seemed partakers of the bliss divine. We sang and prayed till a late hour, then retired to bed, for Mr. M. remained all night, but we got little sleep; the room, as well as our souls, was filled with the divine presence, and we praised and glorified God with glad hearts, full and free.

"August 27th, I took breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Clowes.

Milson was soon there too. Mr. Clowes held us spell-bound till noon with reminiscences of his mission work. We were powerfully acted upon, at times the power of God was great in our midst, thrilling us and melting us to tears. The dear old saint's soul was all aglow with holy fire and he shouted aloud. Mrs. Clowes, who was just outside the door, said, 'There you are, Clowes, shouting till the people in the street can hear you.' 'I don't care,' was his reply, 'who hears me, I am happy, and I will shout.' That day was a grand day in our history, it did me much good, the effect is with me to this day. Mr. Milson and myself were drawn close together, and were happy brothers. I was then in my third year as a travelling preacher. I soon returned to my station in Norfolk, and witnessed a great work of God in the salvation of souls.

But I must forbear, as I am very unwell, and don't know how to write. I have enclosed all the letters of Mr. Milson I can put my hands on just now. If you see his Jane (Mrs. Milson), as he used to call her, remember me kindly to her. She may still remember me.

Wishing you all possible good,

Yours in Jesus,

W. H. MEADOWS."

While the above letter has been passing through the press, news has reached me of the death of the writer. He was not well when he wrote it, as will be seen from the last paragraph, and after a few days' illness *peacefully* and *triumphantly* passed away. The Rev. J. Travis, General Missionary Secretary, stated at the Conference held at Nottingham, that Mr. Meadows had generously promised £25 to the Jubilee Fund, to be paid during the next five years, and had contributed £15 towards that amount. A few days before his death he wrote Mr. T., stating that "feeling how uncertain life was, he felt anxious to do all he could towards assisting the Fund," and enclosed £10, the balance of the sum promised. He, like his friend Mr. Milson, was a consistent witness to the doctrine of Entire Sanctification, and like him, too, lived a life of eminent usefulness, and died universally beloved and lamented.

January 14th.—"Preached at Barton, Lincolnshire, on entire

sanctification. Some professed to receive the blessing, and several sinners were in deep distress.

16th, Sunday.—At Beverley, three sinners pardoned, and two believers fully sanctified.”

On the 28th he went to Broughton, and returned the following day. He took *coach* to Barton, and from thence went by *packet* to Hull, where he landed “after an hour and a half’s combat with the watery element.” While crossing the Humber his soul was sweetly happy. Writing to his parents, he says, “When witnessing the evil conduct of a number of the passengers, the words of Wesley rushed into my mind:—

‘Not one of all the apostate race
But may in Him salvation find.’

In an instant my heart was full, and my tears flowed as I meditated upon the precious and amazing truth those words contain. Never before do I remember feeling such love for souls. I thought I would reprove sin and preach Jesus everywhere possible, and I am conscious I have endeavoured to do so up to this hour. Never did I feel so determined to give the Lord no rest until my dear parents and brother are converted. I believe you will all be saved. O yield now! How can you delay to give yourselves to Jesus. Yesterday I travelled sixteen miles, preached three sermons, was wonderfully blessed, one sinner converted. My soul is happy, my body is in health. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

Your affectionate son,
Preparing for eternity,
P. M.”

20th.—He preached in Hull. Time of great power. When he had proceeded about half-way through the sermon, the Holy Ghost descended in a wonderful manner. He paused, and requested the congregation to sing:—

“Him eye to eye we there shall see
Our face like His shall shine,” etc.,

during which he sat down in the pulpit and rested. “The divine glory was unspeakable. Eight souls were saved.”

March 20th.—“When on my way to preach at Cherry Burton a powerful influence descended upon my soul. I afterwards found that three persons were engaged in prayer for me at Beverley at that time. Hallelujah!”

“Mill Street Vestry, March 22nd, 1848.

“DEAR BROTHER MEADOWS,—

“The following is the list of preachers nominated at the March quarterly meeting.” We give it to remind our readers of the olden time, of the kind of letters that were “flying about” from one circuit and district to another, before the invitation system was adopted.

“Preachers to be *endeavoured* for Hull Circuit:—1. Bywater or Sanderson; 2. Harland or Atkinson Smith; 3. Lamb or Wright; 4. Cheeseman; 5. Ratcliffe; 6. Newsome; 7. Whitehead; 8. Harvey; 9. Youle; 10. Jones; 11. Sole; 12. Langham; 13. Parker; 14. T. Shepherd; 15. Ingham; 16. Luddington; 17. Ducker; 18. Campbell; 19. Ashley; 20. Milson; 21. Marshall; 22. Marwood; 23. Dawson; 24. Tomlins. J. R. Parkinson, J. Wood, R. Hall, or Garner, if Wood or Richardson *be lost*.”

These brethren had “*to be endeavoured for*” at the district meeting following, when each circuit was represented by a delegate. The fight for preachers was one of the most exciting events of the year, and for a few hours on the “Stationing” day the future field of labour for many of the ministers was quite uncertain.

The provision made in the event of Brother Wood* and others “*being lost*” does not imply that there was a fear of their leaving the connexion, much less any doubt of their ultimate salvation, by the brethren who denied the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints, but was made in case any other circuit should succeed “in getting them.”

He expressed a hope that Mr. Meadows would continue to preach full salvation, and though indifferent professors of religion opposed him, God would open his way, and hereafter grant him a full reward.

Writing to a friend, under date March 28th, he says, “I am

* Now Rev. Dr. Wood, M.A.

exceedingly glad that you wrote to me on the subject of your fears and sorrows. This is as it ought to be. Satan would prevent this. He dreads the union of two hallowed souls. . . . Never think that your taking such a course will be considered by me trifling. A relation of each other's sorrows, an unbosoming of each other's griefs, will exert an endearing influence, and lead us to be more fervent in prayer for each other's welfare. I hope you will always let me know your troubles."

29th—"He felt so unwell that he had serious thoughts of setting apart a time for fasting and prayer for direction as to whether he should continue in the Itinerancy or not. But previous to preaching he received an answer from God, and an *assurance* that he would live for some years to declare the works of the Lord.

31st.—Had some conversation with Father Clowes on the subject of my spiritual conflicts. Opened my heart to him. Before I left, he prayed with me, and cried, 'Lord, bless Milson. Bruise the devil under his feet. Bruise him, Lord, bruise him! Thou wilt if he behave himself!' A gleam of glory darted through my soul and body, and I was ready to fall under its power."

"April, 4th, 1848.

"MY DEAR PARENTS AND BROTHER,

I begin to have some thoughts as to where I shall be stationed next year. I should be glad to remain in Hull, enthusiastic, highly exalted, and dear Hull! Yet I am quite ready to depart if Jesus shall say, 'Go!' It is not my lot to enjoy the society of dear friends at any particular place uninterruptedly for any length of time. I am called to wander to and fro till I my Canaan gain. There with friends who are dear to my soul I shall spend eternity in the courts of the celestial sanctuary:—

'Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death
Behold, behold the Lamb!'

and be made through undeserved favour a partner of His throne.

How are you getting on for eternity? O pray, seek, endeavour, strive, believe, and God will not cast you out.

May God clear my way. Congregations enlarge, and some souls find salvation! Tremble demons! Rejoice angels. Saints of Jesus adore. The Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah. Amen.

April 13th.—Preached in Mill Street Chapel vestry, from ‘To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.’ The influence was so extraordinary that it was with difficulty I could proceed.

April 16th.—Preached in Hull, one sanctified, three justified.

April 17th.—Hull, one sanctified, three justified. Hallelujah!

April 23rd.—Easter Sunday, Hull, Mill Street Chapel, in the evening. Before the conclusion of the sermon, a woman fell on her knees and cried for mercy. Several persons left the chapel, and an old Primitive exclaimed, ‘Glory to God, shout on! These are old times over again.’ I was told that a man in the gallery was heard to say, relative to me, ‘Hurl the devil out of the pulpit!’ his master would have done it but for Him who holds the stars in His right hand. In the prayer-meeting which followed, two believers found entire sanctification, and six sinners found pardon.

April 29th.—Since I arrived in Hull from the country I have heard of the hubbub the devil has been endeavouring to create concerning last Sunday evening’s service. Some have gone to Mr. Clowes, I understand, with false reports, such as that I shouted from the pulpit ‘if you leave the chapel the devil will get you,’ but the devil cannot harm me so long as I trust to God and aim at His glory. I have laid the matter before Him, and have been specially blessed. Some pronounced the noise that the people made to be of the devil, the day shall declare it.”

“ May 11th, 1848.

“ DEAR PARENTS AND BROTHER,

Since I last wrote to you I have seen about twenty sinners converted, and some believers fully sanctified. Hell rages. Lukewarm professors take offence. Some good men are perplexed respecting me, heaven rejoices. I feel somewhat

unwell in body, but I trust in God to strengthen me in years to come. Sometimes I enquire, if I *must* die shortly, can I go freely? I answer with tears, yes!

‘Death would be my Jesu’s voice,
To call me to His arms.’

My love to all.”

Writing again on the 20th of June, he says:—“Heavenly consolations be multiplied unto you, through the merits of the Redeemer, Amen!

You will have become aware that Hull East Branch is to be the scene of my humble exertions the next year. With this I am fully satisfied. Last night I obtained an assurance from my great Master that I should be stationed in the Quarterly Meeting. He will go with me. Souls shall be converted, believers sanctified. . . . When it was argued in the meeting that I ought to remain in the West Branch, Father Clowes arose, and said, ‘I should like him to stay, but you must consider the welfare of other places beside Hull West,’ and observed, ‘He will be useful anywhere.’ So I shall if I cleave unto Jesus.”

CHAPTER VI.

1848—49.

HULL EAST BRANCH.

“Culture, art, and science cannot solve the mysteries of spiritual life; but to him who has seen the Lord, all is plain. He sees Him in song and sacrament, in labour and sacrifice, in pain and pleasure; indeed you must extract his very consciousness from him before you can rob him of his experience.”—DR. R. S. STORRS.

HE commenced his labours in this station on Sunday, July 16th, 1848, at Mason Street Chapel. In the morning he preached from Rom. viii. 1. One of the worst men in the neighbourhood was led to decide for heaven during the sermon, and found pardon at the class meeting in the afternoon. His evening text was Ezek. xxiii. 7-9. “God,” says he, “helped me, and shook the crowd of people. In the prayer-meeting eight sinners were saved, and a believer fully sanctified.” His congregation rapidly increased, and believers were stirred up, and sinners converted at almost every service.

July 23rd.—He met with a person who had lost the enjoyment of full salvation through ceasing to confess it, owing to the persecution she had to endure from those who met in the same class, because she spoke about it. This reminded him of the striking remark of Mr. Wm. Carvossa’s:—“Lukewarm professors of religion are the worst enemies God has to the work of entire sanctification.”

July 30th.—“Renewed tickets to a class at nine. Preached at Church Street at half-past ten. At five addressed a large congregation in the open air. Preached at six. Hard time. Two souls found pardon, and eight believers were fully sanctified.”

“Broughton, August 15th, 1848.

During the fifty minutes the boat was running to Ferriby Sluice, I read Mr. Wesley’s notes on John x., and enjoyed a soul-enriching feast. Before I reached home I was told that

an announcement had been made for me to preach on Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. On account of it being at that late hour, many will have an opportunity of attending, who otherwise would not, owing to the harvest. Some of my old neighbours have gone to be no more seen—some suddenly, especially one of the most reprobate characters in the place! I have engaged to preach on Wednesday night, and at Appleby on Friday. I have had a very precious season in my room with God.

August 16th.—This morning when my brother and I were returning from his potato land, we met several persons with whom I had been familiar in my school days, and overheard the following conversation between two of them :—

'Is yon Park?' enquired one. 'Aye,' replied the other, 'I did not know him, I wish I could get to be a preacher.' So many ignorant people talk. They think preachers are gentlemen at once. Poor souls, they know nothing of their tears, conflicts, agonies, and work. Of one thing I am confident, that if a man succeed in getting into the ministry for a living, according to the common acceptation of these words, he had better have been a toiling slave beneath a foreign sky, or a ragged, and finally pined-to-death beggar in any country! Lord help me to be faithful. Yesterday and to-day I have been a reaper, mower, preacher, and sick visitor.

August 20th.—Preached at Hedon and Preston. To-day prayed with six men upon the road, some of whom were card playing, preached three sermons, renewed tickets at Preston, prayed in public nine times, and walked fourteen miles.

August 22nd.—Preached in Mason Street. God came down, and some were sanctified wholly. An elderly woman was so filled with God that she appeared as if blessed with all the liveliness and vigour of youth.

August 23rd.—Preached at Cottingham. A time of keen temptation and sweet victory. As I walked home, composed a hymn for the plan."

Of this hymn, entitled "Followers of Christ arise," he afterwards expressed himself ashamed, as it first appeared in print.

September 3rd.—“In the morning conducted a camp meeting at Church Street. Evening preached in Mason Street Chapel, which, contrary to my expectation, was crowded. Had a glorious outpouring of the Spirit during the sermon, but only two souls were saved. Eternity may declare greater things done on this occasion.

September 10th.—In the evening at Church Street. God wonderfully helped me. As soon as I commenced the service an unusual influence from heaven seemed to fill the place. Was tempted to-day to believe that the mantle of divine glory was going from off me! I had, however, a sweet visitation from God in private prayer.

October 1st.—Mason Street in the morning, large congregation. Afternoon renewed ticket to the members of Brothers Henry Parker's and F. Beckworth's classes. After the service, Sister Beckworth said, ‘You must preach the sermon you preached at Mason Street last Tuesday evening, in my house, Mr. Milson, I have heard so much about it from many persons, who have spoken of the power which attended it, and of the great encouragement they received therefrom.’ And this was concerning the sermon I was so much tempted about. It seems that the people may feel much of God's presence in the word delivered, while the preacher thereof was powerfully tempted.

October 2nd.—Went to Dansom Lane. There were fiddling and dancing in the house opposite to the one in which I intended to preach, so I took my position in the open air. The stars shone over our heads, and God shone upon our souls. Many drew near to hear me, and I doubt not much good was done.

October 3rd.—One of the most glorious times I have ever experienced. A backslider was restored.

August 4th.—This morning received an assurance that I should see souls converted next Sabbath day. Preached at Cottingham. Was interrupted by a drunken man, who had to be put out of the chapel. He told me I was preaching for loaves and fishes.

October 8th.—Morning, preached in Church Street Chapel, and had a glorious time. Night, at Mason Street. Crowded

chapel and good liberty, but no particular influence until the last prayer. I prayed twenty minutes, and all holy souls seemed to grasp the promise of the Spirit, and a flood of glory suddenly filled the place. I never, I think, witnessed such a manifestation of God's presence in public before. Scores of people hastened from the place, whilst sobs and cries and shouts of victory filled the chapel. In the prayer-meeting, six souls found salvation.

October 11th.—Last night did not go to bed, but kept it as a watch-night to commemorate the goodness of God in leading me to give myself into His hands for the ministry at Wistow, on October 10th, 1847, and to praise him for all His benefits to me, and to ask Him for more of the presence of His Holy Spirit. Between twelve and one o'clock I had solemn fellowship with Him. Oh! the melting influence which rested upon me. I was indeed filled with love, and felt that I should be made very useful in future.

October 12th.—Preached in Church Street Chapel. When I was about finishing my discourse, a man in a state of intoxication entered. As soon as I had concluded speaking he fell on his knees, and clasping his hands said, 'I desire to return the Lord thanks for my wife's safe delivery.' His poor wife was present with the child. She had come to be prayed for! I felt much for her. What a fool does intoxicating drink make of a man! 'Wine is a mocker,' says the scripture, and when it has mocked its dupes it renders them objects of mockery.

October 18th.—A man refused to permit me to see his afflicted wife. I prayed, therefore, *in the street, before the door!* As I went away he said he would break my legs if I ever went into his house. God will lay hold of him, I know!

October 22nd.—About one a.m., I received a solemn assurance that God would show me His salvation before the day ended. Preached at Church Street in the morning, Mason Street in the evening. The latter crowded to excess. An awful sense of the Presence of God was experienced at one time. Language cannot describe the grandeur of the scene! the number of persons justified and sanctified wholly was about twenty. Hallelujah!"

Note.—London, April, 1852.—“That night’s scenes have not yet faded from my memory.”

October 24th.—“Assisted Brother Lamb to conduct a revival service at Mason Street; large congregation. After the prayer-meeting a woman refused to leave the place. She was seeking salvation, and remained upon her knees. I desired all the saints to kneel around her, and pray in silence for her deliverance. We knelt for a considerable time without getting firm hold upon God. I arose and announced

‘Jesus the name high over all.’

We then knelt again and prayed silently for her, when suddenly the power of God came down, and she shouted :—‘Thy faith hath saved me, I do believe.’ These words, it appears, were spoken to her heart by the Spirit, who said to her, ‘Go in peace, and sin no more.’

November 6th.—I am, this day, twenty-three years of age; I have committed and dedicated myself anew to God. Wept much, believed for a brighter year.

November 12th.—Preached in Church Street Chapel, on entire sanctification. Heavy time. Endeavoured to press the people into the glory, until the devil tempted me to be ashamed of myself. I continued to be increasingly tempted until I turned round in the pulpit and told the devil I would not give over. Almost in an instant the power of God descended, and a woman in the gallery exclaimed ‘Thou dost sanctify me now, Lord.’ Afterwards another entered into the glory of full salvation. She lay as dead for some time, then with heaven beaming in her countenance, she exclaimed, ‘I have it! this is what I have been seeking for weeks, oh! this is what I wanted!’ Several persons wept to see her so full of God.

November 19th.—Preached in Mason Street Chapel—on entire sanctification. The aisles, and every part of the place, packed with people. A powerful time. Two souls found full redemption to-day, and in my opinion others would have done but for the opposition of . . . who say I am not fit to preach, and ought to be turned out of the pulpit. Hallelujah. This is a faithful minister’s road to that approving sentence of his gracious Lord, ‘Well done good and faithful servant!’

December 3rd.—Preached three times, four believers fully sanctified. One of the happiest days of my life.

December 5th.—Preached at Mason Street. Crowded vestry. Congregation all on fire. Myself almost overpowered with the presence of God. One soul saved. A person received full salvation at a friend's house after we had taken tea.

December 16th, Saturday.—I preached at Barrow, Lincolnshire, on entire sanctification, and had a powerful time. Next day at Barton twice, and once at Ferriby.

December 25th.—Hallelujah! A Saviour born! I feel he is mine! Preached in Dansom Lane. Stood upon a table to do so. The house was crammed. Three souls were pardoned, and three others were fully sanctified. Several fell down as if shot. Glory!"

Note.—"These were *glorious* and *laborious* days!"

January 1st, 1849.—"Another year has eternally fled. It has registered a faithful record of my doings. When I think of it I ask, will it cause me shame or rejoicing? This I know, it will cause me gratitude, through Jesus Christ, who has wrought all my works in me.

January 6th.—To-night an old pilgrim in the band-meeting said:—'I feel thankful to see Brother Milson once more in the flesh. The first time I heard him at Beverley I was sorely tried before he had done; he cut me to pieces nearly. And why? Because I was not living to God as I ought to have been. The next time he came I thought I should hear him better, but he preached on entire sanctification, and cut me up more than ever! And I bless God that it was so, for I sought and found full salvation.'

January 21st.—As I walked towards the chapel at night, I was most awfully tempted, but I cried, 'I am going to preach for Jesus, and if all the devils of hell are in the chapel I will preach Jesus!' I had a crowded congregation; was in my full glory, and a soul or two was saved. Hallelujah!

January 28th.—I preached at Cottingham. When I was returning to Hull, in company with a Wesleyan brother, a person, driving, kindly invited us to ride with him. He knew not who we were, but talked freely in favour of a little man who had been preaching that day in our chapel.

February 4th.—Two souls saved, one of whom shook me by the hand after the service, and said, ‘God bless you, sir!’ O! that all were as grateful to hear the glorious news. They would if they felt their need of Jesus.”

February 18th.—He had a deep impression that some terrible judgment was at hand, but in what form he could not imagine. Shortly the cholera broke out at the village where he received the impression, and many were swept off by it.

February 25th.—He took tea with a backslider, who was restored while he prayed with him.

May 1st.—“Attended the procession from Mill Street Chapel to Thornton Street, where Father Clowes laid the foundation stone of a new chapel. Thousands attended the ceremony, and God was there. He had a powerful time in preaching at Mason Street in the evening.

“May 7th, 1849.

“MY DEAR PARENTS AND BROTHER,—

I am appointed by the district meeting for Grimsby . . . Yesterday was a high day. In the morning I preached at Church Street; afternoon in the floating chapel to about 500 people; evening at Mason Street, had a mighty time, and several souls saved. I anticipate that the Grimsby circuit is a good one in every respect. I see God in my removal, I know he has called me to preach his word to perishing thousands; had I not been perfectly convinced of this, I should have relinquished the work long ago. I am His, notwithstanding my infirmities and unfaithfulness, and He will be my guide unto death. Meet me in glory.”

May 10th.—“Had an extraordinary baptism of the Holy Ghost after I had retired to bed—‘Let the saints be joyful in glory, let them sing aloud on their beds.’

Yesterday afternoon I was baptised more fully with the Holy Ghost, but I never passed a more trying day in my life that I am aware of. Great was my agony of mind, but God upheld me. . . . God is going before me to Grimsby. Many shall be the sheaves to my ministry in that circuit. Faith sees them seeking and finding the Lord.”

May 12th.—He wrote to the Rev. W. H. Meadows. “I duly received yours, and was glad to hear of your success. . . .

Go on, my brother, walking by faith in the realities of eternity, and receiving more of the burning energy of the Spirit, so shall your conflicts be more tremendous, and your victories more extensive. O! may our days be spent in heavenly places. Expect most awful conflicts with the devil. When they do come, anticipate some particular blessing and victory. The opposition of devils is a proof that you're an enemy of sin, and about to prove yourself, under God's help, a valiant soldier of His love. Use your shield, you will sometimes have to be very quick in turning it *immediately* in the opposite direction of the flash of hellish temptations, and the quick flight of infernal darts. Play the man. Shout in faith,

'Jesus the name high over all.'

Last Sabbath was a high day to me. Several saved. I feel more and more opposition from devils, but I believe I preach with more and more power. Next year I am for Grimsby. God has stationed me, I believe. By faith I see many coming to Christ, and divine lightning-streams descending on not a few of the children of our God.

June 10th.—Whilst preaching in Church Street Chapel the powers of darkness were permitted to assail me in a most terrible manner. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could say anything. Several persons connected with this chapel, who professed to follow Christ, did not enter heartily into my views and toils, of this I have had a painful consciousness for some time. To-night I told them all that was in my heart, and concluded about as follows:—'Some of you professors of religion connected with this chapel regard me as a kind of madman, and shut your hearts against the truth as it is delivered by me, and this gives the devil great advantage over me when I am preaching to you. Now I tell you, you have for nearly a year caused me much grief and conflict, and to-night several of you oppose me in your hearts, but I tell you before heaven, earth, and hell, I will conclude and tell the living God, who has sent me, all about it and God Himself shall undertake the matter. I feel I have borne it as long as I can. God shall undertake it, and you shall know that He has sent me.' In about half a minute after

this the chapel was suddenly filled with the presence of God. Some burst into tears, others adored, and others trembled. I exclaimed 'My God has begun already to undertake matters, and has come down to save those who will be saved !' During a quarter of an hour the chapel was indescribably filled with the divine presence, and in the prayer meeting which immediately followed, several sinners were pardoned."

We distinctly remember a friend who was present describing the above scene. He declared that he never felt a deeper solemnity rest upon him in his life. When Mr. Milson, with deep emotion said: "I cannot bear this any longer, and I will now go home and tell God all about it," the feeling was indescribable. Tears gushed from many eyes, and men who had up till that night bitterly opposed him, fell on their knees and asked for pardon.

July 4th.—"Preached at Cottingham, it being the feast day, and many people in the streets, I took my stand in the open air, under the branches of a large tree; endured a little insult, but the cloud of Jehovah's presence rested upon us. Had a large congregation.

July 8th.—Preached in Church Street Chapel in the morning, it was full of people, there was great power from heaven, and much weeping. Text Ezek. xxxiii. 7-9. Evening at Mason Street Chapel. Crowds of people could not obtain an entrance, many of whom were returning as I was going. Every aisle was crowded, the vestry behind was filled, and three local brethren were behind me in the pulpit. Text 1. Cor. xv. 55-57. During the whole of the sermon there was much of the presence of God, but towards the close the glory was indescribable. I can never forget it, several were saved in the prayer-meeting. Such an influence from heaven rested upon my soul for some time afterwards, accompanied with such rapturous views of the glorious resurrection of the saints and the bliss of immortality, that I congratulated many of my friends at parting with the words, 'Death shall be swallowed up in victory.' Hallelujah!

On this blessed Sabbath terminated my labours for the present in memorable Hull! I have an attachment to this place which will, I believe, endure for ever. The kindness of

many friends, their prayers for me, manifested sympathy with me in trial, and their testified regard for me in various ways, are written indelibly on my affected soul. It ranks with Home in the impressiveness of its associations. *Dear Hull!* the Lord deluge Thee with His glory!

The residence of the mighty William Clowes in this town was of great benefit to me. I had the privilege of consulting him on all matters of perplexity or difficulty. He kindly told me to do so, and at one time when I had not done so in a matter concerning myself, he remonstrated with me in a fatherly manner. I have spent some happy hours in his presence. Sometimes he would preach me a sermon, and with such earnestness and unction that I have been delighted. His views of divine truth were amazing, he had the key which could open it, the Holy Ghost. He was a marvellous man for power with God; often when I was in distress he would pray for me until I was made wonderfully happy. He was generally praying. To wait upon God was natural to him, a man could not be long in his presence without seeing the uprolling eye, the closed eyelid, the uplifted hand, or hearing a sigh, or some other outward expression, of the thirsting of his soul after God. No wonder that such a man shook the devil's kingdom! He once told me that he always prayed more over his texts than he either wrote or studied upon them. May I do likewise.

At one time when speaking about certain of his austerities and tremendous labours in the cause of God he remarked that had he his time to come over again he should not abuse himself as he had done, though his intention had been pure. He stated that some of the sufferings he was then enduring were the effects of such austerities and labours.

When I went to Hull in July, 1847, having received entire sanctification, my preaching was more searching than when I was there in July 1846, and being withal very plain, some persons were offended, and one of them expressed a wish to Mr Clowes that he would talk to me, and stop me, to which the faithful sire replied, 'He durst not do so, for he believed God had sent me to Hull, to stir them all up, old and young!'

Certain persons expressed to him their fears that I should be

injured by the success and friends with which God favoured me, to whom he returned the following answer, 'He has a stone in his other pocket.' To God, who has kept me to this day, be everlasting praise."

Many persons since Mr. Milson's death have spoken to us respecting a remarkable answer to prayer he received while praying for the restoration of a youth, the son of a highly esteemed local preacher in Hull. The story, as related by different persons, varies slightly, as most stories told at such a length of time after their occurrence almost necessarily do. We have found, however, an account in his journal entered at the time, which we abridge. After taking tea at Mr. Hall's (who died of cholera in 1849), on the 27th February, 1848, he had "a season of most happy communion with God in *their room*, Marlbro' Terrace, Beverley Road, a place memorable to my soul from my having experienced many happy hours in prayer there. I took hold of God for Brother B——'s son, who was at that time enduring a peculiar affliction," which Mr. Milson describes at length. "The following words were applied with wonderful influence to my soul, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' The boy appeared before me with the rosy hue of health on his countenance! I told Sister Hall this immediately after. Some time afterwards I saw his father, whom I assured that his son would recover. He, however, grew worse and worse. . . . Medical skill was baffled, and he was pronounced incurable. His father asked me one day what I thought of him then. I replied, 'There is no human appearance of his recovery, but I still believe that he will yet be blooming as I saw him in prayer, to which he replied that my seeing him so blooming signified that he would bloom in Paradise. I still persisted in my belief, and though for months there was no visible improvement, he eventually began to take a little food, and gradually recovered his health. Hallelujah!

His mother told me afterwards that during his affliction she told the doctor what I had said, and when he had recovered she asked him what he thought of the preacher's prayer. He stated that he believed it to be a case of Divine assurance as to his recovery."

Writing to a gentleman, brother to the young man named, I received the following, written, not necessarily for publication but for information. We have, however, his authority to use it as we think best, and give it in a somewhat abridged form :—

“My recollections are as follow :—My brother Frank, who was three years my senior, when he was between ten and eleven years of age, was the subject of a very severe affliction. It began with a low fever, but developed in its course a brain affection, which for many weeks inflicted terrible suffering upon him, under the effect of which his body became wasted almost to a shadow. In the intervals between paroxysms of pain, he would lie in a stupor from which he would start up, and scream under his agonizing pains.

The best medical advice was obtained, and the case excited amongst medical men very great interest, but it quite baffled their skill.

During my brother's illness, Mr. Milson was a frequent visitor at my father's house, and he sympathised greatly with the family. Indeed, the tender age of the lad, his gentle disposition, the fearful suffering he endured, combined to awake very widespread sympathy, and the case became the subject of many earnest prayers.

Especially was this the case with Mr. Milson, who one day coming down from the room in my father's house which was known by us as the preachers' room, he told my parents that they might cast away all their fears, for he knew my brother would recover, as God had given him the renewed assurance of it in his prayer.

The next day, when Dr. Munro, the family doctor, came to the house, he was asked whether he thought there was any chance of the child's recovery, and he declared it was an impossibility. When told what Mr. Milson had said, the doctor, who was a God-fearing man, and knew something of Mr. Milson, confessed that if such a thing did happen, the recovery could only be considered as a matter of divine intervention.

Not very long afterwards, one morning, the lad suddenly started up from one of his stupors, and instead of shrieking with pain in delirium, he looked round the room, then at my father,

who had been his constant attendant for weeks, then at himself, and quietly said, 'Where am I? What am I doing here?' And from that morning the lad never again lost his consciousness, but gradually recovered his strength and health. He had no relapse or return of the affliction, but grew strong, and lived for over forty years after without any apparent evil effects following upon his early sufferings.

I was at the time but eight years old, yet I have vivid impressions of the incident, and there is no doubt but the conviction on all our minds, wrought deep and clear, was that the recovery of my brother was the result of prayer, and chiefly the effectual fervent prayer of one truly righteous man."

CHAPTER VII.

1849—50.

GRIMSBY.

“The thought of the future punishment for the wicked which the Bible reveals is enough to make an earthquake of terror in every man’s soul. I do not accept the doctrine of eternal punishment because I delight in it. . . . The exposition of it in God’s word is not to be regarded as a threat, but as a merciful declaration. If in the ocean of life over which we are bound there are these rocks and shoals, it is no cruelty to chart them down ; it is an eminent and prominent mercy.”—BEECHER.

HIS appointment to the Grimsby Circuit was most agreeable to him for several reasons. His hard work and constant study in Hull, following the change from his previous life of activity in the woods and fields of his native place had seriously injured his health, and at one time he was led to fear that he would have to resign the Itinerancy. Grimsby Circuit, with a considerable number of villages, would afford him more rural rambles and country life.

His colleagues were the Revs. W. Lonsdale and J. T. Shepherd, with whom he laboured in the greatest harmony, and with much success. As his letters to his parents, quoted in the last chapter, show, his hopes were high, and he entered upon his labours with increased zeal, and determination not to rest without seeing scores converted, and happily his brightest anticipations were realized.

July 16th.—He preached his first sermon in that circuit at Tetney, on purity of heart, and had a most powerful service. Some time afterwards he ascertained that a Miss Markham was saved through the sermon, and shortly afterwards died happy in the Lord. The following extracts are from his journal :—

Sunday, July 22nd.—“Conducted the camp-meeting at Swallow. This was a day of temptation, anguish, joy, and praise. What a paradox—no souls saved ; distressed.” He

afterwards learned that his sermon was made a great blessing to several of the members.

July 27th.—“To-day visited several families in company with my superintendent; afterwards conducted a most powerful prayer-meeting. God will come, I believe.

July 30th.—Preached in Grimsby. Congregation large. Heavy temptations and flaming flashes of divine fire in my closet before preaching.

August 5th.—Preached the chapel anniversary sermons at Laceby. A backslider reclaimed, and three believers fully sanctified. God shook the people!

August 6th.—Spent a short time with Mr. and Mrs. Clowes at Brother Lonsdale's; was much interested by Mr. Clowes' conversation.

August 7th.—Whilst renewing tickets at Swallow, two brethren blessed God that they had heard me preach at the camp-meeting, as they had been aroused to seek a closer walk with God.”

His first services in Grimsby were wonderfully powerful. The people soon found that a more than ordinary man had come amongst them. The week-night preaching services were soon crowded. We recollect going one evening when he had to leave the desk in the singers' pew and walk up into the pulpit, while many persons who could not be accommodated below went into the gallery. He preached on the resurrection of Christ, and the people were thrilled. Some wept, others shouted, and all were abundantly blessed.

September 1st.—He spent several interesting hours on the sands at Cleethorpes, with his friend Mr. Widdup. Late in the evening, “as the sailor-guiding light of Spurn Lighthouse shone through the shadows of coming night,” they had a pleasant walk along the shore, where they “knelt together and had a sweet baptism of divine love.”

September 6th.—“How ignorant of a minister's work are those persons who imagine that he does it all in the pulpit! A *tenth* part of it is not done there! I have injured myself much by hard fastings, tears, wrestlings with God in private. This *wrestling for souls shakes me much more than pulpit labour*. In Tadcaster Branch and in Hull I laboured in the pulpit

tremendously. I have frequently resolved to abate my pulpit exertions, but an inward force of deep divine love for souls, zeal for God's glory, and a strong desire that *all* might enjoy what God has been pleased to reveal to my soul, have led me to break these resolutions almost constantly. The consequence is I now feel very weak. It would be difficult for a tender mother to see her child drowning without her making an exclamation or exertion. Then wonder not, ye lukewarm professors of religion, who speak against burning zeal and earnestness in the pulpit, of a man with a pure heart who realises something of eternal realities, and burns with a desire for men to see God; wonder not, if such a man is sometimes carried away with his feelings. O! ye mere sermon *reciters*, strangers to the conflicts and agonies of soul-saving men, ye men who preach for a living—ye men who are *satisfied* without souls—let nerve-shaken ministers of Jesus lead you to arise from your guilty lethargy, and awaken you to a sense of the importance of your work. And as by sword-gashed corpses on the blood-empurpled battlefield you may form a better idea of the terribleness of 'battle and war,' than by gazing on the gorgeously-dressed soldier in times of peace and scenes of pleasure; so, by the shattered constitutions and pale faces of laborious soul-saving ministers, ye who wish to enter the priest's office for a piece of bread, or to seek honour from men, may, if ye will, form a more just idea of the importance and arduousness of the ministry, than by a consideration of the pleasure, ease, grandeur, and riches of some, so-called, ministers of Jesus Christ. The man who feels for souls must labour to win them, as earnestly as the miser seeks to increase his idolatrous store.

Preached in the evening at Cleethorpes.

September 6th.—Had a most extraordinary time in secret prayer when I had reached my chamber in Grimsby. I was so led out after God that it was late when I retired to rest. The visions of glory and fellowship with God with which I was favoured no pen could describe. And I am *certain* that I had a most clear perception of the presence of the *devil*! His appearance was black as a heavy thundercloud. He appeared quite enraged, and seemed about to hurl a number of darts

into me. My blood *raked* through my veins. *My nerves for a moment quivered!* but I cried out, 'It is of no use, Satan, my soul is in *His mighty hand*.' In a moment he fled, and visions of glory enraptured my triumphant soul. The above *was so clear that I could as soon doubt my own existence as believe that I was deceived*. A few persons who walk closely with God might understand it."

The following letter, for reasons which will be given further on, has been especially interesting to us, calling up, as it does, thrilling recollections of the past. It was addressed to Miss Southren, of Hull, who afterwards became his wife:—

Grimsby, September 10th, 1849.

"MY DEAR JANE,

On Sunday morning I took breakfast with a friend—some of the family had heard me preach in Hull. Went from thence to *compel* a woman in despair to go with me to the chapel. When I arrived the pews and aisles were crowded. Hallelujah. I preached about an hour, and was on the verge of heaven. Many tears flowed, and many hearts leaped for joy. Preached in the afternoon in Loft Street, to an excellent congregation; from 'Woe to them that are at ease in Zion.' A local preacher from Hull was present. I called on him to pray before I began. In his prayer he said, 'Lord, bless the preacher. Thou helped him in our circuit. Scores and hundreds under his ministry were pricked in their hearts, and saved.' Glory be to the Trinity. Took tea with a happy couple. The husband took me by the hand, and said, 'Bless you, the Lord sent you to preach to *me* this afternoon.'

In the first prayer in the evening, heaven opened, and all seemed nearly overwhelmed together! The influence was so great upon me that I thought I should be unable to proceed. Bursts of glory kept rolling from different parts of the chapel. I announced my text 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.' I know not that I had such a powerful time before in my life. Words cannot convey an adequate idea of the scene. In the prayer-meeting the large vestry was crowded, and many scores could not gain admittance. After some difficulty experienced in getting out a form for penitents, I stood upon it, spoke of

my own happiness—of the assurance I felt that I was prepared for a brighter world. All eyes seemed fixed, and all hearts appeared to feel. I then said, ‘As many of you as feel your sins forgiven hold up your hands.’ There was a forest of hands, and power from heaven fell upon all present. Many wept, and some were overpowered. I then said, ‘As many as feel your need of salvation hold up a hand.’ Instantly two or three hands were held up. Faith began to rise. I invited them to the penitents’ form, and at once they came. I continued to invite sinners to join them, until sixteen men and women were knelt in a line weeping and praying for mercy. Glory filled the place, and many hearts were melted. What a scene for devils and angels to witness ! I gave out

‘Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree.’

What a feeling ! I appointed a *sister to each penitent woman*, and a *brother to each penitent man*, and would not allow any to take a contrary course. The Saviour soon appeared to some of them, others struggled hard and long. Some jumped upon their feet, and wept, and praised God. I never witnessed such a prayer-meeting before, twenty-one souls found redemption in the blood of Jesus, the forgiveness of their sins, and two believers were fully sanctified. Glory be to Jesus. I took supper with Mr. Tyas, timber merchant, between eleven and twelve o’clock. His soul was happy. He had been at the penitents’ form in the prayer-meeting, and *testified that God had forgiven his sins*. As we walked home, he said he thought every man and woman in the place would have been saved. Oh ! what a God is ours !”

The night referred to was indeed to me a night long to be remembered. I had received an intimation from the Rev. W. Lonsdale and others that they considered it my duty to come on the plan, or at least accompany one of the local preachers to his appointments, as a preliminary to my doing so. From this I shrank, as I had only been converted in the previous January. Having already formed an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Milson, I sought counsel from him, as well as from the Rev. J. T. Shepherd, and both urged me to

comply. It was while conversing with Mr. Milson on the subject, that he said, "You must pray much about it, and wrestle with God for souls, and he will give you evidence of your divine call. I always pray about *every appointment* beforehand, and almost without exception receive an idea of what kind of a service I shall have, and sometimes an assurance that souls will be saved. Now I am going to mention a matter to you which you need not repeat to anyone. A few nights ago I laid my plan upon the bed before I went to rest, and prayed about my appointments for the next month, asking God for special direction respecting each, as to my text, and character of the subject most needed by the people. While doing so I received an assurance that the Sunday after next will be a day of remarkable power and glory. God so led me out in prayer respecting my service in Loft Street at night, that I was led to cry out, 'Lord, give me twenty souls, I can't, I won't, be satisfied without twenty souls.'" And, said he, in his own quiet way, "*God will give me them, I am as certain of that as I am of my own existence.* Don't say anything to anyone about it. Pray for me, and *wait and see.*"

I cannot describe how I felt. The idea of knowing beforehand that a given number of persons would be saved was new to me. And yet it was impossible not to feel impressed by his calm faith, and the "spirit and power" with which he spoke, and I felt but little doubt that it would be as he had said. I was in the country, many miles from Grimsby, the Sunday evening referred to. The prayer-meeting lasted a long time, and at its close I went along with the brother I accompanied, to a house to supper. It was late when we started for home, and as we plodded along over ploughed fields, through dirty lanes and rough roads, he enlivened the journey with song and cheering chat. But I was *very quiet*, an uncommon thing with me, and he more than once inquired if I was unwell, and on my assuring him I was not, he attributed my silence to weariness, as we had had a very busy day. As we passed the bridge over the railway, near the church, the old clock struck eleven. The silence of the night, the quiet of the old churchyard, where lay sleeping several of my ancestors, my thoughts of Mr. Milson's words, my desire to learn whether his expectations had been

realized, all tended to make my feelings unusually solemn. Parting with my companion, I hastened along the quiet street of the old town, till I could see the spot where our Loft Street Chapel stood, and when it suddenly flashed upon me blazing with lights, my heart bounded for joy. I literally danced for gladness, for I judged that the chapel would not be lighted up at that late hour unless something unusual was occurring. With rapid strides I hastened to the building, and entering saw a scene I shall never forget. The prayer meeting was just about concluded—a host of men and women, with several leading officials, were stood, their eyes beaming or suffused with tears, while the preacher, standing upon a form, was entering the names and addresses of those who had been saved. As I quietly walked up the aisle he saw me, and he said, with deep solemnity, as he showed me the paper in his hand, "*Hallelujah ! Nineteen here and the other one or more somewhere else !*" My emotions were simply *overwhelming*. I sank upon a form. Tears rolled in rapid succession down my cheeks, and all I could do was silently to praise our promise-keeping and prayer-answering God. After a few minutes the rejoicing people sang :—

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

I have often heard it sung in larger and more imposing assemblies, but seldom or never have I joined in it with more solemnity and feeling than I did that night.

The next morning Mr. Milson was sent for to see a person who informed him that he and his wife were converted during the sermon, thus making the total, as stated in his letter, twenty-one. The man and his wife, who were intelligent and highly-respectable people, joined our society, and continued with us as long as they lived.

September 10th.—The next night he preached again in Loft Street Chapel. The sermon was a most powerful one, and in the prayer-meeting ten sinners were converted to God. “I am,” says he, “feeling much stronger in body, but wearied with Sunday’s work. Souls were saved, however, and that is enough. I have had some trial to-day from Satan, but in my Master’s might I am his and the world’s conqueror. My

Superintendent says, 'Expect a stir whilst you cut and slash.'

September 19th.—O what views I have had this day of the gloriousness of my religious privileges. I have not sufficiently valued them, I fear. I have been ungrateful. I am very unwell, and might entertain fears that I shall not be able to continue in the ministry, but I believe that I have years to spend in the Itinerancy. I have not forgotten a promise the Lord gave me nearly two years ago. I have been committing my way to my Heavenly Father. I feel I am His. To do His will is all I desire!

September 25th.—Appointed by Her Majesty a general fast day on account of the cholera. I preached about half-an-hour in Loft Street. *Many sinners* saved in the prayer-meeting.

September 28th.—Conducted the prayer-meeting at Grimsby. Four or five sinners saved. Some went home mourning, but it was not the will of God, I believe.

September 30th.—Preached thrice in Grimsby, after the evening service six or seven souls were saved.

October 1st.—Preached at Stallingborough, several seekers of salvation, four or five promised to meet in class.

October 4th.—Had a remarkable season in closet prayer at Haboro'. The following words were applied to my mind with such unction that I was almost overcome with weeping: 'Thou shalt have abundance of silver!' A short time after this, I had about £10 given to me. There is a God in Israel!

October 8th.—Had a particular time in closet prayer. Full Chapel at Covenham—powerful time. A shopkeeper who heard me, went home and said, 'I'll do differently if I only take ten pounds where I did take twenty.' He afterwards sold better sugar and other goods. The sermon was in part addressed to dishonest persons. The word of God is sharp.

October 21st.—Loft Street Chapel was crowded, and members could not find room to sit. Four souls were saved.

October 22nd.—Loft Street. Five sinners pardoned, and several believers fully sanctified.

October 26th.—Appointed to preach at the Ropery Chapel. Heavenly time. *Could not preach.* Held a prayer-meeting."

November 12th.—As several coastguards at Stallingbro' were anxious to hear him preach, and could not attend in the evening, he preached to them and a few others in Mr. Brigg's house in the afternoon, and preached again in the evening, as appointed, and afterwards renewed tickets to the members of the society.

At this time, there were applications for over 200 sittings in the chapel at Grimsby, and none at liberty. Mr. Tyas, who deeply sympathised in Mr. Milson's work, was anxious to build two new chapels, to accommodate 2000 hearers, and had a plan prepared for the purpose.

Writing on the 12th of November, he says:—"Yesterday I had a pretty good day. I walked fifteen or sixteen miles, and preached twice to large congregations, but in the afternoon had a small collection. This, I thought, might be owing to the unflinching faithfulness with which I preached. I shall never preach a smooth sermon to get a collection. That would be preaching for money, and not for souls.

December 16th.—Preached in Grimsby, and conducted the Lovefeast, after which seven souls were saved."

December 23rd.—At Keelby he had a blessed day. After preaching from "Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God," he administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, "and He whose sufferings and death were commemorated, was present in a remarkable manner. O how near was our living Head. Some on being offered the cup, burst into tears, and could not for weeping take hold of it! O the love of God that subdued and mellowed many hearts, and broke up the fountains of tears!

December 24th.—Preached at Stallingbro'. Five or six souls received the Holy Ghost.

December 25th.—Christmas Day. Preached at Haboro' and Immingham. I am certain that ere long there will be a death at the latter place! While I was preaching, a coffin appeared to me over the congregation. I wept, and told the people that it was so, and that some person (present) would die soon."

He afterwards added in a note:—"So it was. The next time I preached in the same house in which the above written

circumstance occurred, the master thereof had gone into eternity."

The other Sunday, when my daughters were going with Mr. J. Gray to Immingham, to the services there, I said as they were leaving, "Ask my old friend, Mr. Collingwood, if he has any letters from Mr. Milson." On their return, they said, "We asked Mr. Collingwood about the letters, and he said that he had not any, but he remembered very well hearing Mr. Milson, when he was a young man, preach at Immingham, when he told them that he saw a coffin, and urged them to be ready, as he felt assured that some one in the congregation would shortly die. On leaving, Mr. Collingwood thought, "If it be I, am I ready?" and was so impressed that he sought the Lord, and found him. He has been a local preacher many years

His journal for the new year consists of a copy of a "Universal Daily Remembrancer," which has a space for each day. These are filled without a blank. And his remarks are generally confined to the small space allowed for each day. The fly-leaf is headed, "Parkinson Milson, Primitive Methodist minister and servant of Jesus Christ. Hallelujah! Book II., 1850." Above the heading January 1st, is written:—"Am spared to see another year. . . . What a year was the last! Infinite mercy and power preserved me in the ministry and in Christ my Saviour. The loving kindness of God deluged my being. My conflicts were tremendous, but my foes were vanquished. My sorrows great, but my comforts greater. My unfaithfulness such as affects my heart, but (hallelujah!) it is atoned for by my Saviour's infinite merits.

This year may I be so assisted that

‘His adorable will may I gladly fulfil,
And my talents improve in the labour of love.’

And at last hear it said:—

‘Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ,
The battle's fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.’”

He preached every night during the first week, Saturday

included, and saw five believers fully sanctified, and twelve sinners saved.

Tuesday, January 8th.—He writes :—" I am fully conscious that without much closet prayer I cannot have deep fellowship with God. O may I be more with God. Preached at night on the Cleethorpes Road on entire sanctification.

Wednesday, February 2nd.—Tetney. Had a peculiar conflict in private prayer, which, like all other conflicts maintained by unwavering faith, was succeeded by a glorious victory. O how I wept and adored. The world seemed upon my heart ! melting it into love, tenderness, and concern for its deliverance from Satan's bondage. Preached on entire sanctification. A *free* and powerful time.

Sunday, February 13th.—Commenced the revival services in Loft Street Chapel, Grimsby. A good day. In the evening prayer-meeting five sinners found salvation. To God who alone saves perishing souls, be everlasting praise.

February 14th.—Led class. A very good time. Had a large congregation in the evening in Loft Street Chapel. A powerful service. In the prayer-meeting ten believers were sanctified, and three sinners saved. One brother who received full redemption, exclaimed, 'O this is what I have long sought. O what a fulness in Jesus.'

February 15th.—Large congregation. A heaven-like time on the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. The prayer meeting was one of uncommon unction. O how powerful were the divine breezes which swept over scores of pleading souls ! Four believers received entire holiness.

Wednesday, February 16th.—Walked with my dear Father by the sea-side to Cleethorpes. Took dinner with Mr. Coulbeck. Lord reward him. Attended prayer-meeting at three o'clock. Had about eighty members present. A shaking time. Conducted a procession from the old market-place to the chapel. Preached.

Thursday, February 17th.—Powerful prayer-meeting in the afternoon. At night conducted a procession from the 'Low Toll Bar' whilst another was being led from the old market-place, so that we stormed the town. Chapel almost full of people. Had a good time on entire holiness. In the prayer-

meeting six believers received it, and two sinners were pardoned.

Friday, February 18th.—Processioned the streets. A large congregation. Powerful time on Christ's coming into the world to save sinners. O that I could always preach under such a mighty influence! It was *extraordinary*. I will endeavour to be much mightier. A mighty prayer-meeting followed. Zion shines!

February 19th.—*I know not but that I was much benefited to-day by an excursion to Hull and back.*" Miss Southren resided in Hull!

Sunday, February 20th.—"Preached in the morning in the Ropery Chapel, Grimsby; in the afternoon in Loft Street, to a full congregation. Evening, conducted the love-feast, which was such an one as I never before attended. One hundred and nine persons related their experience in 130 minutes. Seven believers fully sanctified; six sinners saved.

Monday, February 28th.—Led class at Grimsby. A powerful meeting. One of the members spoke of her depraved heart. I told her, 'I am glad to be able to recommend to you a cure! The blood of Jesus, which cleanses from all sin. Preached at Thoresby. Many people. Almost overpowered with the presence of Jesus.'

In two or three instances he speaks of being weak and feeble, and under the date of Saturday, February 2nd, says:—"To-day very unwell. This from sitting up late at nights and walking home from my appointments at a late hour, I judge. I trust I shall learn to do better before it be too late to profit.

April 12th.—This morning my hostess (Mrs. Surfleet) found a sense of her acceptance with God whilst I was praying with her and opening unto her the plan of salvation. Had prayed greatly in secret for her conversion."

I remember this case very well, as my parents lived for a long time, when I was quite young, a few doors from Mrs. Surfleet. She was a moral but very self-righteous woman, and had no sympathy with people who made "so much to do about religion." But Mr. Milson's piety and kindness won her admiration and affection. He frequently conversed with her, and in family prayer, concerning the regular performance of

which she was very particular, he prayed earnestly for her conversion. She, however, resisted his pleadings for a long time, though often in great distress of soul. At length she told one of the ministers that "she did not know what had come to Mr. Milson, as he had refused to conduct family prayers, which greatly annoyed her." On Mr. Milson being spoken to on the matter, he smiled, and replied, "Yes, it is true that I refused, but I have my reasons for what I am doing, and it will be all right!" On the arrival of the time for her retiring one night, she said, "Mr. Milson, are you going to pray?" "Pray?" he asked, "what for? What's the use of praying for or with a woman who will not yield to the repeated and tender invitations of the Lord Jesus to give herself to Him?" and, taking up his candle, went up to his bedroom. That night the widow tried in vain to sleep. Restless and unhappy she lay upon her bed until the light of morning entered her room. When her lodger came down she said, "Oh, Mr. Milson, I have had such a night. I never was so unhappy in my life!" "Praise the Lord," he replied, "you are not far from the Kingdom." "Will you pray for me?" she asked. "Yes," he replied, and falling upon his knees he continued in prayer and supplication with earnest tears for her salvation for some time. The widow prayed also, and at length was enabled to cast her whole soul upon the atoning Saviour, and entered into the rest of faith. In this blessed state of mind she continued unto her death, which happened a short time afterwards. She died in great peace, thanking God for the faithfulness of her friend and minister.

Speaking of her death, he says:—"She held fast her confidence, and continued to rejoice in God's salvation. What a mercy! I have wept for joy at the remembrance that I have been so extremely faithful with her. . . . Hallelujah! Her departed spirit will be one, I believe, to welcome mine *Home*."

"March 14th.

"MY DEAR BROTHER MEADOWS,

Let us live in all the glory, changed day by day from glory to glory. We shall do this by *incessant* prayer. I have been resuscitated by a perusal of Bramwell's letters.

What a saint ! Ever full, ever desiring more. I do not pray as much as is necessary. I think sometimes I have too much comfort in my station (2) But Meadows ! I will arise. Last night I had a taste of the fulness. Oh the awe, the heaven. Meadows pray, pray, weep, and groan !

To be half alive in our work is wretchedness : to be seraphs is glory : we appear as heaven's ambassadors, and cast a reflected glory where'er we go.

I expect I shall stay here next year. God's will is all I care about. I considered yours. Was thankful for your advice.

I have had some glorious seasons in preaching lately. I wonder at the condescension of my Lord ; but O to pray more and more, this is heaven. Our circuit is generally prosperous : scores have become burning lights in full salvation. May they tell it to the generations to come. I do not think they have done well to *settle* our salary. I shall marry (D.V.) soon as opportunity offers—when the year of Jubilee is come.

May 25th, Saturday.—To-day, was at the top of Mr. Tyas's flour mill chimney. Mr. Tyas, Mr. Shaw, and seven other men were with me. The height is about 150 feet. We played (with clarinet) and sang 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' and other hymns and tunes, which brought the people out amazingly.

May 27th.—Attended the Missionary Meeting at C——. Full chapel. Money less than last year. This I conceive is attributable to 'hard times,' and a lack of piety. If souls flourish in God, religion finds its way to pockets and purses, and produces self-denying efforts to bless the world."

Crossing the Humber from Hull to Ferriby Sluice in a storm, which caused the boat to roll heavily, he remarked, "There will be no stormy seas in glory." A publican present was deeply affected, the tears started in his eyes, and he told Mr. Milson that "he had all his work to do for eternity." "I felt," says the earnest preacher, "the most tender love for his soul, but circumstances obliged me to leave him abruptly. However, I ascertained his name and address, and to-day (June 8th), wrote him a letter of six pages concerning eternal things.

Sunday June 30th.—Attended the camp meeting at

Grimsby, and preached a short sermon. About two thousand people. A blessed day. Conducted the love-feast at Loft Street Chapel. Fifty-five persons spoke their experience. A heavenly time, and six souls were saved in the prayer-meeting.

July 1st.—Accompanied Mr Tyas to Keelby, for the purpose of attending the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of a new chapel. *Very wet.* But the heaven I felt in singing, praying, and delivering a short address to a small congregation was very satisfactory remuneration.

July 11th.—Barnoldby. To-day a loaded gun went off in my hand. I was taking off the 'cap' with a design to prevent accident, in case of any inadvertant use of the gun. The muzzle was almost vertical, and I was standing under a straw-covered cart-shed. The straw was fired but I soon extinguished it.

July 17th.—Preached at Waltham. An extraordinary divine influence. As I walked in the afternoon, I saw a man lying upon the road. Found he was drunk. I got him to kneel, and prayed with him, for which he thanked me."

He was re-stationed by the Conference for Grimsby a second year. This was not only agreeable to his own wishes and feelings, but acceptable to all in the Circuit, who rejoiced in the prospect of another year's success. How far this was realised the following chapter will show.

CHAPTER VIII.

1850—51.

GRIMSBY (*continued*).

“I am glad I kept a journal. I had otherwise forgotten much of what I have done against God, and of what God has done for me.”—DR. PAYSON.

SATURDAY, July 27th.—“Spent most of the day at Stallingbro’. A man at this place being asked to go and hear me preach replied :—‘No ! I would not go and hear him for £5. He’s craz’d. The last time I heard him he made me tremble so that I would have gone out, but could not get out, for I was afraid the devil would fetch me.’ Was it the Lord, the Devil, or I that shook him ?

Sunday, July 28th.—Conducted the camp-meeting procession at Stallingbro’. Delivered two short addresses as we walked. Preached in the waggon. Rode on horseback to Swallow, where I preached *twice* to large congregations. God came down in the prayer-meeting, and six souls professed to find salvation. Returned to Stallingbro’ very wet.

Monday, July 29th.—Held a tea-meeting at Covenham for the benefit of the chapel. *Preached* to a full congregation. Ten or eleven persons were at the penitents’ form after the sermon, *seven* of whom professed to find salvation.

Before the service commenced I spent some time in wrestling with God under a hedge in a cornfield, and obtained an assurance that souls would be saved.”

Mr. Milson’s journal contains but a very brief account of this memorable tea-meeting and sermon mentioned above. This may be owing to the fact that the entries for each day are made in the limited space of a ruled diary, of about two inches in depth. But I well remember preaching as a local preacher at Covenham some time afterwards, and hearing from the person with whom I stayed the following additional particulars. On

his visit previous to the one on which the tea-meeting was held, he came down from his bed-room, where he had spent a long time in prayer, with his face illuminated with brightness. For some time he was very quiet, but afterwards the conversation turning upon the spiritual condition of the village, and the society in particular, he observed, "I have been praying for a revival at this place, and laying the case of Mr. — and Mrs. —," naming several of the hearers who were not converted, "before the Lord, and He has assured me they will be saved with some others when I come on the 29th," he being planned for that day. This announcement startled his friend, who, however, said nothing about it, but prayed that it might be so, and was encouraged to believe it would be. Between then and the 29th, however, arrangements were made to hold a tea meeting, to be followed by a public meeting, and several local preachers from the neighbouring villages were secured, and announced along with Mr. Milson to address the meeting. This was a great disappointment to both the preacher and his friend, as they feared that the excitement of a tea and meeting would not be so conducive to spiritual results as a preaching service. Both made it a matter of prayer. On Mr. Milson reaching the village shortly before the time announced for tea, he found to his delight that not any of the men advertised to attend had arrived.

As seven o'clock drew near, the officials of the society began to be anxious about the meeting, and when the hour struck and no one had turned up, they decided that Mr. Milson should be asked to preach: but the preacher was missing, and had to be sought for, and after a short time was found praying under a high hedge. From the field he came direct to the chapel—which was crowded—ascended the pulpit, announced a hymn, prayed with extraordinary power, preached from "*The wrath to come*" (a curious subject for a tea-meeting discourse), the Spirit attended the Word, and in the prayer-meeting which followed, seven persons, as already stated, found mercy, and among them the identical individuals he had named.

"Preached at Cleethorpes Road. Brother T. Taylor commenced singing the last hymn in an unknown tune. On my mentioning it in an affable manner, he looked up and

said: 'Why, it's as auld (old) as Adam,' this caused some laughter.

April 24th.—At Waltham. Two brethren and I sang through the streets before preaching. *Two and I!*

September 11th.—Marshchapel. Mr. C——, a deaf man, stood (as is his custom) by me in the pulpit, and when he saw me mark my text, 'Am I therefore become your enemy because I tell you the truth,' he jogged my arm, and, looking me in the face, said, 'That's a rum chap!' which, notwithstanding my position, was quite too much for my gravity, and I had some difficulty to conquer a laughing spirit."

The laughing spirit might be suppressed, but though intensely "taken up" with his work, he could both enjoy relaxation and indulge in dry humour, as the following letter to Miss Southren, written in the midst of a busy week, shows:—

"Louth.

"This morning I borrowed a beautiful pony, and set out for this place, seven miles off. Well, the lad trotted on, and we went very comfortably without one angry word or look. The morning is dull, clouds, about stationary, intercept Sol's bright rays. Yonder towers above the trees, houses, and hills, the far-famed Louth spire in gloomy magnificence. Now I am nearing the town, which lies in a dale, quite encircled by high-rising ground. I am fascinated by the scenery its neighbourhood presents, and fancy that the appearance of the fields and the character of the soil resemble those of my native place. By this time I am in the suburbs of the town. The church appears an imposing edifice, with its spire pointing heavenward. I am now in the town, and I am charmed by its appearance. Excellent buildings, groups of trees, and winding water streams give the place a lively and fascinating countenance. As I ride on a powerful influence from heaven descends upon my soul, and I feel as if I shall have some spiritual children in this place some time. I find out Mrs. Knowles, who is quite glad to see me. Mr. Woodcock, the young preacher taken out since conference, comes and conducts me to a stable for my pony. I feel a union with him, and say a few things designedly to cheer him. He is about twenty, and reminds me of bygone years in my history. We visit the church---what a splendid place. The

spire is three hundred feet high, and is considered, I believe, to be the best in England. It is so free from any clumsiness in its architectural character. On a stormy day it may be seen to rock to and fro like a cradle. . . . We visit the chapel, which is badly situated, but they have obtained ground so that they can enlarge it, and render its situation admirable. It is excellently attended—about six hundred hearers on Sabbath evenings.

We now go home to dinner. I go into the room and shout glory, and sing

‘How happy every child of grace
Who knows his sin’s forgiven.’

Get a good dinner of tea, etc., as it is the washing day. Mrs. Knowles says I am stouter than when she last saw me. Asks whether I am going to be married soon, as they will want a married man at Louth next year. I give them to understand I would, but—guess!

About three I go into the room to pray and agonise for myself, thee, and all. We go out, and I am for home. We call at Mr. Squires’, stationer. Here I am greeted by Miss Squires, sister to Mr. Squires. I know her not by sight, but she recognises me as her father in Christ. She was born at Grimsby. Hallelujah. My Jane, thou seest God will cheer thy Park’s heart. I am invited to tea. Mr. Woodcock and I stay. The tea is late on the table, I am backward. Off we set. The stars shine, the lamps glimmer, the church clock strikes six, I have eight miles to go. My good little pony does it nicely. Have a good time in preaching at Fulstow.

Barnoldby. Whilst visiting was told of a very wicked woman who lived in an old house. Went in the dark and rapped boldly at the door. She came. ‘Have you seen aught of the devil on this way?’ ‘No, sir,’ she replied in a tone of surprise. ‘Does he not live somewhere here?’ ‘I do not know.’ ‘Has he not a place in your heart?’ She understood me, and invited me into the house. Prayed with her.”

October 19th.—He wrote to the Rev. W. H. Meadows as follows :—“It is a long time since I heard anything concerning

you ; are you dead or alive, or both, or only living altogether ? As to my own soul it is in God, happy, safe, but not so absorbed in Him as more faith and prayer would secure. O how much there is in men, and things, and devils, and ourselves that would lead us astray from our centre-God. Lord preserve us. I still hold a full salvation, I will believe. This is victory. Allow me to ask, 'Do you hold full salvation ? Do you preach it ?' God bless you ! Live always for glory. Do not be afraid of being eccentric ; be serious after souls. Mind your motives. What temptations to please—to aim at a good collection. O to save souls, souls, souls !"

He preached during most of Christmas week at Thoresby, where several persons were saved. Among these was a woman of whom he tells an amusing story. While visiting in the village he met with her, and invited her to the chapel. She told him she did not like his preaching, he was too plain, and she would never go and hear him again. She also brought out a hymn-book, which her husband had bought of him, and said it was not the kind she wanted. The paper was bad, and she would not keep it on any account. He returned her the money, and took back the book, telling her that she "was full of the devil," and, says he, "I added, 'I should not be surprised if you be damned in eighteen months if you do not speedily repent,'" and knelt down and prayed for her. This conduct, she afterwards confessed, took hold of her conscience. "I cannot tell why I said such things. The day will declare it."

On the Saturday evening, in the prayer-meeting, he saw her knelt, and went to her and said :—"Have you begun to pray ?" "Yes. God has converted my soul. I had as much as I could get out of the chapel with last night, and I was praying until half-past one o'clock this morning, when God pardoned my sins." She then looked at him, and said :—"Will you forgive me, sir, for talking as I did to you. Oh ! how it has troubled me since." On his assuring her that she need not trouble on his account, she asked :—"Have you that hymn-book yet ?" "Yes," he replied. "Please let me have it, I have left the money for it at your home. The *book's right enough now my temper is right.*" Her husband, who had

suffered much from her opposition to his being a member, afterwards said :—"She is a changed woman, and as kind as any one can possibly be. You have cured my wife." "Nay," said Mr. Milson, "The work is the Lord's, and to him alone be the glory."

January 1st, 1851.—"Another year has flown! On its fleeting pinions it has borne millions to their changeless home! Some it has dropped into eternal night, others it has introduced into blazing worlds of light, where millions who have gone through great tribulation, enjoy repose unmolested, bliss ecstatic, joy consummate, glory eternal. If I had gone during the last year, I should, through God's grace, have gone from the battlefield and joined the flaming conquerors who stand with the Lamb on Mount Zion. But I thank God, that my life has been prolonged. I may yet glorify God more. I may yet save, should I be spared a little longer, a few hundreds of blood-bought immortals from the second death. He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways saveth a soul from death.

Had a powerful season in addressing the people in the Chapel (Grimsby) in the first hour of the year. Preached at Waltham. Have had happier times than I had to-night. Purposed commencing a life of closer union with God. Nothing but Omnipotence can save my soul.

January 3rd.—To-day attended the Teetotal Meeting in the Oddfellows' Hall. About 500 people present. I spoke about half-an-hour. If ever I was a bungler it was to-night. I think I could make a better speech if I had to address a similar audience again. Thirty-five persons signed the pledge."

The following letter, containing an account of a week's revival services he conducted at Keelby, was written to his superintendent, the venerable William Lonsdale. It shows on what intimate terms he was with him. The letter might have been written by an officer of the Salvation Army :—"Stallingbro', January 10th, 1851. Monday evening was spent in making preparation for war. The army, being drawn up, was addressed on the necessity of an immediate attack on the enemy, and the vast importance of speedy victory. Notwithstanding all my efforts to bring the whole of the troops into

action, only a few soldiers of the vanguard became determinately engaged.

Tuesday evening.—I addressed the soldiers on the necessity of being well equipped in order to render the campaign successful. They responded favourably during my address. The signal for battle was given!—the fight began—but the rear troops and some of the main forces never appeared to be fully engaged. I was weary and much disappointed.

Wednesday evening.—The soldiers were again rallied. The fight was rather more general, but at best it was not very cheering, for though some of the enemy were evidently wounded, the infernal Commander-in-Chief succeeded in getting them all off the field! When I arrived at my 'camp' I spent some time in solemn and happy converse with our Heavenly Sovereign. He assured me that victory was certain, and I went to rest much cheered in my soul.

Thursday evening.—I addressed the soldiers in somewhat stern terms, and though during my address they did not readily respond, yet after a while I perceived that it had produced a good effect. The vanguard became zealously engaged. The main body and the rear also took their part in the tremendous conflict. My soul began to be elated. The sound of our artillery shook the battlefield. The foe began to yield, the troops became animated by the prospect of a speedy victory, Lieutenant A—— (a class-leader) distinguished himself gloriously. He was seen in the hottest of the fight, going from one company to another animating the soldiers, and engaging personally with several of the enemy. For his brave conduct, our blessed King will, if he continue in the service unto death, confer upon him infinitely greater honours than Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, or Wellington ever knew.

Some of the wounded were in tears. Five yielded, and were secured. They bowed before our King, and asked His pardon. He freely forgave their rebellions! They wept, and shouted for joy. The troops rejoiced. A more decisive victory I never witnessed. Hell mourned, and millions of voices in heaven thundered out solemn honours to our Conquering King!

Thus terminated this short campaign at Keelby.

1st P.S.—We are expecting the foe will again rally his

forces. But as we have received five recruits, and the old soldiers are by this campaign rendered much more serviceable, we calculate on victory.

2nd P.S.—We have not lost a single man! No blood has been spilt? No widows have been made! And the whole cost of the campaign is not £5,000,000!!”

Thursday, January 16th.—“Could not sleep last night. Awful temptations and depression of spirits. Had a time of solemn nearness to God, when engaged *determinately* in secret prayer. *Wrestled! Prevailed!* Travailed in birth for souls.

January 20th, Hull.—Spent some time with Father and Mother Clowes. He asked me to pray before I left, and we were favoured with a most glorious time. This was the last time I saw him alive. I have since thought we then enjoyed an antepast of our future meeting in heaven!”

We pass over several interesting items in the journal to give, in connection with the above, the following extracts respecting the “mighty Clowes.”

March 3rd.—“Received this morning the mournful intelligence of the death of Father Clowes. He died about half-past four o’clock A.M., March 2nd.

Tuesday, March 4th.—To-day, saw the corpse of one of the mightiest champions for God the world has ever had. Father Clowes’ corpse was to me an awe-striking object, yet but little changed in the face. I touched his hands, his left cheek, and his brow. I observed upon his coffin-lid representations of quivers filled with arrows. I was much affected and thought, ‘How he hurled the arrows of Divine truth!’”

Shortly afterwards he composed “A Poetical Memorial” to the venerable saint, which was published, and passed through several editions. It is too long to give entire; the following two verses will convey an idea of the style:—

“Death found thee with thine armour on,
And introduced thee to thy crown
And mansion-home on high.
And clouds of angels welcomed thee,
And old companions thronged to see
Their brother in the sky.

“Some bright ones felt intenser fires,
 And swiftly swept their tuneful lyres
 Exclaiming, *Clowes has come.*
 These were thy children in the Lord,
 Begotten through the living word,
 And called before thee *home.*”

We now resume the journal.

January 30th.—“I sometimes think if I had more physical strength I should be much more useful—but God made me, and God’s work is not done by physical energy.

January 31st.—To-day finished reading the life of Napoleon. Have learned much from so doing. It affected me deeply. He was indeed a ‘scourge of nations.’ But how God humbled the Nebuchadnezzar of France on St. Helena’s distant island! I agree with Dr. Campbell that ‘as philanthropists, we should execrate his memory, and as Christians, shudder at the sound of his name.’ When I read of the hurricane which swept the island, and uprooted trees around his residence at Longwood, when he was dying, I wondered whether demons or myriads of spirits, launched into an awful eternity years before to satisfy his infamous ambition, were raising a sort of salute on his being about to join them in eternity.

February 18th.—Had a very crowded house at Immingham, and was blessed in proclaiming the ‘gospel of the blessed God.’ I had much power and *authority* from heaven, and surely some sinners were pierced within. Renewed tickets.

February 21st.—A most beautiful day. I enjoyed a delightful walk in the fields.

February 24th.—Prayed in a field with four school-boys. Preached at Stallingbro’. Full house, two sinners professed to find salvation. Hallelujah. The Lord’s work is reviving. The people here are dear to my heart.

February 25th.—Preached at Covenham. Many people. Had a blessed time. Announced I should (D.V.) preach on Saturday evening. Many rejoiced. This is a people who (generally) have the simplicity of love. In such my soul delighteth.

February 26th.—Preached at Marshchapel. Found some of the members dissatisfied that they had not had appointed to

them a travelling preacher for a few days. Told them that they must work more themselves, and then they could be more helped. Had a powerful time in secret, and in preaching. Their disappointment will do them good. Renewed tickets.

February 27th.—Preached at Tetney. One of my best times. Praise God I seldom have a barren time. And thus it has been ever since God fully sanctified my soul. Those who enjoy this blessing (against which so many preachers and leaders offer objections) enjoy a fullness unknown to all but those who possess it."

February 28th, Friday.—Preached at Fulstow, and renewed tickets. One sister said, 'I have almost thought every day a week to hear you about entire sanctification.' God was working in her. Praise Him, O my soul!

March 1st, *Saturday*.—Preached at Covenham, and was well recompensed for it on the spot. Rode to Tetney."

The above was a pretty full week's work: it would involve walking over thirty miles on the week-days, besides riding many more.

March 5th.—"A good day to my soul. I am rising in the life of God. Preached at Holton. Wet night. Full chapel, or nearly so. My aim was single, as God knows it always is. That aim was the salvation of men. I was very simple and happy. The more of God I have the more child-like I become. If I would be truly great, I must be willing to be—and seek to be—*little*.

March 7th.—The Stallingbro' friends having sent me a request to preach there to-night, I engaged to do so, and had a heavenly time, from 'Here we have no continuing city, but seek one to come.' To-day God's goodness as to temporal matters met me in a flood, and I wept for joy.

March 8th.—Spent most of this day with two friends who were *fishing*. I did so because my body needed out-of-door exercise. Conducted the Band Meeting at Grimsby. My soul was in the suburbs of heaven.

March 10th.—Led class. Took tea with four pious friends. One told me he had dreamed of seeing me in a gallery with a shining face and bright crown upon my head, which (the crown) was studded all over with diamonds! This *dream*

won't save me! Preached in Loft Street Chapel. Sweet time on 'Our fellowship is with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ.'

March 11th.—Visited *scores* of families, and preached at Thoresby. Small congregation in consequence (I judge) of a tea-meeting being held in the village.

When shall I be lost in God!

A gray-headed man shut the door in my face to-day. He said, some time ago, that he should get measured for an iron coffin, then the devil could not get him.

March 13th.—Visited about forty families. Met with a little abuse from a female. Lord save her. God helped me in preaching at Scartho', the house was crowded.

April 6th.—Preached in the morning at Laceby. Afternoon and evening at Swallow. Awfully tempted until dinner time, when the power of the temptation was suddenly broken. Two souls saved at Swallow.

April 7th, Monday.—Walked fifteen miles, rode five. Preached at Covenham. Had a time of heaven-born tranquillity.

April 8th.—I thundered and lightened in the pulpit at Fulstow to about 100 people, but the electricity which produced this was from heaven. A young woman was aroused by the storm—fled to Christ and found salvation.

April 13th, Sunday.—Preached at Stallingbro' in the morning, blessed time. At Keelby in the afternoon and evening. In the evening gave out my text; could not preach; gave out another. A dragging time. Oh! I am tried by hell at Keelby. *Lord save professors."*

I well remember Mr. Milson returning from Keelby to Stallingbro' on the night mentioned above. I had been preaching at Habro' and Immingham, and returned to Stallingbro', and he persuaded me to stay all night with him at the house of his friend, Mrs. Briggs. Never shall I forget his description of the service, and an outline he gave me of a new sermon he had just made, on "I saw the wicked buried," etc. Morning came before sleep visited us.

April 9th.—"Preached at Marshchapel. Large congregation, and a time of rest and power in the sanctifying influence of the Comforter's presence.

Let all heaven thunder hallelujah to the Eternal Trinity.

April 10th.—Preached at Tetney. A rejoicing time on my part and that of several besides. I like to feel happy, but I do not desire it if others will be benefited by my not being so. In secret prayer before going to the chapel, I asked for liberty or bondage according to *His* Will.

May 5th.—District Meeting. Drifffield, Grimsby, Hull, and London First Circuits tried to get me stationed to them. Was appointed to the last. Faith in God is as mighty in London as elsewhere. I wonder how my new appointment will be received by my dear mother. I hope she won't distress herself concerning it.

May 9th and 10th.—Spent a portion of these days in recreation. All things are mine and I am Christ's. I commend my all of self and friends to God with sweet delight and ravishing assurance.

May 30th.—To-day a person left a theatre bill in the window of my kind host, Mr. Robinson (Grimsby). I tore it into several shreds on each side, leaving it entire in the middle, and appended to the bottom the following, which, appearing in the window, interested some people and provoked others :—

'Great exhibition of the only Saviour of theatrical sinners, and of sinners of all other kinds, at the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Loft Street, Grimsby, next Lord's Day, at 2 and 6 o'clock p.m. Admission gratis!!!'

June 8th.—Preached twice at Cleethorpes. Large congregation at night, and preached an hour and a quarter. A man came to the penitent form in earnest for salvation. Feeling weak, I went to take a little refreshment. When I returned, the prayer-meeting was concluded, and the man was going away unsaved, but I took off his hat, pulled him on his knees, and, whilst wrestling with God, he was pardoned, and rejoiced.

June 9th.—Whilst praying this morning with an afflicted woman, God set her soul at liberty, and she sang

'My Father's wrath is o'er.'

Walked six miles in a very heavy rain. Preached my last sermon at Irby. Had sweet fellowship with God before going to sleep.

June 10th.—Preached at Swallow (last time). Had a good time. I felt much Christian affection for this dear people generally. The Lord establish them for ever.

June 11th.—To-day saw the hand of God in my temporal affairs. Hallelujah! Am much affected to leave my brethren and sisters. Paul felt at Cesarea on his journey to Jerusalem. See Acts xxi. 13. Preached at Beelsby. Good time. Prevailed with two families to meet in class (at Swallow) the first opportunity.

June 14th.—Walked about eighteen miles to-day; *very weary*.

June 15.—Preached at Grimsby three times. Two saved.

June 17th.—Having obtained sanction of the Quarterly Meeting I went to memorable *Hull*, intending, God willing, to marry the next day. Had considerable trouble in getting arranged as to registrar, etc.

June 18th.—Was married to my heart's choice and heaven-given Jane Southren at 8 a.m. Eternal Trinity bless our union. Amen! Amen!

June 19th.—Preached at Laceby. Blessed time. Saints were blessed. Glory to Him to whom it is due.

June 20th.—*We* visited Grimsby. Walked to Waltham, where I preached my last sermon. My dear friend, Brother Brocklebank, kindly drove us to within a mile of Stallingbro'.

June 21st.—Having to attend Missionary Meetings in Swinefleet, we left Stallingbro' in the afternoon. I left Hull at six o'clock. Walked to Swinefleet. Did not get any tea until ten o'clock at night. Found a comfortable home at Swinefleet."

It appears from his Journal that he preached three times on the Sunday at Swinefleet, and attended missionary meetings at Reedness, Whitgift, Garthorpe, and Swinefleet. He enjoyed the visit exceedingly. "At Garthorpe," he says, "I had a glorious time. Brothers North, Hodgson, Marwood, and West, were hearing me, but I got above all. On Thursday, Brother D. Ingham preached an excellent sermon in the afternoon. Walked twelve miles. Preached my last Sunday's sermon at Tetney in the afternoon. Crowded chapel. People from Holton, Wayth, Thoresby, Humberstone, etc. Glorious time."

Night at Fulstow. *Poor Fulstow.* Lord arise. Amen. On leaving for Tetney, in company with several friends from that place, I proposed that we should hold a *walking love-feast*. So we did, and wept and shouted for joy! Preached at Covenham. At the commencement it was exceedingly hard work. I observed that perhaps it was a prelude to some souls being saved. In the prayer-meeting two persons found the Lord.

July 5th.—Spent this day in visiting among our dear friends. I have spent two years in this circuit, and have seen considerable fruit of my labour. This circuit will ever be dear to my heart. In it I have met with some of the best of my friends, and some of Immanuel's mightiest servants.

Have heard that last Sunday a man died in Christ at Irby, who was saved under my ministry a few months ago.

July 6th.—Preached thrice at Grimsby. Large congregations. Many people from different country villages. The evening service was a most solemn and impressive one. I wept. Text:—"I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God." Deep Christian love was manifested by hundreds towards unworthy Milson.

July 7th.—Breakfasted with Mr. and Mrs. Horner. Brother Robinson kindly attended us to the packet. God reward him and his for their goodness to me and mine. Had a pleasant voyage.

Arrived safe at Hull. O God, who hast showed me great and sore troubles, and hast caused me finally to rejoice, to Thee be praise! O to live and serve Thee with increasing fervour and delight."

He spent a few days at his native village, where he visited several sick persons, one of whom found peace. He enjoyed rambling in the woods with his bride, gathering strawberries, and setting traps for rabbits on his father's land. On the Sunday preached twice. On returning to Hull he preached in Mason Street Chapel "for Brother Wood," and "had a most glorious time." Three were saved; and the next night "preached in Church Street. Many people. Glorious time, one saved." When pressed to preach he consented, saying, in his own quiet way, "Perhaps the cry of the people is the voice of God."

CHAPTER IX.

1851—52.

LONDON.

“What is enthusiasm? What can it be,
But thought enkindled to a high degree;
That may, whatever be its ruling turn,
Right or not right, with equal ardour burn?
That which concerns us, therefore, is to see
What species of enthusiasts we be;
Of what materials the fiery source,
Of thinking life shall execute its force;
Whether a man shall stir up love or hate,
From the mixed medium of this present state,
Shall choose with upright heart and mind to rise,
And reconnoitre heaven’s primeval skies;
Or down to lust and rapine to descend,
Brute for a time, or demon at its end,
When true religion kindles up the fire,
Who can condemn the vigorous desire
That burns to reach the end for which ’twas given,
To shine and sparkle in its native heaven?”

—BYRON.

JULY 18th.—London being his conferentially appointed sphere of labour, he left Hull on July 18th, 1851, for the Metropolis. Several of Mrs. Milson’s Sunday School scholars were on the pier, weeping, and her widowed mother was deeply affected, so that he was relieved when the steamer began to plough the Humber. He thus describes the journey:—
“The day was exceedingly lovely, and heaven and earth seemed to smile upon us. The whole route was charming, affording ever-varying pictures of sylvan scenery. Swiftly we passed through a delightful panorama of some of happy England’s hills and dales, cities, towns, and villages, spires, towers, castles, brooks, and rivers.

The view, a little before entering London, was magnificent. The rising landscape, stretching for miles on either hand, was

crowned with splendid edifices, reminding one of the hills of the celestial Canaan, and the radiant habitations of the just. The sight affected me to tears, especially when I thought of the greatness of the work on which I was entering, and my own inefficiency. But I remembered that my sufficiency is of God, and with a heart glowing with heavenly fire, I exclaimed, as we entered the great metropolis:—"I am ready to preach the gospel in *London* also."

He arrived about eight p.m., and was kindly received by his old friends, Rev. W. and Mrs. Garner.

The *appearance* of the city pleased him. He had no idea that it contained so many beautiful gardens, parks, and pleasure grounds, but was shocked by the signs of wretchedness and sin which abounded.

He began his ministry in the Metropolis on Sunday, July 20th. As he walked to Poplar, the prevalence of Sabbath desecration deeply grieved him. He affectionately reproved every person whose shop was open, until it was fully time to commence his service. This practice he continued without intermission as long as he remained. He would generally leave home long before the hour appointed for public worship, and would enter the shops and converse with the dealers on the subject of Sabbath-breaking. Long afterwards he has related to us in private conversation, many affecting and several very amusing incidents connected with his adventures in this somewhat uncommon field of labour.

His first sermon was preached to a *few persons* in a new chapel! Afternoon and evening he preached chapel anniversary sermons at Harvey Street, Hoxton, and saw two sinners converted.

July 23rd.—"Preached in a 'low' part of Greenwich, and led the class. A few good souls. An old gentleman said, 'Thank you, for your most excellent discourse. I never before heard anything so much to my mind.' An old woman in a state of intoxication stayed the meeting. When spoken to she said, 'Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, *I say nothing*.' As I poured forth the truth of God she knelt, wept, and exclaimed, 'Say no more to me for God's sake!'

July 24th.—Preached to about sixty persons at Deptford.

Had one of my happy times, and the people were greatly moved by the Divine influence which attended the word. I believe I shall see glorious things ere I leave this awfully wicked place. O for God's presence in fiery flames!"

On the 25th and 26th he was deeply interested with a visit he paid to St. Paul's Cathedral, and a sight of the Thames tunnel, which he had to pass through on the way to his appointment at Rotherhithe, where he preached in the open air.

July 27th.—He conducted a Camp Meeting at Brewery Street, Hoxton. As soon as they commenced to procession the streets, a man began to abuse and curse them, but his curses were powerless. He delivered five addresses during the day in the open air, one in front of a public-house, where a company of men were assembled. One of them brought him a ticket for admission to a play. About 500 persons were on the camp ground. "Some were handing beer about and smoking, some reading newspapers, some singing songs, and others shouting to each other and against the speakers. Missiles were thrown amongst us, and we were threatened with stoning. Several of the police, however, came upon the ground, and their presence, under God, very probably prevented bloodshed. So far from holiness are some of the inhabitants of highly-favoured London. Had a very good love-feast in the evening.

July 28th.—When walking to the afternoon class-meeting, saw the sun eclipsed—a solemnizing scene, and one which I made a subject of moralization. The eclipse was caused by the moon passing *between* the sun and the earth. So, thought I, when there is an eclipse of the 'sun of righteousness' to the *soul*, there is some thought or word or deed of darkness which has come between that soul and the glorious sun. 'Your sins have separated between you and God.'

I saw beauty and sublimity in the lines of the poet:—

'In Jesus Christ together we
In heavenly places sit,
Clothed with the sun we smile to see
The moon beneath our feet.'

So that there is no eclipse, nor can be so long as the moon

(the world) does not come *between* us and the sun. Preached at Poplar.

July 30th.—Preached at Rosetta Street, Limehouse Fields, to *four* adults ! O London ! London !! God has visited thee by fire and plague, goodness, mercy, and judgment, and yet thou rebellest against Him ! O that thou wouldst hearken to His voice, and enjoy the blessings of salvation ! If not, ‘expect those heaviest showers’ of vengeance divine ! Lord, melt my heart for London !

August 1st.—Preached in the open air, Rotherhithe. Only *one* member of our connexion, besides my dear wife, stood by me, as we have no society in this parish. Many children, and perhaps a score adults, listened to the Word of God. In the concluding prayer I felt my Master to be very nigh.

August 3rd.—Warned twenty-two Sunday traders. What scenes. Men hawking oranges, nuts, and green groceries ; and shops open as on the week-days.

August 12th.—I find London to differ very much from Lincolnshire and Yorkshire. No excitement can be produced, leading persons to flock by scores and hundreds to our chapels. Religion is generally neglected, and the devil served most faithfully. Primitive Methodism must *very gradually* work its way, unless there be an *extraordinary* revival of religion. Much, I conceive, may be done for the future by attending to the *spiritual welfare of children*. Had a free time in preaching at Plumstead.

August 13th.—Preached at Greenwich. As I dwelt on the glory, tranquility, companionships, employments, and eternity of the ‘New Jerusalem’ my soul seemed to brighten and expand under the out-gleaming glories of its Divine Sun. Hallelujah !

August 14th.—Preached at Deptford. A number of boys shouted, bawled, and threw stones at the window-shutters, much to our annoyance. I was preaching on the deep things of the Spirit, and Satan, I doubt not, was wroth. At this place I once seized a lad in the street who had misconducted himself, when an impudent youth struck me heavily across the small of my arm, so that it fell, and he ran away ; and at another time we had a collection stolen out of the chapel. Their sins will ‘pursue’ and *overtake* them !

August 15th.—Visited the Wesleyan Chapel, City Road, where lie the bodies of *some* of the greatest saints and ministers of Christ that ever shone in this darkened world. Men to whom the world owes a debt of gratitude, and whose names, under God's providence, shall live long as the granite rocks of our globe shall endure. 'The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.'

August 21st.—Preached and renewed tickets at Stratford. A religious person at this place told me that when a servant of Satan he was once on his way to the theatre, when an inward voice asked, 'For what are you going?' to which he replied, 'To spend my time.' 'But would you like to DIE THERE?' replied the monitor. Said he "Die there" frightened me, and I ran home.'

' Say, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whisper'd to thy heedless soul ;
Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thine heart to God's control.

Sinner it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call,
It bade thee make a better choice,
• And haste to seek in Christ thine all !'

August 31st.—Sunday. Preached two Sunday School Anniversary Sermons at Poplar, and gave a short address in the open air to a few lounging sinners. Heard Mr. W. Garner preach in the chapel at night. In the course of his sermon he alluded to a remark made by *his* Sunday School teacher 'the impression of which,' said he, 'has scarcely been injured by the lapse of forty years.'

September 21st.—Preached three sermons and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Warned *sixteen* Sabbath traders. I cannot endure the so prevalent desecrating of the holy Sabbath. A busy butcher, in reply to a reproof, said, 'If I had a forty-acre field full of such as you, I would give the devil leave to reap the whole crop of you.' Thank God! the lives of His ministers are not at his disposal, and neither he nor his 'father' could touch one of them unless 'power were given from above.'

September 22nd.—Attended our Missionary Meeting at

Stoke Newington, in the 'Independent Chapel.' Richard Smith, Esq., son-in-law to the late Dr. Adam Clarke, presided. After the meeting, I had a short interview with his honoured wife, the doctor's daughter, who was very affable. Being indebted to the doctor's labours and piety, I was much interested to see Mrs Smith. A good man's name is an honour and a blessing to his posterity.

September 23rd.—How great are the Divine mercy and goodness to me. Several years ago I perused with delight and profit certain sermons by the Rev. H. Melvill, who is said to be 'the first sermonizer in the kingdom,' and this morning have had the pleasure of hearing him in 'St. Margaret's Church, Lothbury,' which was crowded with hearers. For a few minutes I felt disappointed, but as the man of God proceeded with his discourse I was deeply moved. His eloquence was marvellous. I felt grateful that the gospel was preached so faithfully in a church crowded with rich and intelligent hearers, and thankful the ministration of the spirit which is the *essential* of *effective* preaching is not limited to a silvery tongue and verbal music.

September 24th.—Joined five persons to the Society. One, an old pensioner, said, 'My life has been thrown away; I never felt so in my life! I feel shocked with fear.'

September 26th.—Took tea with one of our office-bearers, who informed me that he had taken tea with Dr. Adam Clarke several times, and on one occasion he heard him say, 'Wherever you see my name announced to preach, you will always see a 'q' or a 'c' for collection,' but said he, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, 'this shall be the last time the people shall be taxed for hearing me.'

He also informed me that on one occasion when the Doctor was to preach special sermons at ———, a number of musicians were ready to employ their instruments in the service, when the Doctor, looking round, said, 'Now you put all those things aside, and worship God,' and then called upon a certain brother by name to set a tune.

That the Doctor had a settled conviction that the employment of instrumental music in the worship of God was subversive of spirituality, and that he had a holy aversion against

it, will appear from different passages on the subject in his commentary.

October 7th.—Preached at Sutton Street. Never had much more liberty in preaching. O! how God can lead man into forgetfulness of all but His glory when administering His word to a congregation containing men of deeper Christian experience and greater intelligence than himself.

October 12th.—The sacred atmosphere is polluted by the loud bawlings of the costermonger. This scab and curse of London half ruins the peace and sweetness of my Sabbaths. This being the Circuit Fast and Prayer Day, I conducted the services, and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, at Sutton Street.

October 14th.—A short time ago a sailor informed me, with tears in his eyes, that some time since he was in one of Satan's houses, when he fell asleep without designing it; and had a vision of devils surrounding him and raging to drag him away. Then appeared a bright personage, who told him that if he would turn to God he should be saved, and also conducted him to a place of beauty and splendour, then he awoke. This call to his soul, when his senses were locked in sleep, he did not disregard. He did 'turn,' and has since found his precious Saviour.

October 16th.—To-day walked ten miles, and saved sixpence, with which I purchased 'Thompson on the Seasons.'

October 18th.—We have been in London ninety-two days, and I have read 60 pages of poetry, 618 of Divinity, and 2512 of history. Rather more than 34 pages per day.

Attended the circuit tea-meeting at Cooper's Gardens. This zealous society, numbering about *three hundred*—generally poor members—has given and collected the noble sum of £145 during the last *nine* months for the reduction of their chapel debt, and to-night they gave and promised £60 more! The meeting was one of the most enthusiastic and spiritually powerful I ever attended. And may we not expect a great blessing when from love to God we beg and contribute for the interests of his house?"

Preaching at Deptford, on the occasion of the school anniversary, he had a "glorious day," and five souls found

salvation. One, who was a backslider, had been a minister. He was deeply penitent, and after a long struggle he was enabled to believe for present pardon.

October 30th. —“Went to Tottenham, but as there was not a house to preach in, my prospect was a poor one. The moon was only a quarter old, many clouds obscured the heaven, and the wind was piercingly cold. However, I visited twelve families, and announced that I should preach against the ‘Pinfold,’ at seven o’clock. The heaven became cloudless, and I stood alone, singing

‘Jesus, the name high over all.’

About thirty persons attended, and were attentive whilst I preached to them. The seed sown by moonlight may produce a glorious crop, to be gathered by angels into the cloudless sunlight of heaven.

Took tea with a Latin scholar, and had much conversation on the subject of ministers having a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, which he considered to be almost essential. I argued that the great truths of salvation are as clearly revealed as they can be, and what is most needed is ‘*power from on high*’ in their enunciation. True, a knowledge of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures is very important, but such knowledge does not constitute a *call* to preach. Nor is such knowledge unction, nor does the great Head of the Church always call Hebrew and Greek scholars to preach; nor does he always save the *most souls* by the instrumentality of such scholars. I am not insensible to the vast value of learning for translating and defending divine truth, but I believe that if the time spent in learning, criticism, and quibbling, were spent in *believing*, and *praying*, and *working* amongst the masses of the people, we should see such wonders of divine grace as would for ever eclipse in moment to the interests of religion, all the *writings* and arguments of the learned. The conversion to God of a thousand souls would *prove* more in favour of Christianity than any volume of institutes, or the most learned dissertation on Christianity. If a knowledge of the Scripture in the original tongues be almost essential, as some seem to consider it to be, how is it that some who have this knowledge are not really

successful preachers, and that some who have it not are 'full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith,' and 'turn *many*' souls to righteousness. O God ! may all my ministerial brethren and myself be clothed with SALVATION ! Then wilt thou 'build up Zion, and thy glory shall appear.' " *

The objection to ministers who had not possessed the advantages of a classical or collegiate education was one with which he had frequently met, and indeed it had considerable influence with him in the days when he hesitated to enter the ministry. Frequently in his journals we find him deploring his want of education, and evidence that he took every opportunity that his busy ministry afforded him of correcting it. But at the same time he felt, as the above quotation shows, that he realised the fact that while it is impossible probably to over-estimate the value of literary cultivation and sound learning for a minister of Christ, at the same time, if a man be truly devout, intelligent, and earnest to save souls, he is not to be withheld from efforts to do so because he has not been liberally educated, or restrained from rebutting Satan because he cannot do it in Hebrew, or hindered from publishing the glad tidings of salvation to perishing men, "because he cannot revel amid the plays of Sophocles, or enjoy the beauties of Horace." He knew that a man may be a great scholar and nothing else, a learned critic and a poor preacher. It was said at Oxford of the celebrated Professor Gaisford, a master of languages, "If he knew only as much about the *ideas* which *words* are intended to convey, as he does about the words themselves, what a wonderful man he would be ;" but instead of being a man of general knowledge, according to Whately's description of him in his "Glimpses of Remarkable People," he was "dry and nerveless" in the pulpit, unless he came to a question which related to the correct reading of a passage in the New Testament, when, for the moment, he would wax most eloquent.

November 16th.—"Walked fifteen miles, preached thrice, prayed eight times in public, and held a Society Meeting. If

* In a note he adds, "See Tongue of Fire, pp. 97, 98, 99, and 106, and Life of John Smith, p. 263."

I did a trifle for God and got no reward for it, I rejoice if I have but *pleased* Him ! God seemed to shake us all at night.

‘ Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
Let Him opposers all o’erturn,
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one ! ’

November 22nd.—Enjoyed a walk into the city, and spent some time with Brother Thomas Newsome. I feel grateful for the deep peace I enjoyed to-day. My bodily vigour is considerably increased, and I find my physical condition to have great influence upon my soul. O how many of God’s children who are in heaviness would be in ecstasy if they enjoyed more of the ‘sugar of life’—good health and strength ! But no murmuring if this be providentially denied. In *eternity*, heaviness may be seen and felt to have been productive of ‘a far more exceeding weight’ of glory, than would have resulted from *transport*.

Sunday, November 23rd.—Commenced the protracted meeting at Cooper’s Gardens. I think I never had a more glorious day. Prayed eight or ten times, and delivered five addresses. Some blessed and mighty local brethren here. During the address I gave in the evening service, several persons who were Christians, fell, and remained some time as if dead. At the conclusion of our day’s labour, fourteen souls had professed to obtain salvation. All honour to the adorable Trinity ! ”

Referring to another occasion he says :—

November 24th.—“Preached at Sutton Street. If ever Jehovah helped me it was to-night. Whilst I addressed the congregation on the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, His presence seemed to shake it ! A burning prayer-meeting followed, and a *grey-headed* man, a Wesleyan, professed to find Jesus. I walked home with body-nerving joy.”

To Mr. Joseph Robinson, of Grimsby, he writes :—“We duly received your kind present, which was unexpected. Friends are a great blessing from God. Friendship is a sweet balm of our pilgrim life, ‘a tender plant which needs cultivation.’ It seems you mean to make it grow if possible.

Tribulation Hill, Holiness Road.

I am very tired with preaching, praying, and fighting, and therefore resort to scribbling you a few lines as a relief. I have some very heavy combats with Satan, but my soul trusts in the Lord, and enjoys the victory. . . .

Tranquility Dale.

You will perceive that I did but little for your information on Tribulation Hill on Saturday. Its acclivity became too steep to climb, as I ascended, however, I got over it with Divine help. Yesterday was a day of deepening peace. The services were powerful, and I was quite on the verge of heaven."

November 25th.—"Conducted a procession to the chapel. Scores of sinners heard the word of God by the light of gas and stars. Had a powerful service in the chapel.

The noise was too great for me to-night. I love cryings and groanings under conviction of sin, and zeal and praise on the part of God's children, but '*wild-fire*' I thoroughly disapprove. But it is after all better to have both than no holy fire. If, however, the Holy God, whom angels adore, be in our meetings carrying on His work, why should a worm, who might have been in eternal fire, find fault?

November 27th—Preached. Much Divine influence, but regretted the 'replying' of some persons to my remarks while preaching. I am sensible it did harm, and should be discontinued. An earnest 'Amen,' 'Glory be to God,' or 'Hallelujah,' is proper, and often very helpful, but *talking to the preacher* is injurious. My subject was entire sanctification. God answered by fire, and six or seven believers received the blessing.

Had the honour to-day of having some water thrown upon me, while visiting for my Master."

On the 18th December, he wrote to the Rev. J. Hodgson as follows:—

"MY DEAR JOEL,

If I have been made a blessing to you, I feel thankful to God for it, but I see myself to be a poor soul, and have to look to the Lamb slain, now in the midst of the throne, to avoid despair. I have been awfully buffeted by Satan, but I am seeing the Circuit rise. Last week I saw twenty-four

souls converted, at the 'Gardens,' and several fully sanctified. The devil would drive me from preaching on full salvation, but Jehovah upholds me. . . .

You have left a sweet religious savour here. May this humble and cheer you.

I have got the book fever very teasingly ; it is well that it is intermittent.

Dear Joel, pray for us, and allow me to say, live for eternity in every place. Do much for God in a short time. Immortality is approaching ; its crown and bliss brighten and deepen. Let us fight on, Jesus is ours."

December 30th.—"Conducted the protracted Meeting services in Cooper's Gardens Chapel. At the love-feast in the evening, I judge four hundred persons were packed in the chapel. During the speaking, three souls cried for mercy, and found it. Between seventy and eighty persons spoke their experience. Several sinners were pardoned, and some believers sanctified wholly in the prayer-meeting.

About thirty souls professed to find the Lord this week. Hallelujah ! The *Circuit* is rising gloriously.

Some interesting things were said in the love-feast, some of which are, I think, worthy of record. A sister said, 'My husband is a great clog, but the Lord makes up for all.' A woman of colour said God had fully sanctified her soul, and she cried out, 'I shall be there, and walk with them in white !' The effect of this from a mulatto, filled with the Spirit, was melting to my heart. A brother said, 'When I was a backslider, and in the street with a pipe in my face, the very dress of a Christian has gone to my heart like a dagger, and I have gone into secret to mourn before the Lord !' Another brother told us that he had resided in South America and in the Indies, 'But,' said he, 'I found Christ between the mountains of the Andes and under the cedar trees.' A grey-headed man, seventy-three years of age, who had been imprisoned thirty times, said, 'Some people think that old people cannot enjoy life, but I've only just begun to live ! I did not enjoy life when young ; I went the wrong way to enjoy it. I was dead whilst I lived. I lost thirty years in serving the devil. I have drawn many into the

bad way, and I want to live a long time to counteract it. I was worn out in the devil's service ; now I am a new man. I have got a fresh lease of my life ; and every day is a better day. I never began to live till lately ; and now I'm going to live for ever.'

December 31st.—Preached in our chapel at Stoke Newington at seven o'clock. According to arrangement, our people there amalgamated with the Reformers to hold a watch-night service in their new chapel. The Rev. Samuel Dunn, 'the apostle of the Shetland Isles,' conducted the service. He and I preached a sermon each to about two hundred persons. Dr. A. Clarke's daughter and her generous husband present.

I had a sweet and solemn season when knelt in silence, as the year was departing. My soul, body, books, circumstances, wife, parents, and all, were then formally surrendered anew to the God of my life, and His glory was manifested in a peculiar manner to my humbled and adoring soul. If the hand that holds this pen be motionless in the grave on the thirty-first of next December, if I continue in my present state, I have a 'home, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. EBENEZER ! Hallelujah ! Victory through Jesu's blood.'

CHAPTER X.

1852—53.

LONDON (*Continued*).

“I never knew a minister much owned of God unless he had a desire bordering on unhappiness to see the fruit of his labours.”—RICHARD BAXTER.

JANUARY 1st.—“Another year has fled! How different is a retrospective view of a year from a prospective one! Trace a year departed, and it seems ‘all but annihilated,’ though at its commencement it looked vast as an ocean; and to the man who has *spent* the longest period of probation, what does such period resemble as he reviews it?—‘a dream, when one awaketh.’

On a review of last year, I see much more cause for humility than for joy, but I see the most cause for *gratitude* to my compassionate God. For health of body, sanity of mind, easy circumstances, existing parents and brother, an open way in the ministry, a pious and affectionate partner, and the Spirit of God dwelling in me as the ‘earnest’ of my ‘inheritance,’ I feel thankful; but when I consider how little *sensible progress* I have made in the life of God, I feel ashamed, and am stricken with self-reproach before the Lord. However, I know that Christ is mine and I am His, but

‘I want a sun, a sea of light.’”

January 21st.—Whilst walking to his appointment at Stoke-Newington he overtook a man in a state of intoxication. On entering into conversation with him, he found that he had been working in a diving-bell at the East India Docks, eighteen feet below the surface, for five hours at a time, and then felt much affected by the want of fresh air. He earned 6s. 6d. a day, and yet he had scarcely a “shoe to his *feet*,” as he said. He invited him to attend the preaching, and he promised to do so, swearing by his old wig that he would behave like a sanctified

old gentleman. He kept his promise, so far as attending was concerned, but his appearance and behaviour were not strikingly gentlemanly. • He entered after the service had commenced, in his shirt sleeves, sat down, keeping his hat on, took out a knife, and began cutting and eating a portion of food. He occasionally addressed a word or two to the preacher, but on a boy near him misbehaving, he took off his hat and struck him with it upon the head. In the prayer-meeting, Mr. M. went to speak to a person who he thought was seeking mercy, when the old man shouted out, "Order! Order!" and pointed to the person praying. Before the meeting concluded another drunken man entered, and very much disturbed the service.

Next night, at Bowling-green, he had a congregation of sixty, ten or twelve of whom "behaved like demons," knocking benches over, mocking, shouting, and swearing while the prayer-meeting was going on.

February 5th.—He walked through strong wind and much rain to Enfield, a distance of ten miles, where he had one of the "most senseless, graceless, and rude congregations he ever attempted to address." He was indeed unable to preach on account of the disturbance they created. Entreaties, threatenings, and prayers were alike disregarded. A greengrocer on entering was hailed as "Prince Regents," and he retaliated by knocking one of the noisiest of the disturbers down. One man, who seemed inclined to give the preacher a fair hearing, took an ill-behaved lad, turned him heels upwards, and threw him between two seats filled with people, and the preacher feared the lad's neck was broken. He told them God must send another preacher—either affliction or death—as they refused to hear a living one. He afterwards led the class, and reached home by train at eleven p.m.

February 11th.—At Cooper's Gardens he preached on entire sanctification. Fourteen persons obtained the blessing.

February 22nd.—While conducting a procession, hundreds of children and others followed them with curses and fiend-like yells. Several hard missiles were thrown, one of which struck the head of a brother at his right hand. But

the congregation at the chapel was the largest he had ever seen there, and two or three found peace in the prayer-meeting.

February 23rd.—In the morning he saw a policeman seize one of the members as he was walking down Featherstone Street, simply because he had spoken to some of the people about religion. He followed them to the police-station, and the following conversation ensued between the inspector and the minister :—

Minister.—"You have got a friend of mine here, I understand, who is also a friend of the Lord Jesus Christ's."

Inspector.—"As to his being a friend of the Lord's I know not."

Min.—"Of what has he been guilty?"

Ins.—"Of causing a riotous disturbance in the street."

Min.—"Indeed, sir! I saw the policeman take him *when he was walking along the street*. That is not riotous proceeding according to law, and I shall do the same thing this evening, sir."

Ins.—"Then I shall take you up."

Min.—"Very good, sir, I shall certainly do so."

Ins.—"Then I shall take you up."

In the evening he "was as good as his promise." The inspector and two policemen were standing against the station-door, but never interrupted him.

Next morning, he repaired to the Court in Worship Street, where his friend stood in the dock along with such dirty, ragged, black-eyed, wretched-looking beings, that it made him sad to look upon them. Addressing his friend, who was respectably attired, and with white neckerchief on, he said, "There is a striking resemblance between your case, and the cases of these miscreants." The irony was evidently felt. When the policeman had preferred his charge, his Worship enquired: "Were you blocking up the thoroughfare so that no one could pass?" The prisoner replied in the negative, and stated that he had a witness at hand to prove it. The case was instantly dismissed.

February 25th.—"Preached at Stoke-Newington. Visited about fifty families, distributed tracts, and renewed tickets."

Preaching at Poplar, he appears to have dealt somewhat severely with pride in dress, luxury, and other evils, as he considered them, which caused some feeling, and he received several proofs of it, some of which amused him, as is evident from the following entry :—

February 28th.—“This morning, received a bonnet-box, containing a common net cap with one border (valued at twopence), and a *drab* cotton bonnet, both without trimming of any kind. The bonnet strings were also of drab cotton, and all were made in the most old-fashioned style.”

The articles were accompanied by a note, stating that the sender having heard him lecture on female attire, while preaching at Poplar, and not being able to comprehend exactly what particular style he approved of, had sent him the enclosed for his inspection, hoping he would have the kindness to state his opinion of them to the female committee, and also inform them if there was anything in the “dresses” that he desired altering, if so, they would send one for his approval. The writer also expressed his opinion that lectures on dress were not fit subjects for pulpit discourses to a mixed congregation, and concluded with a desire that if he considered the cap and bonnet such as he would like the members of his community to wear, he would take them round the circuit, and exhibit them at his lectures.

March 7th.—“Preached afternoon and evening at Stoke-Newington. Had excellent congregations. Six persons found salvation, five of whom promised to meet in class.

March 15th.—Quarterly Meeting, increase 90, making a total for the year of 180, with a corresponding increase in the finances.

March 20th.—Spent two or three agreeable hours at Mr. Flesher's, and was much interested by the following circumstance, related by Mrs. F., concerning the mighty William Bramwell. Mr. B., when travelling in the Wetherby circuit, regularly visited her father, who lived at Tockwith. One occasion, when she was but two or three years of age, the venerable servant of Christ said to her father :—‘Take care of this child, and bring her up for God ; she will be a minister's wife, but of what persuasion I am not able to say.’ The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him,”

March 22nd.—He attended the Tea Meeting at Cooper's Gardens, when they cleared off the debt on the chapel, which achievement was announced as a great victory. One of the brethren stated that several years before a number of friends met to pray for "*souls and money*." Shortly afterwards he received a parcel, for the carriage of which he paid fourpence. On opening it he was surprised to find two putrid soles and three halfpence, so he had got both "*Soles and Money*." He thanked God, however, that since then their prayer had been answered in the conversion of many *souls*, and in the extinction of a debt of many score pounds.

March 25th.—He walked ten miles to Enfield, and took his stand in the open air, and commenced singing, "with only a single sister to help him" :—

"The Great Archangel's Trump shall sound."

While they were singing, a rabble gathered, and loud yells drowned his voice. He announced his text, 1 Peter iv. 7, but could not preach on account of their interruptions, many of them shouting with all their might for a considerable time. He was enabled, however, to speak "a few words of flame." As soon as he had finished they crowded around him, and attempted to push him down, when a policeman interfered, and he got safely off the ground ; a small stone hit him between the shoulders but did not hurt him. He preached at the same place on the 15th of the following month, in the market-place, as well as the rabble would allow him, and arrived home very weary, having walked twenty miles.

April 15th.—"Went to Tottenham on circuit business. Enjoyed the walk. Watt's Logic, Thompson's Seasons, a lovely day, were sweet companions without, and Jesus was within.

May 30th.—Met with the following novelty connected with a Primitive Methodist Chapel. The building is a very paltry one, and part of it is let off for advertisements ! The side next the street bears a board, on which is painted in large and glaring letters the following :—

CIRCUS ROYAL.

Open every evening. *Pitt 2d. Gall 1d.*

May 31st.—Some time ago two of our members agreed to pray for a certain sinner. The man said one day to his wife, ‘G. and B. are praying for me.’ He knew this because he had been unable to sleep for several nights!

June 4th.—Six years ago as this morning, I left HOME. How much God has done for me since that memorable time. How are my mind and manners improved. But what is of infinitely more importance, how much more close and happy is my union with God! Last night I gave myself to Him anew, at the midnight hour. I felt

‘The solemn awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.’

At night preached in the open air at Edmonton. Made some enquiries about a room to be let here. Saw it, and judged it to be very suitable. After the preaching service, a young man, who was converted to God the last Wednesday I preached at Stoke-Newington, gave me his name as a Primitive Methodist, and promised to furnish a pulpit if we take the room. He has been a Roman Catholic.”

Note in pencil.—“He afterwards became a Missionary.”

June 24th.—He visited Enfield, where he resumed begging for the fitting up of the room he had previously taken, and succeeding in obtaining, with what he had previously collected, £8 18s. od. He also had the offer of a school-room at Clay Hill, Enfield, for Sunday evenings. In the evening he preached in the open air, had good liberty, the people were very attentive, and some affected. This was cheering after the struggles he had previously experienced.

July 1st.—He preached at Enfield to about a score of people. Returning by train, he looked out of the carriage window, when his watch dropped out of his pocket and fell upon the line. Next morning he obtained leave to walk upon the line from Water Lane Station, and after going about two miles found the watch lying face upwards, with the glass broken, and the case a little bruised. It had gone until five o’clock in the morning.

“Made a hymn for the plan, entitled ‘The Victory Ours.’ May the 500 printed be made a blessing!”

July 5th.—“Went to Greenwich and Deptford. Took a house at the latter place which much pleased me. I shall be more mighty in all respects, I believe, when I have convenience for private prayer and study, which I have not had since I have been in London.

July 6th.—Very hot. Thermometer up to 118 degrees. Cannot sleep at night because of the heat. To-day I slept a few minutes on a friend's sofa, and awoke as if I had been *nettled on my hands and face!*

July 9th.—Removing to Deptford. Feel myself to be indeed a pilgrim upon earth. How much more agreeable to flesh and blood to reside at home among familiar friends, faces, and scenes, than to have to peregrinate from one strange place to another. Every fresh removal is a rending of *newly-formed* ties. May the inconveniences and trials of earth make the prospect of a heavenly immortality increasingly dear!”

July 14th.—He spoke to as many people as would listen at Loat's Pits, Greenwich, in the open air. A woman and about forty boys “halloed him a considerable distance homeward,” when he concluded. A few stones were also thrown. He had a “*sweet* time in addressing them.”

July 18th.—He held three open-air services, from one of which a man followed him to the chapel, who had not been in a house of God for twelve or fourteen years. An elderly lady—a Wesleyan class leader—received entire sanctification. “I am a leader of others,” said she, “and how can I live without it.”

An old gentleman from the Wesleyans, who spoke with great power, said he was converted forty-nine years before, and had never lost his evidence of the divine favour. In a revival at Woolwich, which was carried on sometimes whole nights, and continued for two years, he received entire sanctification, and had kept it for the last twenty-four years.

July 20th.—He was soliciting donations towards the rent of the room at Lewisham; went to twenty-four houses and did not get a farthing. Gave a poor woman, who said she was pining, sixpence.

As he had been three times without having a soul to hear him, he urged the Rev. J. Kendall to accompany him into the

street. He did so, remarking, however, that it would be useless. They commenced singing opposite a public-house. "Several men left the devil's headquarters to hear us. Soon we had an excellent congregation of adults and children. Some boys were rude, but a policeman interfered; and I gave an address, which was attended by the Holy Ghost, sent down from heaven. Many listened most attentively, and I believe much good was done."

August 6th.—He and his wife, accompanied by a friend from Barton, went to Lewisham. No person came to the service, so *they held a prayer-meeting, received a blessing, and returned.*

August 17th.—A most terrific thunderstorm commenced when he was about to begin his sermon. The lightning was indescribably vivid and dreadful, while the rain descended in torrents. They held a prayer-meeting, and were "baptised with the fire which cometh without observation. Thunders rolled without, and saints shouted within." When the storm abated he preached on entire sanctification.

August 18th.—He rode with a gentleman in his phaeton to Finchley, where he preached twice the next day and conducted a band-meeting in Mr. B.'s splendid drawing-room, which stood on a portion of Finchley Common, where Dick Turpin used to commit his robberies.

August 20th.—"Rode with Mr. Breston as far as the statue of King William, London. Dined with Rev. G. Austin. Spent a short time with Rev. J. Petty, our Editor, in his study. Rode by rail from Shadwell to Kingsland with Rev. M. Wilson. Took a cup of tea and prayed with Brother Cranstone's family. Visited Mrs. Flesher in prayer, we had melting glory. Attended the tea and public meeting at the Gardens New Chapel. Had not liberty in speaking. Walked to London Bridge. Rode home. What a day of peregrination!"

August 21st.—The following week was spent at Missionary Services in the Saffron Walden Station. At one place he stayed with an old lady under a thatched roof. The old pilgrim said to him:—"If you had not been tempted, I should not want to hear you preach." After the morning service a man shook hands with him, and said, "We have had some precious food to feed on all the week."

He attended a Missionary Meeting at Sutton Street, where the Rev. John Petty in speaking, said, "I'd rather hear a man make twenty blunders in his sermon, if he be sincere and earnest, than I would listen to the most polished sermon unattended by unction." He expressed a wish that the young preachers would study to use plain language, and not go into the clouds and lose themselves, and addressing the Chairman, said, "I believe my friend Milson will keep to good old English," and on this eliciting general applause, he turned to him, and said, "You see they want you to do so."

October 31st.—"Walked thirteen miles, and spent fully six hours in the house of God. If to be in 'labours abundant' be a mark of apostolic success, surely Primitive Methodist preachers are in it. And if to know how to abound, and to suffer want be another, some of us are in it. A few weeks before the birth of my daughter, I stated to the Circuit Committee our need of another bed, but the Circuit was without money, and could not purchase one. However, my dear wife *bought a truss of straw, and tore up an old skirt, and sewed it round it*, and found something to cover me with, and *thus* I managed during the period of her illness. I will not, however, say that it was not sometimes hard to my bones, though it was easy to my spirit, as it was done for Christ's sake."

During the week he received a long and characteristic letter from the Rev. T. Greenbury, who, among other things, says, "Well, I find you propose a long string of questions and request me to answer. You ask 'How do you get on?' Oh, thank God, merrily. I have a tough battle with the Devil sometimes . . . but I prevail through Him! Again you ask, 'Does the work of God prosper?' Yes, I have seen thirty-four crying for mercy this week, and several have been converted recently. 'Does entire sanctification spread among the people?' Yes, at Louth, but not in the country. I believe we have some excellent and fully sanctified persons at Louth. You ask also, 'Do you meet with great opposition in preaching it?' There, now that is a poser. I must plead guilty. I have not preached a sermon strictly on entire sanctification for many a month. I have strongly urged it here and there in almost every sermon, but the fact is . . .

sometimes my evidence is as clear as noon-day, at other times it is twilight. . . .

I was preaching at Horncastle a short time ago. In the morning service the people were bathed in tears. Whilst I was announcing the collection a man jumped up, tears rolling down his face, and shouted, 'Here, God bless thee, here's tuppence for thee, for thou's ommost broken me heart,' and placing twopence upon the seat, walked away."

November 23rd.—"Had a deep baptism of the Spirit in private prayer. . . . Preached at Sutton Street with unusual unction. The congregation was large. Words cannot describe the glory of the hour. I think I never had a more powerful time; the Divine glory filled the place. Mr. Petty and Mr. Garner were among my hearers. We had one glorious conversion. I find they can make a noise at Sutton Street, when God comes down!

November 27th.—Am reading Blair's Lectures. What a pity that I did not read them ten years ago. How important that youths be instructed as to what books will be most beneficial to them in every point of view. Now that I read and think a great deal, I see I have had very mistaken views as to the importance of learning and knowledge.

December 2nd.—Walked to Stoke-Newington and back, and conducted three services. We had a blessed love-feast."

In conversation with a young man from Lincolnshire, he was told the following interesting particulars of his conversion. Before leaving home he had been very "giddy," but his mother's prayers, and her conduct and advice when parting from him, laid hold upon him. During the journey he was wretched under a sense of his guilt, and when he arrived in London he began to pray for mercy, and in a *London* cab, God set his soul at liberty. He at once informed his parents of the happy change, and their joy on receiving the tidings was great.

December 7th.—While visiting in Woolwich, he met with Sergeant Rudd, a Wesleyan of fifty years' standing, a man well versed in the deep things of God. "He was led to seek *holiness* when he had been a member twenty years, through the fact that the deep Christian experience of a class of boys he led on

a Sabbath morning, at seven o'clock, made him feel his need of a deeper baptism of the Holy Spirit."

December 13th.—Quarterly meeting, of which he was Chairman for the first time. Eleven increase. All expenses met, and £5 in hand. About fifty officials attended, and all was delightfully harmonious. The happiest quarterly meeting he ever attended.

December 21st.—"Reading Lives of Oxtoby, and others. What a blessing is Christian biography. I shall have to praise God throughout eternity for the lives of such men as Wesley, Fletcher, Bramwell, and Clowes. I would they were more of them, and that they were more read."

December 26th.—When preaching at Sutton Street he met with a sailor from Northumberland, who had been converted under him twelve months before. He brought another sailor from his vessel, and he found mercy in the prayer-meeting.

December 31st.—"Twelve months ago to-day, I wrote :—'If the hand that holds this pen be motionless in the grave on December 31st, 1852, I have a house, not built with hands, eternal in the heavens.' Thanks be to the Eternal Trinity . . . it is now active in recording His goodness, love, and mercy. I believe I have made some progress in grace since December last. At the *Mercy* Seat, upon the *Altar*, Christ Jesus—I, in another solemn act of consecration, place my soul and body; conscious of a thousand failings and short-comings during 1852, and humbly asking and believing for the sprinkling of Jesus's blood, and looking for the mercy of God unto life everlasting.

'I nothing have, I nothing am;
My treasure's in the Bleeding Lamb,
Both now and evermore.'

I look at myself, and at my doings and sufferings, and feel shame and self-reproach, but I also look into my Saviour's breast and sing :—

'Away sad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.'

Conducted the watch-night service. It was the most

uninteresting and heavy meeting of the kind I have attended since I left home."

January 9th, Sunday.—He conducted a protracted Meeting at Deptford. During the day he delivered three addresses in the open air, one in front of a public-house to a crowd of people, and another to a large throng in Griffin Street, whilst the stars glittered over his head. Three souls were saved in the evening service.

January 17th.—"Attended the mid-day prayer-meeting; two members of the society *justified*. Led class, and afterwards visited a member of it who was afflicted. I found her very happy, and filled with God. I love to find professors of religion getting into the deep things of God. I found she was led to seek this by thinking of a few words I uttered on the watch-night. A minister should never be discouraged; because he does not know where his words may fall. Some sentences from which he never expected a crop may yield an abundant harvest."

He also met with a pious man who had been in the navy and army. During the time he was in the navy he had a dreadful affliction brought on by drinking rum and eating figs. He and his comrades used to have their rum in a pail! This was during the American War. "During his illness he was twenty-one days and never spoke. . . . Two men used to hold him up, whilst another held a candle against his back whilst the doctor inspected him. Oh, sin, how dost thou punish those who delight in thee! He was three years in France under the Duke of Wellington after Waterloo. 'Did you ever know the Duke?' I enquired. 'O yes, sir, and he knew me, or might have done so.' He then related the following incident as the reason why the Duke should know him. He was, whilst at Paris, on duty as a sentinel, and his business was to keep the lines clear of the French. One day a gentleman, in coloured clothes, came along the line, whom he challenged in French, but he made no reply, but walked on. The challenge was repeated twice, but no notice was taken of it. He then levelled his bayonet, and said, 'You old French rascal, I'll skewer you like a rabbit.' This made him run. He saw him go to an officer and address him.

Shortly the officer asked him, 'What he had been doing to the Duke of Wellington?' 'Nothing,' he replied. 'Had he not seen a gentleman on the line?' 'Yes; a Frenchman, whom he had threatened to put upon the spit.' 'He was the Duke!' said the officer, 'and you will be tried by a court-martial, and be whipped, if not worse.' This frightened him so much that he entertained thoughts of desertion. However, when the names were being called over the next morning, the officer read, 'Samuel White, promoted to the office of full corporal for doing his duty as a private soldier.' It was a wonder the Duke was not killed.

January 18th.—Preached at Plumstead. The largest congregation he had seen, the result, he believed, of having visited scores of houses in the locality, and inviting their inmates to the service.

January 28th, Fast-day.—Cannot bear fasting! God knows how I have shaken myself in His cause. Was filled with God in private prayer at Enfield.

An article entitled, 'A professed atheist, unmasked in death,' has appeared in the magazine (February, page 104). I have baptised it with much prayer."

A man at Enfield declared he would not go to hear him preach again, "he knew too much of my heart for me."

February 2nd.—He visited twenty families, preached, walked eleven miles, rode six. Finding a poor man upon the road dying of hunger, he went into a baker's shop, and bought him some bread and cheese. "His gratitude deeply affected me. About two hours afterwards I had a shilling given me. Providence!

Read Archbishop Tillotson on the wisdom of being religious, and the folly of scoffing at religion. They are two masterpieces. I was enraptured with them."

He was delighted, too, with the reading of William's *Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands*, and says in his notes:—"What a volume. Every chapter is full of deep and varied interest. How delightfully easy the style, and how chaste and elegant the language. But oh! the triumphs of the gospel which it records. All should read it.

February 14th.—Held the Quarterly Meeting. About £5

increase for the quarter, and scores of souls. The year's increase, notwithstanding the unfortunate division, was 78. This is glorious after 180 last year."

This meeting applied to the General Committee for the division of circuit. The application being successful, Mr. Milson was made Superintendent, an honour and responsibility he deeply felt.

February 16.—"Preached an hour. Too long for 'rule,' but not for eternity. Was gladdened to find that one of our ministers had received the blessing of entire sanctification through my poor instrumentality, and that the work is spreading in a place I visited some time ago, as a consequence of my labours. To God be the glory!

February 22nd.—I am devoting an occasional half-hour to the study of the principal roots of the Greek and Latin languages, and find it of great service to me in the study of my native tongue. I do not wish to be a scholar for appearance sake, but that I may be a more acceptable and useful Christian minister. Though I had all knowledge, if I do not live *in* entire sanctification and wrestle with God I shall not be *very* useful. O to be a *giant-child*! Amen.

March 6th.—Attended the seven o'clock prayer-meeting, delivered two indoor addresses, and three outdoor. Conducted a band meeting in the forenoon, and one love-feast and prayer-meeting in the evening. Two souls pardoned, three professed to receive the witness of the Spirit, and six (at least) the blessing of entire sanctification. O what visions of glory filled and ravished my soul!

One of our local preachers, while preaching at Stratford, was crowned with a door-mat, pushed into a gutter, and the Bible kicked out of his hand.

March 13th and 14th.—Went to Hull and Grimsby by water. Visited a few old friends in Hull, and arrived at Grimsby, on Saturday night, between seven and eight o'clock.

March 15th.—Sunday (long looked-for day). A most blessed day. Two souls saved, and two men promised to meet in class. Collections three or four times as much as last year. About 800 hearers in the afternoon. God gave me the people. Persons from seven miles round attended. I counted

them from ten places. The proceeds of this anniversary will, I believe, provide a library for the children. God bless them !

March 25th.—Renewed tickets to two classes. Mr. Petty's presence so much affected me, that I was afraid God would be grieved. Lord forgive me if I have grieved thy Holy Spirit !”

April 8th.—He preached at Sutton Street, the Revs. W. Garner and T. Holliday being present. Five souls were saved, and an official told him that the last time he preached there five or six were wounded, and saved the next Sunday night. This was frequently the case under his burning and powerful ministry at this time.

June 3rd.—“Took tea with a sister who had heard that burning saint, the Rev. James Caughey, preach at Lincoln and Boston, and at the latter place obtained the blessing of entire sanctification under him, as did also a sister, who lived and died in it.

June 4th.—Seven years ago this day, I commenced my Itinerant career. On a review of the past I see much to humble me, and much to encourage me, and very much to be thankful for. I hope to commence forthwith a closer walk with God. I see more clearly that only faith and prayer can make me a useful minister of the New Testament. I am not half, nor perhaps a quarter, as useful as I might be. Lately I have been afraid of injuring myself by wrestling with God, and I fear I have grieved the Holy Spirit. Am I not immortal till my work is done? Lord, stir me up to pray! May the next year be the most successful I have had.”

His journal for the next month shows a vast amount of work done with some success. Two or three times he was pained by having to leave without any one mentioning supper after a long service, and when he had many miles to walk home. In other instances, he was received as “an angel of God.” In criticising a love-feast or two, which he conducted, he mentions being annoyed by the vulgarity of the language used, and the attempts to be droll, on the part of a few, while many of the experiences pleased him exceedingly.

He attended a most enthusiastic farewell public meeting at Deptford, and preached at Sutton Street, his “favourite pulpit,”

and saw six souls saved. He concludes by writing :—* “What a wonderful improvement has taken place in our societies in London during the last few years. I have lately been very unfit for my work through illness, and intend taking as much rest as possible during my holidays.”

On the 6th of July he left King's Cross for Hull. He was very unwell for several days, but on Sunday night preached in Jarratt Street Chapel, which was nearly filled, and would have been to overflowing had it been known he was going to occupy the pulpit. “Some souls were saved.”

Many evidences of the usefulness of his out-door preaching have come to light, of which he knew nothing at the time, and, therefore, are not in his journal. One most interesting case appears in the “Congregational Year Book,” for 1867. In its sketches of deceased ministers there is an account of the Rev. W. H. Scott, son of the Rev. Alexander Scott, who, though trained in the fear of God, imbibed sceptical opinions. One Sunday afternoon in June, 1852, he went out for a walk, when seeing a man addressing a crowd of people, and supposing him to be a preacher, he went up for the avowed purpose of opposing him. A sentence or two from the preacher's lips went to his heart, and were the means of his conversion. “The preacher was the Rev. P. Milson, with whom he formed an intimacy. As he had obtained his first entrance into spiritual life through the preaching of a Primitive Methodist minister in the open air, he not only associated with, but became much attached to, that body of Christian people and the practice of open-air preaching, which he afterwards advocated by tongue and pen.” In December, 1882, Mr. Milson, while attending a Holiness Convention at Middlesbro', met with a Mr. Scott, a brother of the above named person, who waited upon him, and said, “I have wanted for years to see you.” He went on to say that he remembered

* Mr. Yarrow, in his “History of Primitive Methodism in London,” says :—“The success of our cause during this winter (1851-52) stands alone in our history. To call it a revival would be to convey a very inadequate idea of the facts of the case. Parkinson Milson preached the doctrine of entire sanctification in a way which has seldom been equalled.

his brother's returning home after his conversion. He had a box full of novels and sceptical books under the bed. On the Monday his mother had a pot on the fire, and he said, "Mother, I'll make it boil," and he put some of his books under it. The rest he burned in the yard in the presence of some of his old companions, observing they had done him harm enough, and should not injure others. He afterwards became an eminent preacher and temperance lecturer.

CHAPTER XI.

1853—54.

L O U T H.

“ ’Tis not for man to trifle. Life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.
Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we—
One, only one ;
How sacred should that one life ever be,
That narrow span !
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.”

AFTER enjoying a few days' rest amid the scenes and associations of his early days, he left for Louth on the 18th of July, where he arrived at three p.m., and preached at Alvingham, four miles distant, the same evening.

He found the people and neighbourhood a delightful change from London, and entered upon his work full of hope and spirit. In a few days, however, he felt symptoms of serious cold, taken from a damp room, and soon afterwards was laid aside by intermittent fever. He resumed his work the last week in August, his doctor kindly driving him to two or three of his appointments.

His Journal shows that during the interval he read considerably, and when able to get out, led the class, and visited the sick around him.

September 28th.—“ Heard Miss Buck preach at Grimoldby to a crowded congregation. She is a woman of extraordinary intellectual capacity, and evidently possesses a clear and comprehensive understanding of divine truth. Her judgment is discriminating and mature.

October 3rd.—Heard Mr. Sanderson preach an excellent sermon. One peculiarity of his preaching is simplicity. Great and small can understand him. It was sentimental, interesting, lively, and in some instances there is a great profundity and originality of thought, that is happily expressed, and attended with that heavenly savour which is the soul of a sermon.

October 5th.—Preached at Welton. Delighted with some of the scenery on the road from Louth. Walked home in a perfect hurricane of rain.

October 11th.—Attended the Tea Meeting at Grainthorpe. Very much tried, because I delivered such a poor and, I feared, *powerless* speech.

October 23rd.—At Louth. Very much led out at night. Preached from half-past six till twenty minutes to eight. Five souls saved.

October 30th.—Somercotes. Two saved.

October 31st.—In raptures before I went into the pulpit. Blessed time in preaching. Two souls saved and two fully sanctified." An Irishman heard him preach, went up and prayed for two hours, and was set at liberty. He afterwards became an eminent missionary.

November 1st.—"Preached at Grainthorpe. None converted, but three souls were saved under a local preacher on Sunday night! Hallelujah!

Several persons were saved during the following week. On the 20th, at Louth, an extraordinary influence attended the services, two or three sinners were saved, and over twenty persons fully sanctified."

The next day, while visiting at Alvingham, a sick woman found salvation, and rejoiced exceedingly. She afterwards died very happy.

November 26th.—At Ludboro' he had a marvellous time. "A mighty move at night, four at the penitent form, two saved. When one of them *cried for mercy*, the people were thrilled, and one said to me, 'He *is* a rebel.' He soon, however, rejoiced in God. The work is to be carried on during the week."

The following day he walked thirteen miles, and preached at night. Next day nine miles in the rain; preached, one saved.

Next day eight miles in the rain. "Led class, and visited a little."

December 4th.—He preached at Swallow to crowded congregations, and was much pleased to hear of the happy experience of Miss Tomlinson, who had recently died. "What an instance of a full salvation! How triumphant in death! Her doctor wept like a child, and wished his last end to be like her's. To her mother she said, 'O what a short time I seem to have been on earth—and I am going to *inherit*! and it will be for *ever* and *ever*!'"

December 5th.—He attended a School Tea and Meeting at home, and was "very dissatisfied with the children's recitations. No judgment was displayed in the selections, either of subjects or reciters."

From the 6th to 9th he conducted revival services at Legbourne, and "saw a glorious move." The Holy Spirit accompanied the word, and from fifteen to eighteen souls "found redemption through *His* blood, the forgiveness of their sins."

December 10th.—Lately have re-read W. Carvossa's Life. One of the best books to put into the hands of one who is athirst for God.

December 16th.—Quarterly Meeting. Twelve increase for Louth, and seven for Alford. Poor!

December 17th.—My dear Father and I had a walk round the town and in the cemetery. I committed the following lines to memory from three tomb-stones:—

'The less of this cold world, the more of heaven,
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.'

'Though Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves
Have tossed me to and fro;
In spite of both, by God's decree,
I harbour here below,
Where I do now at anchor lay,
With many of our fleet;
But soon again we must set sail,
Our Captain, Christ, to meet.'

'If you have no faults throw on my grave a stone,
If faults you have, pray leave my grave alone.'

December 18th.—He preached at Saltfleetby and

Theddlethorpe. Saw one soul converted. Rode eight and walked fifteen miles.

December 19th.—“At Theddlethorpe. A dismally dark night. The bodies of several beasts have been found along the coast, and the two legs of a man. These, it is supposed, have come from a Hamburgh steamer, which sank about five miles off Kilnsea.

December 24th.—To-day met a man in the street, who said :—‘Thank God I heard you preach that last sermon at Grainthorpe.’ And another to-day shook me by the hand, and said ‘Now, Father.’ What honour this! Spent a happy Christmas at home.

December 28th.—Finished reading *Missionary Voyages* in the ship *Duff*. My heart has leaped for joy, my eyes have been moistened, and my tongue has praised God, whilst I have perused its delightful pages. A volume for all who pray ‘Thy Kingdom come.’”

December 31st.—He conducted the watch-night service at Legbourne. The night was fearfully cold, but he enjoyed the service, and re-dedicated his all to God.

“Another year of peculiar mercies has fled. Solemn thought! O to live for God! I could wish to live upon earth until the world’s dissolution to save souls.”

On the following Sunday night he had a very narrow escape from serious injury. Riding with Mr. E——, the trap came in the dark in contact with a huge drift of snow. The horse fell, and he and his friend were thrown out. He seized the horse’s head, and backed the wheel off Mr. E——’s coat lap. “The year began with mercy.”

January 3rd.—“Gave an address at Louth. One soul saved.

January 9th.—Preached at Grimoldby on the New Jerusalem. In the prayer-meeting, when I was asking, ‘Who will go?’ a young man in the top pew responded, ‘I will go, Mr. Milson.’ He came down to the penitents’ form, where God pardoned his sins.”

There is penciled under the above, “He is now serving God. November, 1858.”

January 16-19.—“At Ludboro’. Great congregations, and powerful times, ten souls saved. These meetings won’t be forgotten by this generation.”

A pensioned soldier at this place refused to kneel down while Mr. Milson prayed with his mother, a member of our society, and said "he would go to hell before he would become a teetotaler!"

January 22nd.—Preached at Ludboro' in the morning, two glorious conversions. This was an extra service. At two at Grainthorpe, and six at North Somercotes.

January 23rd.—He visited fifteen families, and preached on Monday and Tuesday, and then the next two nights preached again at Ludboro' where he had "Glorious times, but 'ONLY' two souls saved." He adds, "Sometimes when I have the most fluency and happiness in preaching there seems to be the least visible good done."

January 27th.—"Gave an address at Louth. I am not an advocate for the meetings being conducted on their present principle of two or three persons, some of whom are private members, giving addresses. The people do not feel sufficient interest in them. The generality of the addresses I have listened to have not been of such a kind as to excite interest amongst the people.

January 29th.—Walked twelve miles. Preached at Theddlethorpe, and conducted a lovefeast at Saltfleetby. This was a feast indeed. A young man said, 'The devil sometimes tells me that I have no religion, but he never told me so before I became religious, so I know he's a liar.' Another man said, 'Some people talk about God's time, and God's time: I'll tell you what, friends, I found that God's time *was my time!*'

'Soon as my all I ventured
On the atoning blood,
The Holy Spirit entered
And I was born of God.'

January 30th.—Visited the sea, and composed the following lines:—

AN ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

Tremendous deep! What myriads sleep,
Beneath thy waves!
Some side by side; some parted wide
In unseen graves.

Both weak and brave whom none could save
Are buried here ;
In thee men rest, from east and west,
Now free from fear.
In battle slain, or drown'd i' th' main,
No matter which ;
Distinction none to them is shown,
Or poor, or rich.
And o'er them ride, borne on the tide,
Sea-faring men ;
In ocean lone, may find their home
Along with them.
In deeps unseen, long leagues between,
Beloved ones lie :
Their memory dear to thousands here
Draws forth a sigh.
Thou awful sea ! what storms on thee
Their strength expend !
Thou fatal sea ! how oft in thee
Mens' lives do end !
What bands of love, by friendship wove,
Hast thou dissolved !
Made widows' tears ; raised orphans' fears,
O'er all the world !
Whilst standing here, I shed the tear
Of heartfelt grief ;
But there's a name that rules the main,
This gives relief.
Our Jesus lives, and holds the keys
Of hell and death ;
Some saints shall rise and mount the skies
From ocean's depth.
Then farewell sea, vast cemetery
Of human bones ;
Thy liquid field its dead must yield,
When Jesus comes.

February 5th, Sunday.—*Grimsby* ! Preached in the morning at Cleethorpes Road Chapel, which was filled with people. A grey-headed man came up to the pulpit, weeping and crying for mercy, whilst the second hymn was being sung. This was a moving scene. He professed to find mercy. At

two and six preached in Loft Street Chapel. After the evening service we had a prayer-meeting like those of old times, and ten souls professed to find salvation."

A poor backslider who had been talking about going to hear him on this day was drowned in the new dock a few days before. He had said he would hear three good sermons, and had asked a brother to call on him on the Sunday morning to attend a class-meeting. "Ah, he knew not that on that very day he would be buried !

‘On what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things.’”

February 10th.—Two souls were saved at Alvingham, so he preached an extra sermon the following night, when “two slaves of Satan were set at liberty.”

February 12th, Sunday.—Preached at Grimoldby and Saltfleetby. “The night service was awfully powerful, but stupid sinners would not be saved. I wept, I pleaded, I thundered, I lightened ! for my God helped me in an unusual manner. Some time afterwards I heard that several were glad to get out of the chapel lest they should have to cry for mercy ! *Awful !*

February 13th-16th.—Attended missionary meetings at Theddlethorpe, North Somercotes, Grainthorpe, and Louth. Messrs. W. Garner and Geo. Lamb were the deputation. Up in monies at every place. Had no souls saved.

February 17th, Friday.—Preached at Ludboro’. Powerful time. Spent part of the day begging for a new chapel. Succeeded in obtaining money and promises amounting to about £8. Brother J. Cook accompanied me.

February 19th.—Louth and Legbourne. Two souls saved.

February 26th.—Preached at Legbourne in the morning. We all seemed to be ‘in the cloud.’ Evening at Louth. One soul saved.

February 27th to March 2nd.—Preached four sermons at N.S. Not any souls saved. O that religious societies would live in the Glory ! How many ministers have had their days shortened through the lukewarmness of *professors* of religion. How much depression should I have escaped, and how many

souls would have been saved at this place if the society had been in a thoroughly holy state."

He gives an amusing account of an old man, a Roman Catholic, who heard him at the Missionary Meeting, unflinchingly denouncing popery and the Pope, and declaring that "he would get up at midnight, and shout praise to God over their downfall." The old man was so enraged that he threw his stick upon a house floor, and said he would like to "baste" him with it. "I had," said the old fellow, "twopence in my pocket, but I minded to keep my fingers upon it. I should have liked to have kicked him off the platform. He is sure to go to hell." We remember being with him once at a Missionary Meeting at Cliff, in the Selby Circuit, when an Irishman rose while we were speaking, and coming to the platform, brandished his umbrella in a most excited manner, declaring we were both imposters.

March 10th.—"Visited nine families. A few days ago, I read an introductory essay to the Memoir of the Rev. John Smith, by the Rev. Dr. Dixon. What a lucid, terse, vigorous, wise, spiritual, and sweeping essay! It is more precious than gold, and evinces the extraordinary intellectual and spiritual powers of its author. All anti-revivalists and semi-anti-revivalists ought to read it. It also contains a good lesson to those persons who think they can compel people to be converted by believing for them.

March 12th.—Saltfleetby Chapel. Crowded in the afternoon. Oh! what a sight. People from Skidbrook, Saltfleet, Theddlethorpe, Cockerington, Manby, and Grimoldby; and what a time. I preached, I think, at the least 70 minutes. It was a heaven.

To-day heard of a clergyman at Hogsthorpe, who forgot to bury the body of a dissenter on an appointed day. One of our preachers, who happened to be passing, performed the funeral ceremony. An old Wesleyan afterwards remarked to the clergyman, 'Perhaps you did not like to bury him, he being a dissenter.' 'You are mistaken,' said he, 'I should like to bury them all.'

The Rev. Joel Hodgson, who is a native of Hogsthorpe, remembers the circumstance well. The clergyman was a bitter

opponent of dissenters, and was in the habit of freely expressing his dislike of them. He said to a sister-in-law of Mr. Hodgson's, whose baby Mr. H. had baptised, "What a pity that such a lovely child should not have a Christian name." When a house, situated between the Wesleyan and Primitive Methodist Chapels, was proposed as suitable for a parsonage, he declared he would not live in it, as he would be crucified between *two thieves*. In the case referred to by Mr. Milson, the person buried was named William Blanchard, a very devoted local preacher, and universally beloved. The clergyman had forgotten the funeral, and as the Rev. J. Hutchins and another minister were passing while the funeral waited at the church-gates, Mr. H. read the burial service outside the churchyard walls. The vicar read the service over the grave another day, with none but the sexton present.

March 14th.—"About noon was taken alarmingly ill at Saltfleetby. Thought I was going home, as did also the mistress of the house. I turned most deathly in appearance, and felt faint and weak. After a while recovered. Preached at night to a large congregation. The Lord helped me.

March 17th.—Quarterly Meeting. Eighty-five increase for the year in the Home Branch, and forty-two in Alford Branch. To God be endless praise.

March 19th.—Louth morning and night, six souls saved.

March 23rd.—Legbourne. Many people. Flashing, thrilling, and transforming glory. No subject burns and fires like that of perfect holiness.

March 24th.—Heard that the woman from Yorkshire, who was converted the first time I preached in Louth, is still on the way to heaven, and what is a remarkable coincidence, her daughter, from the neighbourhood of Manchester, came to visit her, and heard me preach on the 28th August, when she also found the Lord. I had not preached at Louth between these dates, having been ill of a fever. Of the latter case of conversion I was ignorant. How encouraging.

'Fearlessly I'll wield the sword,
Fight for Jesus Christ my Lord!'

March 26th.—Morning at Louth. Afternoon and night at

Grimoldby. I know not when I have experienced more enlargement of *mind* and heart than I did to-night. Administered the Lord's Supper in the afternoon. A soul saved. Walked ten miles. A hard day's work for God. Hallelujah !

March 29th.—Took the chair at a Teetotal Meeting in the Corn Exchange. Was much interested by the lucid and excellent speech of the lecturer, Mr. Jabez Inwards. But, in my opinion, the lecture was three-quarters of an hour too long. He spoke from eight o'clock until a quarter to ten."

Mr. Inwards was addicted, like his chairman and critic, to long speaking, of which both were conscious, and ready to confess their fault. Mr. I. once told, in my hearing, of having lectured in a certain town where a Quaker had been his chairman, and also his host. On reaching the house, the lecturer threw himself on a sofa, and exclaimed, "Dear me, I am tired, I can't think of anything more wearying than speaking night after night for two hours at a time !" "My friend," said his benevolent host, "Did'st thou ever try listening?" Mr. Inwards did not pursue the subject.

April 3rd.—"Preached in the afternoon at Saltfleet, and attended the Missionary Meeting at night. The day was warm. I walked fourteen miles, and my brethren and I caught about forty fishes with a drag net.

During this week I have read the Memoir of Atkinson Smith, by C. Kendall. He was a giant minister of the New Testament. What a pity that the book contains so little from his own pen, but his biographer informed me that he had published the spice of his remarks.

April 8th.—Finished reading Wilson's Travels in the Holy Land. 2 vols., 4th ed., pp. 972. Many an hour in my home, in country villages and lanes, have I spent with interest and profit in reading these volumes. They furnish a key to the meaning of several passages of Holy Writ. The style of the pious and intelligent author is, in many instances, most chaotic and barbarous.

April 12th.—Led class. What a poor saint I am ! When shall I be all on a flame, and set fire to others ? Oh ! how I have been stirred up by reading a portion of the Life of the Rev. John Fletcher.

April 19th.—Preached missionary sermon at Ashby (Scotter Circuit). Got above Mr. Sanderson and the other preachers, who were hearing me. Blessed time. Missionary meeting at night. Great influence when Mr. Sanderson was praying for rain. ‘Lord, Thou hast plenty,’ said he, ‘Thy bottles are full.’

April 21st.—Preached at Broughton, large congregation. A glorious time. I preached from eight o’clock until ten minutes past nine. There seemed to be no uneasiness.”

At the end of this month he attended a round of Missionary Meetings in Pocklington Circuit. In concluding his notices of the different services, he says:—“Arrived in safety at Louth. Gratitude and praise become me. I have travelled 149 miles, preached five sermons, delivered five missionary speeches, and have not had one barren time. Astonishing! I believe the meetings have increased the spirituality of the people. Gloria Deo!

Here closes the eighth year of my ministry, during which I had seen 108 sinners converted.”

CHAPTER XII.

1854—55.

LOUTH (Continued).

“We are not to throw away the past dealings of God with our souls, as we do our almanacs when they are out of date.”—J. CAUGHEY.

THE entries for the next few weeks show a great deal of work done, and considerable success. Speaking of Sunday School Anniversaries as conducted in several of the villages round Louth, he observes :—“These anniversaries, so far as the speaking of children is concerned, I do not like. The preacher is seldom listened to, as, I think, he should be, and several children speak who are not qualified. *Sensible* people must see much weakness in these services.”

In 1862, I was stationed for Louth, along with the Revs. R. Cheeseman and J. Scruton. We found that the manner in which some of the village Sunday School Anniversaries were conducted, was, to say the least, very unsatisfactory. Not only were the “pieces” recited very imperfectly, but they were often quite unsuitable, and occasionally positively ridiculous. The Quarterly Meeting ultimately ordered that no pieces should be recited without having been first submitted to one of the ministers. This resolution was strictly enforced, and though, for a short time, it caused some murmuring, it soon produced such an evident improvement, that it was accepted.

One Sunday in July he left home to conduct a Camp Meeting at Saltfleetby, a distance of eight or nine miles. Being overtaken by three young men in a conveyance, who offered him a ride, and, having a full bag, and being pressed for time, he gladly accepted the offer; but after riding about two-and-a-half miles, during which he had some religious conversation with them, he discovered that they were going on pleasure to the sea-side, and that their conveyance was hired.

He at once asked the driver to stop, and got out, saying, as kindly as he could, "I get out because I cannot feel myself at liberty to ride in a hired conveyance on this day, and especially as you are going on pleasure. I approve and admire your kindness to a servant of Jesus Christ, and am exceedingly obliged to you; but cannot conscientiously ride with you. No *blessing* of the Lord can be upon you. If spared to return home, never, let me ask you, do the same again."

July 18th.—"Preached a Sunday School Anniversary sermon at Clowes Chapel, Hull. Nearly filled with people, and *full* of glory. Six ministers present. Two brethren informed me that they had prayed daily for me ever since I left Hull, in July, 1849.

July 22nd.—Preached at Fotherby. Brother Dean and I waited upon Mr. C——, relative to our being allowed to preach in the village. Could not succeed. O ye little despots, how will ye answer in the day of God for the souls that will be required at your hand? The poor people would rejoice to hear us, but they must not."

Louth, August 19th, he wrote the following letter :—

"MY DEAR BROTHER HONOR,

Our Circuit is, on the whole, doing excellently. A fortnight ago I conducted one of the best love-feasts I ever attended, when six souls found salvation.

Several have found full salvation, and are brightening in the transforming glory of our common Sanctifier.

I hope you still retain the great blessing of entire sanctification, and that you preach it too. Be *patient*. God hears. He will come. Pray on till heaven falls upon yourself and your people.

Be spiritual in your conversation wherever you go. Do not be afraid of asking to retire to commune with God, nor of kneeling for prayer in a corner of a house.

Study our rules, attend to business. Rise into God.

See your glory in heaven if you be faithful! We shall shine when earthly thrones are burning.

Read Atkinson Smith's 'Life,' by Kendall. Be aware of the

Devil's traps. If you wrestle with God you will be useful ; if you do not, whatever else you may do, you will never save many souls from Death. Oh, Honor, *run, run* to save men."

October 10th, S——.—"About twelve months ago a rich man died at this place, who drank himself to death. He bequeathed a vast sum of money to a person who was not publicly recognised as any relation, but who was said to be his son by another man's wife. Well, he too died this morning, and he drank himself to death. All last week he drank night and day, had his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and a person to wait upon him. He even had spirits made hot ! He died, leaving £20,000 in the bank."

October 14th.—A woman came weeping to beg of him to visit her dying sister. She was unspeakably distressed about her, and herself a backslider. "O !" said she, "how I condemn myself, if I had been right I could have helped her."

October 15th, Sunday.—Preaching at Alvingham in the afternoon he had a thrilling time. One old man said he went at it "thack and mortar." Four were saved.

November 18th.—"Finished reading the life of the Apostolic Clowes, by the Rev. J. Davison. Well written, but too brief, and like most works of the class, lamentably deficient in autobiographical matter. Does not Satan induce many great and good men to neglect writing their experience?"

November 27th.—He preached at Cleethorpes, and had a very humiliating time, and was greatly distressed, but in the prayer-meeting God came down and saved four souls, this turned his mourning into joy.

December 24th.—He preached the re-opening sermons of Sutton Street Chapel, London. Friends from all parts of the circuit attended, and though they had held several services previously, the collections were the largest. Seven sinners were converted, and two believers sanctified.

Soon after his return he was very unwell, and preached up to the 30th in great weakness, and on the 31st was unable to attend the watch-night service.

January 1st.—This year opened under "peculiar circumstances," he being unwell, and unable to dedicate himself at the watch-night as had been his custom for years. However, he

solemnly renewed his covenant with God at home, and prayed that his ministry during 1855 might be crowned with signal success. Ill as he was, he preached on the 2nd at Saltfleetby, and attended a Bazaar at Louth on the 3rd, and preached in great weakness at Legbourne on the 4th, Mr. Byron driving him there and back. On Friday he also preached at Louth Park.

January 7th, Sunday.—Preached twice at Louth. Blessed day. Six souls saved. During the week he preached and held revival services at Barton, which were made a great blessing.

January 14th, Sunday.—After preaching and administering the Sacrament at Legbourne in the morning, he visited a backslider, and prayed with her “until God made her happy.” In the evening at Louth, he preached from “And I saw the wicked buried who had come and gone from the place of the Holy,” Eccl. viii. 10, and had a very solemn time. On the Sunday night previous he had announced that he should (D.V.) preach a Funeral Sermon for a servant of the Devil. “God,” says he, “knew my motives in making such an announcement. It brought scores more to hear. I had to go home when the sermon was finished, through illness. Five souls were saved.”

During the week he saw sinners converted on different nights, and on the Sunday following one of the most unlikely persons in the place was saved. One night he was so weary that he staggered in the snow, and felt it difficult to reach his home.

January 28th, Sunday.—“A day of prayer throughout the Circuit. Began at nine o’clock in the morning at Louth, and finished about half-past nine at night. *We had a love-feast* in the evening. Four souls, *at least*, were saved, and four believers sanctified. This was a high day. More prayer and less preaching would do us good.

January 29th, Monday.—Met with a woman who was saved at her own house, after having heard me preach at Louth a few Sunday nights ago.

February 1st.—A blessed time in preaching. Four souls saved.

A woman, 49 years of age, who was living with a man unmarried, was saved, left him, and continued to serve God."

February.—On the 10th he went to Grimsby for the purpose of holding special services, and was wonderfully helped. Four were saved on Sunday, seven on Monday, and three believers sanctified fully. Wednesday, seven more slaves of hell were set free, and on Thursday "nine at the least were set at liberty. Broke up the meeting about a quarter before twelve o'clock."

Speaking of the meetings, he says:—"The congregations were wonderfully large. My soul was deeply baptized again and again. Oh! how I mourned over sinners and triumphed in the Lord. Only those who enjoyed those services can have a correct idea of their gloriousness. One man who found the Lord was old and greyheaded. These services will be remembered by me with pleasure and gratitude to God for ever."

And they were remembered by others as well as himself, and are remembered with gratitude by many to this day. The *secret* of the *power* which accompanied them is told more fully in the following letter written to Mrs. Milson:—

February 14th.—"On Monday night I preached to a large congregation, with good liberty, and though we felt much opposition from Hell at the commencement of the prayer-meeting, yet we had three souls saved. Some time before the meeting closed, I experienced one of those perfect and continuous meltings of heart, inducing me to weep and mourn over souls, as one that mourneth for his mother, of which you have heard me speak, and which I regard as a forerunner of a glorious work amongst sinners. The words impressed upon my mind, and which I repeated with inexpressible sympathy towards souls were:—

'In Jesus' power and spirit pray;
Divert Thy vengeful thunder's aim.
Oh! turn Thy threatening wrath away!
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify Thy pardoning love.'

I cried as a child when I got to Mr. Robinson's.

Last night had more people than on Monday night.

Glorious prayer-meeting ; seven or eight souls saved. In the prayer-meeting Mrs. Ratcliffe was in distress, and said to me, 'Pray that I may get entire sanctification.' Two men did receive it : one, a Wesleyan, when I was preaching. One member's wife was saved. I have prayed for her for seven years."

February 22nd.—"Missionary breakfast at Louth. Delightful speeches. Mr. Sanderson preached a powerful sermon in the afternoon. No effort of the mind is required to apprehend him. His style is not that elaborate one which makes a minister a 'barbarian' to unlearned hearers. He is sublime in simplicity.

Good missionary meeting at night, but the congregation was small, owing, I judge, to the bad system of requiring silver from those persons who occupy the gallery. I did my best to abolish it, but could not. It *must*, however, be abolished." He tells of a meeting where the chairman, a plain, mighty local preacher, got up after his speech and said, with almost *savage earnestness*, "I've a penny"—(pulling it out of his pocket)—"and I'll give the Lord Jesus it with all my heart. *Its all I hev ! I've no more at home.*"

February 25th, Sunday.—"Renewed tickets to three classes, and preached twice at Louth. The evening service was exceedingly glorious. Oh ! how the love of Jesus burned in my heart, and the congregation was greatly moved. My text was, 'The Lord is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance,' and before beginning, as well as when I had finished, the words 'And vindicate the ways of God to man' were sweetly impressed upon my mind. I levelled the artillery of divine truth against the dogmas of limited redemption and unconditional reprobation. Three souls were saved.

March 2nd, Friday.—Preached at Utterby. Six men saved. Arrived home between twelve and one on Saturday morning.

March 4th.—Conducted revival meeting and love-feast at Grimoldby. Flaming time, but only one soul saved.

March 7th.—Preached at Louth on entire sanctification attainable before death. We had a weight of glory. I know not that I ever before was in so powerful a meeting. One soul saved.

March 9th.—Went to Broughton. Bought fourpennyworth of oranges from a poor lad on the road. I told him to live to God, and I did not know what God would do for him. I was much affected, and remembered that I once sold bunches of lilies. Only proud, graceless, or inconsiderate persons despise the poor, whether young or old.”

The following week he attended a round of missionary services in Market Rasen Circuit, and on Friday walked from Stainton-le-Vale to Louth, to attend the Quarterly Meeting. Increase, fifty; Alford, ten.

March 30th.—“Wrote an article for the large magazine. Deep feeling for souls gave birth to this act.”

The article referred to was entitled “The living warned by the misery of a dying woman.”

April 8th.—“Told a friend that I should be stationed to Hull, and it will be Hull West. ‘I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.’”

Finding that we had no society at one of the villages about five miles from Louth, he went and preached in the open air. He met with considerable opposition from some in the crowd, who told him that only two persons had been there before to preach in the open air, and both had been transported! They also reminded him of a violent quarrel which had recently taken place in the Wesleyan Chapel between two local preachers, one a reformer. He lamented these things, but preached earnestly and faithfully, and the place was taken, and a chapel afterwards erected in which we have frequently preached.

On the 23rd, he preached a missionary sermon at Tetney at two o'clock, caught a number of eels in the Blow Wells, and spoke at the meeting afterwards. On the 25th, he took tea at Mr. Byron's, on his beautiful lawn, and in the gardens found seventeen birds' nests, containing seventeen eggs, and a number of young birds.

He continued to labour in Louth Circuit until the ninth of July, when he and his family left by train. A crowd of people were at the railway station, many of whom were in tears. One good sister, an eminently holy woman, said:—“The burning glory go with you.” Mr. Milson was deeply affected. “I never,” says he, “felt more, if so much, at leaving any people

as this dear people. The Byrons, Maltbys, and a crowd of others. All my full heart can say is, 'May we meet in heaven.'"

Speaking of his trials and encouragements in this circuit, he gives several instances of both, from which we select the following :—

After preaching at S—— one night, he was followed to the house where he stayed by an old farmer, who regularly attended the chapel, and frequently took it upon himself to criticise the preachers. He was in a terrible passion, and among many other things, said :—"I never heard such a preacher in my life. It's not preaching. Hell! Hell! Hell! now't bud hell! I weant hev' it! I was fit to get up and speak in the chapel!" . . . Then appealing to the host he asked :—"What think you about such preaching?" "O!" said he, "I have often told Mr. Milson such preaching won't do good at this place. I do not profit under it." "You would profit more by it," said the minister, "if you cared for souls." His host then turned on the old farmer by saying :—"You've no need, W——n, to find fault. You know you let your houses for 30s. or £2 a year too much rent." The sermon had contained some severe denunciations of extortioners and others, "and you know when you buy old horses you tell lies about them." "Well," replied the old man, laughing heartily, "that shall be reight," and said no more about the sermon.

He also received from an anonymous correspondent the following letter :—

"SIR,

Thou art certainly required rightly to divide the word of Truth, but I must beg leave to remind thee that to thump me to pieces is not to divide me rightly. How canst thou persuade others to regard me with reverence when they see thyself treat me with such shocking abuse? Thou pretendest thou lovest me, thou professest to regard me with the deepest reverence, but how dost thou show thy love? How makest thou good thy professions? For love thou givest me knocks, and for reverence thou dealest out thumps.

‘Alas ! alas ! the worst combiened,
That I hed to suffer frae human kiend.’

Thou art commanded by me to be fervent in spirit, but not to show thy fervency in abusing me. It is thy duty to expound the scriptures, not to pound them. Thou oughtest to hold me up as a lantern to give light to them that sit in darkness, and not to dash me down with a fearful crash, as thou art wont to do, sufficient not only to squash me to pieces, but to shake the nerves of all thine auditors. See thou, therefore, show no more of thy frantic feats, in trying to make an impression on me, when thou shouldest expend thy zeal in trying to make an impression on the people. Whereas, if thou wilt take heed to this friendly advice thou wilt exceedingly gratify thy humble, but much abused servant,

THE BIBLE.”

A few of the sentences of the above letter may be found in one sent to the Rev. D. Isaac, and recorded in his life by Everett.

The following quotations are taken from his Journal without date :—

“A Sermon without unction is like a cloud without water.

What a work is the Christian ministry ! Who but a man altogether ignorant of its duties and responsibilities would covet such a work to appear respectable, to gain applause, or to obtain a livelihood ? The man who *sees* will need *thrusting* into the work.

Had a most powerful season in my closet, tears ran down my cheeks in a *burning stream*. I cried, ‘Lord I ask not riches nor health nor life nor joy nor sorrow, but oh ! make me a soul-saver.’ Had a blessed time in preaching.

Preached at Loft Street Chapel. In my glory ! The people shouted praises unto God. The nearer I live to God the greater power I have in preaching. One hour’s praying over a sermon will produce more light thereon than a day’s reading.

A local preacher at G. quarrelled with another because of a difference between their wives, and though he had been in the office for many years, he left the society, and even went to the

Church. After awhile, finding that he was unhappy, a brother local preacher spoke kindly to him, and resolved to call upon him to accompany him to chapel the following Sabbath. But on that very day he was seized with fits, and in two or three days expired. It is believed he died safely, but what a lesson does his experience furnish.

A few days ago one of the worst men in Theddlethorpe was found dead on the sands between there and Saltfleet, where, it is said, he had been drinking and swearing. Whether he fell out of his gig and was killed by the fall, or whether he died in it and then fell out, is not known. He was one of the world's *rich* men."

A woman one Saturday met Mr. Wm. Byron in the street in Louth, and said she wanted to find a preacher to get him to visit a woman who was in great distress for her soul. She could not remember his name, but said she, 'He's a *driver*.' 'Oh!' said Mr. Byron, 'you mean Mr. Milson.' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'that is the name.' She was directed to his house, found him, he accompanied her to see the sick woman, found her "ripe for pardon." She had been in deep distress for some days, but "her countenance brightened as he explained to her the simple plan of salvation," and she laid hold of the hope set before her, and was enabled to rejoice in Christ as her Saviour.

One Monday morning a butcher in Louth belonging to the Society called Mr. Milson to him as he was passing, and said, "You'll set all the people *against pork* if you go on as you did last night" (alluding to some remarks the preacher had made respecting the devils entering the herd of swine) and humourously added, "I never heard such a creature in my life."

"Preached at——. I am too *plain* for some *bad* people."

One man was so powerfully affected under the word, that, to prevent himself crying out for mercy, he thrust his pocket-handkerchief into his mouth, "which made him caw."

He said to a woman, "You still intend to go to heaven, I see!" "Yes," she replied, "we must not be grouping about in this world and go to the bad place at last—we can't *afford* that—we have to work over hard for that!"

CHAPTER XIII.

1855—56.

HULL.

“Every minister should be a Boanerges, a son of thunder, as well as a Barnabas, a son of consolation. There was an earthquake and a whirlwind before the still, small voice came to Elijah ! We must show the people they are condemned, and then show them how they must be saved.”—WHITFIELD.

AFTER spending his holidays in digging, walking in the woods, fishing, and *preaching and visiting the sick*, he reached Hull at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, and commenced his labours the next day at old West Street, preaching chapel anniversary sermons, wearied in body, but happy in soul.

He received a very hearty welcome from his old friends, and engaged zealously in out-door preaching, and visiting the sick. He saw several converted and fully sanctified at the very commencing of his work, and had some “powerful,” and some “humiliating” seasons. No wonder, for sometimes he preached three times a day, and walked fifteen miles.

September 7th.—While taking tea at Mr. Sissons', he had an interesting conversation with Mrs. Sissons, respecting Mr. Clowes' last visit to their house. She stated that he was very unwell, and when he rose to ask a blessing, he burst into tears, which affected her and Mr. Sissons very much, as they had never seen him shed a tear before, although he had visited them every Thursday for about seventeen years. After dinner, he and Mr. Sissons, along with Mr. Wallace, used to retire, and spend some time in prayer, but on this occasion he sat with his arms upon the table gazing upon the members of the family, advising them as to their welfare, in a more affectionate manner than he had ever done before. He lingered so long that Mr. Sissons had to remind him that the cab had been

waiting for some time. He seemed to have a presentiment that it was his last visit.

September 11th.—Preaching at Clowes' Chapel Sunday School Anniversary, at six o'clock, he had a mighty time, and in the prayer-meeting five persons found pardon, and one man was wholly sanctified. This was an extraordinary meeting, and encouraged him greatly.

September 27th.—Returning towards Hull one night, he overtook an officer of the asylum, and found him a very intelligent man, and seeking God with all possible earnestness, but he did not see how to believe. He stated that many years before he had attended the ministry of the Primitive Methodists, but his master, a clergyman, forbade him to do so, and threatened to discharge him if he persisted. He had neither father, nor mother, nor friend; what was he to do? was it not his duty to obey his master, as servants were commanded to do in the New Testament? The consequence was he gave up attendance, and though he had been preserved from open transgression, he felt concerned on account of his having neglected his duty towards God. Mr. Milson gave him suitable instruction, and they separated with the promise to see each other again.

On the 28th, while visiting, he found a strange contrast in two houses in the same row. In the one, a man was dying in great peace; when he heard the bell tolling, he said, "It will toll for me before night, but I am ready. Jesus has sanctified me, and made me meet for Heaven." He died the same day. In the next house was a man dying, cursing and swearing awfully. His wife, though wicked, said to the wife of the other man, "I wish my husband was like yours." When spoken to respecting his soul, the man said, "I have served the devil all the best of my days. I cannot insult God by offering Him the dregs of my life, the devil shall have the last."

October 7th.—He preached the Victoria Street Sunday School sermons at Grimsby. Large congregations and collections. He was disappointed as to the spiritual results, however, as *only three or four* souls professed to find mercy."

While at Grimsby he met with the venerable Thomas King, who first introduced Primitive Methodism into that town. He

related how in Scotter Circuit they had a ten weeks' "round." And on one occasion, after preaching three times on the Sabbath, he set off for Nottingham, walking all night, to be at the Quarterly Meeting on Monday.

Writing to Mrs. Milson, he says :—"Mr. Robinson has got a photographic portrait of me this morning. *Nine shillings*. Poor bargain ! Thou got me cheap."

This was one of the first photographs taken in Grimsby, and is a fairly good one.

October 21st.—In the evening at West Street. He felt exceedingly weak, but while preaching his heart was melted, and he wept exceedingly. A most glorious prayer-meeting followed. Four or five souls found peace, two of them being a man and his wife about fifty years of age.

November 6th.—"To-day am thirty years of age. Last night I solemnly gave myself anew to God, and was baptized with his presence. While preaching at night was unexpectedly led to say strong things to the church, and was afterwards a man of grief.

November 17th.—Heard to-day that the wife of one of our local preachers dropped down dead on her way to chapel to hear a funeral sermon last Sunday night. For years she had had her name on the preacher's class-book, but had rarely attended. I am thankful that I had spoken to her very faithfully at her own house. Only last Friday I met her in Whitefriargate, and shook hands with her, she said, 'How are you, Mr. Milson?' I pressed her as to whether she had any religion left, and strongly urged the importance of attending to soul matters, which she smilingly evaded. About fifty hours after she was in *Eternity*. Lord help me to be constant in season and out of season."

As the Thornton Street revival meetings were approaching, he engaged much in prayer respecting them, and received a glorious assurance that God would crown them with success. On Sunday, the 11th, six souls were saved, one on Monday, and several each succeeding night. At the end of the week he wrote, "This has been a most glorious week, forty-two sinners have been saved, nine believers have been sanctified wholly, and many saints have been quickened in soul."

He records many interesting incidents connected with the services which we cannot give in full. One case of three sisters being saved the same night was very interesting. One woman would like to be saved, but she wanted to go to the theatre that week, as it was "Jack Shepherd." She must see that, but would not go afterwards. She confessed that she had been religiously brought up, had been a teacher in the Sabbath School, had gradually been drawn away. The first time she went to the theatre she had to get some drink during the performance to stifle her conscience. She left the chapel, saying, "Good-night, sir, and pray for me, if you please!"

November 19th.—Sunday. At night at West Street, nine souls saved. And on Monday night at Thornton Street, he preached to a very large congregation. "Thirteen professed to find pardon, and two believers were sanctified wholly."

One woman prayed most earnestly for pardon, and while doing so an artificial flower fell out of her bonnet. On rising from her knees she picked it up, and presented it to Mr. Milson, who took it home as a *trophy taken from the enemy*.

On the 22nd he preached and renewed tickets at North Ferriby. "A man and his wife were saved. The father, a zealous local preacher, and mother, were present, and delighted." Those saved were Mr. George Hunter and his wife, who afterwards became very dear personal friends of my own and many other ministers.

From December 3rd to 8th he conducted Revival Meetings at West Street, but "not a single soul was saved." This he attributed to the lack of energy on the part of the members, want of union, and the fact that two or three persons were planned for each night. "The people will not come to hear two or three persons speak a few minutes. We must adopt a different course."

December 16th.—"Heavenly time at West Street in the morning. Sweet time in addressing the children in the afternoon. And a first-rate time at night at Thornton Street. I mean first-rate in my own way. The congregation was larger than usual, and eight souls professed to find the Lord in the prayer-meeting. Before I went to the chapel I was almost torn in pieces, so to speak, by unusual trial, depression,

and conflict ; so that in an agony I said to my wife, 'If I have liberty to-night, I shall never despair again.' When I went into my chamber, under a mountain of grief and depression, in view of my littleness and unworthiness, I *rolled* my all afresh on Christ, and oh ! how sweet the assurance that the sacrifice was accepted. My heart melted like wax before the flame, and I sobbed and wept profusely. Such is generally my experience before I see several souls converted to God. O ! the peculiar discipline, trials, and conflicts of faithful ministers.

December 26th.—This morning received an interesting and encouraging letter from an Irishman in Louth, Lincolnshire. The following is an extract :—

‘REVEREND SIR,

I, Bernard Kenny, an Irishman, was brought up in the Popish faith, having travelled a great part of these three kingdoms, before I came to Louth, in infidelity and superstition. It is about one year since I went to hear you preach at the Primitive Chapel in Louth. I went to make game, or fun, as it is called, but glory be to God, through your sermon I was awoke out of darkness, and out of Popery to the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, the forgiveness of sins, and the truth of the gospel ; and now, sir, I am a living monument of God’s mercy. Glory be to God for His goodness to me.

Reverend sir, as soon as I found God had pardoned my sins, I began to pray for my dear parents who live in Ireland, and who were Papists. And glory be to God, He heard my prayers, and answered them in their behalf. All glory to His name. He has brought them to the knowledge of His gospel, and forgiven their sins ; and now, sir, the letters they send me would do you good to hear them. I write this to you hoping it may prove a blessing to others, and I hope it will be the means of bringing many dark minds out of Popery and out of infidelity.’”

In January of this year (1856) there was a “great revival” at North Cave, but as I could not find any record of it in Mr. Milson’s Journal, I wrote to Mr. Thomas, of Beverley, asking

for information, as I believed he was present, and well acquainted with the particulars. In reply I received the following :—

“25, Willow Grove, Beverley, May 15th, 1893.

DEAR SIR,

At the request of George Thomas, I took down the following remarks about the great revival at North Cave, in 1856. He thinks it was January 20th. He was then living at Newbald, and he and Isaac Walker went to Cave to hear Mr. Milson. Before preaching he told them that souls would be saved that night, and that he had been wrestling with God all the previous night. He took for his text: ‘The Wrath to come.’* The sermon was most powerful. At the close all the unconverted hearers left the chapel, but the members remained. The prayer-meeting was heavy and dull: two or three prayed, but had no liberty. Mr. Milson retired into a corner of the chapel for private prayer: Brother Thomas’ faith failed. When Mr. Milson rose from his knees he stood upon a bench, commenced to speak, and requested the praying men to leave the singers’ pew, as it would be wanted presently. While he was speaking, the power of the Holy Ghost descended, the chapel door was opened, and numbers of people came into the chapel, and fell down all over it. The people could not withstand the power of God. Thomas never saw *anything* like it. *Eighty* persons that night professed to be converted. Thomas and Walker left at two o’clock in the morning. Mr. Milson went again to Cave to hold a love-feast, and the eighty converts spoke their experience. He generally had converts at Cave and Newbald: they always expected to have converts. Mr. Thomas was a great admirer of Mr. Milson, and walked hundreds of miles to hear him. . . . Cave was then in the Hull First Circuit.

MATTHEW DENTON.”

“January 26th, 1856.

“MY KIND AND DEAR PARENTS,

I left Briggs about 10 o’clock, so that you will learn I had to wait a considerable time. The name of the engine

* He had four sermons on this text.

was *Tempest*, rather a startling one, and I assure you it made a tempestuous noise, and went at a tempestuous rate, through a few miles of this tempestuous world. My mind, however, was sweetly calm in God, and I was so conscious of his presence and protection, that I may say I defied fear and danger. The driver and stoker were highly honoured, for to my knowledge there were at least one nobleman and one royal personage in the train. The nobleman was the Hon. Earl of Yarborough, the royal personage was Prince Milson. There might be several other 'royal heirs of heaven' that I did not recognise, and I would hope that the Earl is one of the blood royal of Heaven. When I saw him get out of the train, looking so ill, I felt great spiritual love for him, and offered to God a fervent prayer on his behalf. He little thought how a poor Primitive Methodist Preacher was feeling and praying for him.

I gave myself afresh to God in your chamber to-day, nearly on the spot where I was wonderfully blest ten years since come time, and God met me in a remarkable manner. I gave you all into the hands of His mercy.

Do live to meet us in heaven. Jesus wishes to save ; but you cannot be saved unless you see yourselves fit for ruin without Him. Then roll your load of sin upon Him, crying, I can, I will, I do believe, that Jesus died for me.

With deep feeling for your precious souls,

PARK."

February 3rd.—He wrote in his Journal:—"When I returned home to-night, was much distressed in mind on account of not seeing any visible success. Wrestled with God until I was filled. Had such views of Paul planting, Apollos watering, but God giving the increase, as I never before had. How clearly I saw that I must preach entire sanctification, no matter who believes it, or who does not. If it be of God, He will give seals, and then it must be evident to opposers that the doctrine is of Himself. And what have I to do with considerations about people's dislikes? Nothing. I determined before my God that I would begin in earnest to preach sermons on the subject. Hitherto I have, in this circuit, hesitated to do so, and have commonly enforced it in a few sentences, my reason

for doing so has been that I have thought most of my people to be in such a low state of grace that they needed to be first brought into justification. Perhaps I have not taken the best course. I cannot say. But here I am a witness for my Lord that He can sanctify in a moment through faith. God will give His blessing."

From the 24th to 28th, he attended missionary services in Grimsby Circuit. On Wednesday he preached at Thoresby *at 7 o'clock in the morning*, and attended the missionary meeting at Cleethorpes at night.

"Mr. L—— told me that a drunken father, who used to pine his wife and children, was converted some little while ago. Late on Saturday night he brought home a large piece of beef. On Sunday morning, one of his boys arose early to seek for something to eat. On seeing the beef he was startled, and went to the bottom of the stairs, and cried, 'Father, are you going to keep a butcher's shop?'"

Mr. Broadbent (a superannuated minister) told him that a clergyman at Hartlepool said to him he hoped we should not give up our open-air services, as they had been the means of increasing his congregations at church. Dr. Buchanan, of Edinburgh, told Mr. Broadbent that the labours of the Primitive Methodist ministers had stirred up the churches, and induced them to engage twelve city missionaries. In the same city three men had arranged to rob a gentleman's house at a certain hour. On their way they heard our people singing,

"Stop, poor sinner, stop, and think,
Before you further go."

The leader of the gang was deeply affected. "Let us go," said the two; to which he replied, "let us hear him out." They did so, and the ringleader followed them into a room, sought the Lord, and found mercy.

On his return, Mr. Milson commenced preaching special sermons on entire sanctification, and on the Sunday evening three or four more souls found mercy, and a score or more were made perfect in love.

Monday, April 1st.—"To-day, Mrs. G——, of Hotham, was saying that the sermon I preached at North Cave on the 18th

of last month, was as if *made* for her ! and observed ‘preachers don’t know half the good they do.’ This was very encouraging as I had suffered much whilst preaching. A preacher, I see, must never make his own feelings the criterion whereby to judge as to the effects of his preaching. May I remember this.

April 23rd.—Preached at Swanland. Said some plain things which I believe God rendered useful to the minds of some of the hearers.

At C—— B——, four souls professed to find mercy, and several were evidently deeply impressed with eternal things. Mr. W—— told me that Mrs. B—— gave the men, of whom he was one, a pint of ale each when the church was opened. This led him to spend ninepence more in strong drink. Some time afterwards she told him that if he did not go to church she should not give him any more ale.

When the foundation-stone of the church was laid there were given away ten gallons of ale and ten gallons of porter. Would not this have far more befitted a ‘Tom and Jerry shop?’

May 4th.—At Porter Street in the evening, very large congregation, and such a time as will, I judge, never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The power of God came upon the congregation like a mighty wind. Several sinners were saved, but how many I cannot ascertain. As I was going to the chapel, one of the members said:—‘We shall have it to-night, we got the victory about two o’clock this morning. Nine of us were praying for you from eleven o’clock last night, until three in the morning.’ His words thrilled me, and made me weep, this was the secret of the wonderful character of the time we had.”

About this time a moral but unconverted woman heard him preach from “Behold, I stand at the door and knock.” On her way home she felt very unhappy. She prayed all that night, and next day. On Tuesday she could not hide her distress from the washer-woman. She still wept and prayed. On Wednesday night, about eleven o’clock, while ironing, the words, “Knock, and it shall be opened unto you,” were applied to her heart. She determined to knock until the door should be opened unto her. “Soon afterwards I felt,” she

said, "as if a clap, like an electrifying clap, on my bosom, and the words:—‘Praise the Lord, O my soul!’ were put into my mouth. My husband (who was unconverted) was kneeling down, before going to bed. The clap turned me nearly round, and I praised God aloud. My husband said it reminded him of the Day of Pentecost, when they spoke with other tongues, for he said I did; there was such power in my words."

She then began to pray for her husband, and she saw Christ, by faith, look very pitifully at her. She entered into faith, and received the assurance that her husband was then saved. He was from home, as engine-driver. She even thanked God for what He had done for him. When he came home in the morning (for he was on night duty) she expected he would tell her that he was saved. On his entering she asked:—"How are you?" "I am all right, the Lord has pardoned me. I feel all on a glow," putting his hand on his breast. The Lord spoke peace to him on the engine, between Selby and Hull.

While he was preaching at Beverley, on Sunday, the 20th, a woman cried for mercy, and created great excitement. She found salvation, as did also a man in the prayer-meeting following.

May 11th, 10 a.m.—"Opened a new chapel at Immingham, in Grimsby Circuit. Chapel crowded both afternoon and night, and many could not obtain admittance. Had heavenly times, *but no souls saved*.

Was informed to-day that Mr. John Collingwood, one of our local preachers at Immingham, was first aroused to attend to his soul by my reference to the vision of a coffin I saw while preaching at Habro', when I travelled in this circuit. He was hearing me that night, and began to think if the coffin should be for him, what would be his condition? He told me he was both convicted and converted under my labours. He has since got fully sanctified, and has seen ten souls saved this quarter.

May 12th.—Went fishing in Immingham marshes. How charming the day and scenery. Caught a score eels. Attended the West Street Sunday School tea-meeting and public meeting at night, which was a very blessed and successful one.

May 29th.—Preached and renewed tickets at Broomfleet. As I returned, some parties were firing rockets at Elloughton in commemoration of *peace*. I had a good opportunity of testing the theory that sound travels 1130 feet in a second. I saw the rocket ascend, then counted the number of pulsations which occurred before I could hear the report of the gun, then calculated the distance in a straight line, and found the theory to agree wonderfully with my calculations.

May 31st.—Ten years ago this day I ceased to labour with my hands. He who took David from the sheepfolds that he might feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance, took me from the wood to do similar work.

‘Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I’ll raise!’

June 4th.—Ten years ago this memorable morning I left the rural scenes of Broughton and my father’s house to preach Christ and Him crucified.

Then commenced a new era in my history. Trials and enjoyments have filled up the years. . . . When I glance at the past, and look at Tadcaster, Hull, Grimsby, London, and Louth, I see connected with *all*, the infinite mercy and Almighty power of God; the former saving me, and the latter upholding me. The last year has been one of deep trials. My temptations to *despondency* have sometimes been painful. This has arisen from *weakness*, and I believe a constitutional tendency to melancholy; but, hallelujah! I have received help according to my day; have had some deep baptisms of the Spirit, and it has been, so far as visible results are concerned, the most successful year in soul saving I have ever had.”

On the page following the Tabular View, he writes:—“On this memorable day I re-dedicate my blood-bought all to the Eternal Trinity, to be employed or to suffer according to His adorable will. I am His, and He is mine. I wish to do His will, in His own way and for ever. *His will is my duty and my heaven*. If I do His will I shall have heaven among the thorns of time. Every briar of tribulation shall yield the honey of love if I suffer all His will. However, I pray:—

First.—For much more of His holy and glorifying presence.

Second.—For incessant wisdom to divide His word and to win souls.

Third.—For increased physical energy and deliverance from two afflictions which have distressed me more or less for eight years. *His will be done.*

Fourth.—For the salvation and health of my dear wife and children.

Fifth.—For the conversion of my dear parents and brother to God.

Sixth.—For a soul in an agony of love for a *nearly ruined world.*"

As it was ten years this day since he came to Hull, he took for his text at Porter Street, Psalm lxvi. 16—"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul." In giving a brief account of the Lord's dealings with men, he was much blessed, and had reason to believe that many souls were benefitted thereby. In the prayer-meeting good was done.

From the list of books read through, which follows the Tabular View, we find that his reading was extensive. Commentaries on separate books of Scripture, theology, and biography, with religious and scientific articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," formed the staple of it.

He had a keen sense of the amusing, though it was suppressed, in our opinion often unnecessarily. He records an account of a visit he paid to a grey-headed man, sixty years old, who was afflicted, and seeking salvation. During their conversation, the old man informed him that whilst hearing him preach the previous Sunday morning, he with difficulty avoided falling off his seat, so deeply was he affected under the felt presence of God. The parish clergyman lodged with him, and during the conversation went into the garden. The preacher endeavoured to show him the "way of faith," and asked, "You believe God is able to save you?" "Yes," he replied. "And you believe He is willing to do it?" "Yes," said he. "And you believe He is willing to do it *now*?" "Yes." "And *you* are *willing* to be saved?" "Yes." "Then what can hinder it?" "Now't as I know on," said the

old man with brightening face and eyes. "Then He does save you! He is here to do it!" "Lawk, I *feel warm here*," said he, smiling, and putting his finger to his breast, "Lawk, I *could* roar out now! and I would if he wasn't there," referring to the clergyman, and continued, "Lawk, I could roar out, and I will when he gets into his room." He was happy in God. When the preacher left the house, the old man put his cheek against his, and embraced him saying, "Bless you, I could kiss you." His wife, who belonged the Independents, wept.

On one occasion, being planned to preach at a village about three miles from Beverley, he left in the afternoon, intending to take tea at Molscroft, a small hamlet on the way. Finding the house closed, he went on to the place where he was appointed, and called at two different houses expecting to stay tea, but in both instances was disappointed. He then went to a third, where he was invited, and stayed to tea. A young man entering, he shook hands with him, and said, "Do you love Jesus?" but received no reply. Some time afterwards, visiting a man and his wife who had recently joined the Society, he was told the story of their conversion, which was, in substance, as follows:—The woman had been brought up at a boarding-school, and had become fond of card-playing, which engrossed her time and attention. The young man to whom Mr. Milson spoke, was in the habit of joining her husband and her in the game. One evening he went for the purpose, but when he proposed commencing, she demurred, saying she did not think it was wise or right. To that he replied, "Are you going to be like the fond parson we had at our house; he said, 'Do you love Jesus?'" These words, "Do you love Jesus?" fastened upon her mind, and the question suggested itself to her again and again. "Whether he loves Jesus or not, I ought to do," she thought. She became greatly distressed, and frequently wept, and threw the cards into the fire. Her husband also became deeply concerned, and one night got out of bed in terror, having dreamt that he was playing cards with three devils. In about a fortnight, however, they both found Christ, to the joy of their hearts.

June 22nd.—“Union Camp Meeting. Had great power in prayer near the King William’s statue in the Market Place. Preached in the Corporation Field from Thess. i. 7-9. ‘When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven,’ etc., etc. Thousands of people. It was a moving sight. Conducted the love-feast, four persons saved.

June 29th, Sunday.—Took breakfast at home, and walked fifteen miles to Newbald. Preached twice. No souls saved. Terribly tempted after the evening service.”

The following hymn was written for the plan, and printed this month. In a note he adds, “It goes to the tune, ‘Vain World Adieu.’ Lord use it for Thy glory.”

MY HEAVENLY HOME.

Not in this vale, where hoary winter reigns,
Or summer suns burn up the verdant plains ;
Where foes engage,
Where death doth rage,
And fiends unseen do roam ;
But far on high, stands my enduring home.

No tempests sweep, nor angry lightnings glare ;
No earthquakes dread spread desolation there ;
No demons prowl
To hunt the soul,
Nor corpse nor grave is seen
My home and earth have death’s cold stream between.

On page inspired ’tis styl’d Jerusalem,
Where reigns in light the death-destroying Lamb,—
Whose presence-cloud,
A flaming shroud,
To countless millions is,—
Their nightless day, and source of endless bliss.

The Palace bright of awful Deity,—
Its glory-flames no mortal eye can see !
And cherubim,
And seraphim,
Within its mansions shine ;—
That Palace-home is cherubim’s and *mine* !

My future home hath joys which none can tell :
Its spotless sons in radiant mansions dwell ;

They flame in fires,
And strike their lyres,
And praise th' exalted Lamb—
What sweet employ, where death can never come !

Let lightnings fire this sublunary world !
Its cities all be into ruin hurl'd—
Earth's frame dissolve,
Th' heaven convolve,
And burn with thund'ring noise—
Yet stands secure Jerus'lem in the skies.

It also appeared in the "Large Magazine," for 1857.

CHAPTER XIV.

1856—57.

HULL (continued).

“Come labour on !

No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes, with the setting sun,
‘Servant, well done !’

Come labour on !

The toil is hallowed, the reward is sure,
Blessed are they who to the end endure ;—
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee.”

AUGUST 24th, Sunday.—“Preached in the morning. After the service, a friend from Grimsby told me that Brother W—, whose entire sanctification is recorded under date August 19th, 1849, died some months ago. He was very happy during his last illness, and talked much about me ; among other things, he said, ‘I wish I could see Mr. Milson ! I could tell him something.’

In the evening preached at West Street. This was one of the *very best*, the most heavenly, times I ever had. Oh ! what light ! ideas, utterance, power, peace, love, glory, and shouts ! When giving out my second hymn (the 828th) I was so much unmanned with weeping, that I could not proceed once or twice. This is very *unusual with me*. Several souls professed to find salvation in the prayer-meeting.

I have felt wonderfully strong in body to-day. My God, I record my thanks to Thee. Make me a soul-saver for ever.

August 31st.—Conducted the Camp Meeting at S——C——. Gave three addresses and preached two sermons. We had a large congregation in the afternoon. The fine day afforded many people an opportunity of showing them-

selves and their apparel, which they did not seem loath to turn to account.

In the evening preached at North Cave, and conducted the prayer-meeting. Two women professed to find pardoning mercy. One of these afterwards said that she had been unhappy ever since she heard me preach from 'Verily, there is a reward for the righteous,' seven months ago.

September 4th.—Preached at Broomfleet. To-day finished reading the life of Captain Headley Vicars. He was a good man, and very useful. But I wondered that he seemed so desirous to have a 'brush with the Russians.' They that take the sword shall perish with the sword. He fell after slaying two Russians—those *perhaps* good men! If not, what became of them? He had erroneous views as to purity of heart,—*i.e.*, as to the time it may be enjoyed."

September 7th.—He had "an indescribably" powerful time at Porter Street at night. "The unction flowed on all the congregation, and it was surprising that we had not a general breaking down. Only two or three souls were saved.

I was dreadfully tempted and depressed in the afternoon, but a weeping for souls came upon me before going to chapel. Several friends it seems were praying for me. This night's service will ever be reviewed as one of the brightest spots in my ministerial work. To the God of all power and might be the praise.

September 21st.—Two souls saved at night. I have observed lately that I am most awfully depressed and distressed in spirit before I have a great time in the pulpit.

September 27th.—Met my friends Mr. and Mrs. Lonsdale, spent some refreshing moments with them at Mr. S. Beecroft's.

Mr. Lonsdale told me that he was once returning by Packet from York to Hull, when there was among the passengers a life-guardsmen, who took particular notice of him, and appeared as if he wished to speak with him. Mr. Lonsdale went and sat by his side. After a remark or two the soldier asked, 'Did you know Mr. Clowes?' and on Mr. Lonsdale replying that he did, the soldier said 'He made me tremble fourteen years ago.'

A man at Whitehaven told Mr. Lonsdale that he could do with Clowes' singing and preaching, but he could not stand his

praying. 'Once,' said the man, 'when I had left the place where he was, and was going along the street, I thought he had hold of my legs.' •

Atkinson Smith once said to Mr. Lonsdale, when speaking of a certain man, 'The Lord will lay hold of him.' And the Lord did too, for in a short time he took away his property, and visited his family by death. Then Atkinson Smith said, 'I told you He would.'

When Atkinson Smith and Mr. Lonsdale were returning from preaching special sermons, he said, 'If there be nothing done to-night in Gainsbro', I shall have no more confidence in faith and prayer.' When they arrived they found the work of the Lord going on gloriously. Mr. Lonsdale scarcely ever, if *ever*, saw any meeting to equal the one that night. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

September 28th.—Mr. and Mrs. Lonsdale re-opened Thornton Street Chapel, which had been rebuilt, after having been burnt down. Two or three souls were saved. Mr. Milson heard one of the sermons, and very much enjoyed it.

A man promised him he would go to class. He had been convinced of sin some time before, under a sermon Mr. Milson preached.

September 29th.—"A few days ago a person from Hartley, near Shields, called to see me. He was converted under my ministry in London, at Sutton Street Chapel. Another sailor was converted at the same time. Being in Hull, he saw my name on a bill of the missionary services. 'That is the man I was converted under,' he said, and made inquiries for me, sought me out, and found me. He informed me that he used to say that if at last he could say 'Lord have mercy on my soul,' it would do. He had various calls, one of which was—the vessel in which he sailed sprang a leak, and when they got her into a port she contained between four and five feet of water.

Finally he had engaged to 'rig' a vessel, and one night he dreamt he fell from the rigging, saw blood on the spot where he had fallen, and awoke in great horror, about three o'clock in the morning. He awoke his wife, told her, and she did not want him to go, but he said, 'It's only a dream,' and went.

He had about four miles to walk, and the dream was upon his mind during the whole journey, but as soon as he got aboard he quite forgot it. He ascended the rigging, in a few minutes a rope broke, and he fell upon deck, and never was sensible for twenty hours. When consciousness returned his first thoughts were not about his family, but, 'If I had died I could not have said "Lord have mercy on me."'

All his ribs on his right side were driven from his back-bone—he felt exactly as he dreamed. Was ill fourteen weeks, but his affliction induced him to return to the Lord. 'God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man.' Job. xxxiii. 14-17.

October 27th.—A woman found peace. She took her child out saying, 'I shall come back again,' and did so, and began to pray."

The following extracts from a letter written to Mrs. Milson the same day reveal in part the secret of his wonderful power and success.

"My dear *old friend*,

Some nine years have passed away since I wrote my first letter to thee from this place. We have had many smiles and tears since then, but thank God we are still living and loving in Him.

Yesterday I had a most charming walk, eight miles, to Brother Hunter's of Meltonby, where I took breakfast, and had a Divine baptism in prayer. I then walked two miles to Elloughton; at ten preached from 'The Wrath to come.' Preached in expectation of souls. Held a prayer-meeting until twelve o'clock. One woman was praying for pardon, but did not find liberty.

Afternoon at South Cave. Glorious liberty in preaching. *Nothing more!* When walking towards North Cave, was waiting on the Lord. Embraced and prayed for you all with a full heart. Realised myself *a sacrifice to God*. Waited for

the mighty power to do wonders. My soul was set in blaze.

At Cave my host said as we were on our way to the chapel, we should be short of labourers, as they had but some five *regular* workers, and three were out.

When I had got into the pulpit, I saw several from Newbald, then in came Mr. Beckwith of Hull. I was cheered. Waited on God for a subject. . . . Decided on 'Wrath to come.' Gave out :

'Woe to the men on earth who dwell.'

The power was burning and awful, a literal weight of glory. Preached in God for an hour. In the prayer-meeting plenty of labourers. . . . I gave an invitation to sinners. One man, newly married, hastened into the pew for penitents. Another young man followed. The presence of God was burning all around till about ten o'clock, four women also found mercy. One person went home, returned, knelt, prayed, and was saved. Soon after a young man came from out of doors, and went into the pew and found the Lord. I am sure it was a work of God. And all was done so freely and quickly.

Later on two backsliders, middle-aged men, found peace, and promised to meet in class. At another stage *three* young men came into the chapel, all of whom, after being spoken to, came into the pew, groaned, cried for mercy, and found deliverance. There they stood, new-born souls, singing the song of the Lamb. It's many a day since I had my soul so full of heaven, and felt so much encouraged. Some twelve persons at least—nine of whom were men—professed to find peace. Glory to Jesus!"

October 28th.—"Had a large congregation at North Cave, and if the members had been full of God we should have had a crush. We had *only* three souls saved.

October 29th.—Preached with and in the Spirit at South Cave. A young man found the Lord in the prayer-meeting. My soul has, during this week, enjoyed a high degree of love and rapture. O heavenly work! the work of bringing men to Jesus.

October 31st.—Returned to home, sweet home, after a blessed service, happier than a hero of war!"

November 1st.—While visiting he met with a woman very ill, who had found pardon during her affliction. She stated that while seeking the Lord, it was whispered to her, “Why, simply believe,” and complying with the suggestion she was made happy in a moment. She was overpowered almost when she thought of the long-suffering of her Heavenly Father, and said, “I look at it in this way; if I had refused anything offered to me by man as I refused salvation, I might not have had it now. *But He was as ready to save as ever He could be.*”

November 2nd.—“Had a glorious time in the morning. The chapel rang with *becoming* shouts of praise. Night: several sinners saved. In the afternoon there was a wonderful work among the children in the Thornton Street Sunday School. More than thirty professed to find pardoning mercy. A number being at the evening service, I endeavoured to encourage them, and, to combat prejudice in some adults in reference to the conversion of children, read from Mr. Clowes’ Journal and Dr. Adam Clark’s Life, their experience on the subject when very young. It appears they were both on the verge of salvation, but were disregarded on account of their early years! Let man be made wiser by the misdoings and blind prejudice, on this point, of men who were not the greatest friends to their generation.

November 3rd.—North Cave. Sister Chambers preached here last night, and more than a dozen professed to find the Lord. Large congregation. Hard time. One saved. Eleven persons out of the number converted when I was here last, were at class on Sunday. Speaking of one of them, a woman said, in my hearing, ‘He’s been a rabbit-catcher, a rat-catcher, a poacher, a drunkard, and a blackguard, and I don’t know what he’s been!’ He told one of his sons on Saturday night he should have no more Sunday boot-cleaning. He had not been seen at a place of worship before, and one person said, ‘I don’t know when he’s been washed, but on Sunday he was at chapel as clean as a penny.’ He himself told the same woman, that his wife ought to pray for him to be kept because she had had so much trouble with him. He had cursed in a morning until all was black, and his poor wife was in tears,

and could do nothing to please him. These were his own words. *Jesus receiveth sinners.*

November 4th.—Preached a terrible sermon on the eternity of future wrath. My heart was filled with *sympathy and love for sinners*, so that the word ran among unprejudiced hearers. In the prayer-meeting six souls were saved."

One wicked man at this place who heard his first sermon on "the Wrath to come," told a person that he and his wife were in the habit of taking supper regularly, but said he, "I could not eat any that night." He and his wife were saved a short time afterwards.

November 24th.—He returned from special services in Louth Circuit, and preached at Thornton Street on "The Indwelling Deity." A man found mercy. At eleven o'clock (p.m.) he went to see a holy woman on her death-bed. When he entered the room she appeared unconscious of his presence, but evidently was conscious of the presence of the Great Shepherd, for she was whispering, "*Fear no evil, fear no evil.*" The following were some of her sayings, "A white robe! a *white* robe for *me*! for *ME*!! for *ME*!!!

‘But can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou should’st *me* to glory bring!’

Should’st *me*—*ME* to glory bring." Sometimes she seemed almost gone, and her sentences were broken as, "In you. In you," meaning heaven or mansions! "He’s here. He’s here." And sometimes her face was heavenly. As she said, "And after death—and after death,—

‘Shall claim as their prey,
’Twill outshine when rising
The sun at noonday,’"

her face bore even then a celestial lustre. "Sweet hope—sweet hope," she exclaimed, "blooming full of immortality." "I shall never forget," says he, when, holding up her hand, she exclaimed, 'This mortal. *This* mortal shall put on—shall put on——.' I added, 'Immortality.' To which she feebly replied with assurance, 'Yes!'

O! blessed religion of Christ. Thou art man’s everything. Hallelujah!"

November 25th.—“Preached at Thornton Street. Excellent congregation. Brother W. Garner’s presence nearly unmanned me. My sermon was, in some respects, spoiled by his attendance. Six souls, however, found pardoning mercy.”

November 27th and 28th.—He preached at the same place, and seven souls were saved.

November 29th.—“I have experienced much divine consolation, and have been led out after God more than usually, while reading ‘Arthur’s Tongue of Fire.’ What a Pentecostal book? It is suited for young and old, rich and poor; for men of every denomination of Christians.”

December 1st.—He attended a Tea and Public Meeting, and was much annoyed at the anti-spiritual character of the service. The tea was publicly called by an official, “brown stout,” and the same person, on the platform, spoke of “hitting the bull’s eye.” “What pot-house expressions,” he adds, “I fear we are far too worldly in some of our efforts to raise money. Tea-meetings, *properly conducted*, might be a blessing, but conducted as they often are, I would rather be without them. Religious zeal and principle should furnish all the money we need.

December 5th.—Had an inexpressible sealing of the Spirit in my front room after dark. Was greatly encouraged and roused to-day by reading a portion of Hugh Bourne’s Life.

The ‘Neva,’ a steamer, ‘the Pride of Hull,’ foundered in the Black Sea, a few days ago. About fifty persons were on board previous to her doing so. Not one, I am informed, was converted, but all, except two or three, were upon their knees crying to God! Not a soul perished. Praised be God!

December 7th.—At Beverley and Cherry Burton. Had much hardness and wrestling until the night service, when God clothed me with power. Two or three souls found salvation. A woman was saved during the sermon. On Saturday night she dreamt about me, though I was unknown to her. She recognised me as soon as she saw me, as the person of whom she had been dreaming. She was deeply affected, and found the Lord.

‘God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.’”

December 14th.—He had a wonderful time at West Street in the morning. On leaving chapel Mr. J. Sissons shook him by the hand, and looking upward, said in his quiet way, “You have been nearly there this morning !”

In the evening eight persons were converted, and one fully sanctified (at Thornton Street) who had been seeking the blessing about five months.

“This was a heavenly day to my soul, I prayed much more than usual in my closet last week. I found much benefit therefrom this day.

Wrestling with God is hard work ; knees ache, heart aches, Satan assails, numerous thoughts are suggested to distract the mind, the mind is depressed, books and company are presented, a future opportunity is referred to as being fraught with greater advantages, cold bites the body, or heat oppresses it, but to stay and wrestle, to cry ‘I will not let thee go,’ brings the soul into closer union, until the closet is like heaven, the very body burns in the flames of indwelling Deity, and we have the petition we ask of Him.

December 18th.—Quarter Day. Sixteen increase. Only these. There ought to have been many more, and would have been if we had not removed many names from the roll-books, which should have been removed long ago.

One old office-bearer, who creates a deal of trouble, wanted to carry a resolution that sanctification is a progressive work, and *he did* carry it. Another brother moved it was instantaneous, *this also was carried*. I wish I had made another, namely, that it is both instantaneous and progressive.”

On the following day he was sent for to visit a woman who had been in a peculiar state of mind for some time. She had met in class, but when she attempted to pray she appeared ready to choke, and when others commenced praying for her, she fell like a stone, and appeared to be powerfully convulsed.

A few holy persons had met to pray for and with her. After he had conversed with her for a little while, she fell, and cried out, “What are you doing, you are killing me.” The friends, however, prayed earnestly, and the house was filled with the divine presence. At length she rose to go, on which

one of the good women cried over her, as a mother might over a dying child. Requesting all to be seated, Mr. Milson questioned her closely as to the cause of her not receiving salvation, and said, "Is there something that you are not willing to give up?" After some reluctance, she confessed there was, but refused to say what it was. Moved, as he believed, by the Holy Spirit, he asked if it was a particular sin (he does not say what), she replied "Yes." This confession had a strange effect on the friends present. "And is it not the knowledge of your not giving up this thing which prevents you from praying when you attempt to do so." "Yes," was the reply.

He then gave her such advice as he deemed necessary, and she left. "Thus," says he, "were the friends saved much labour and, perhaps, temptation."

Feeling deeply concerned about a friend who had once enjoyed religion, but had been for some years a backslider, he sent him the following note:—

"DEAR FRIEND,

Be so kind to yourself as to make Ps. li. 1-17 your prayer and study until the Lord reveal himself again within you.

With Christian love and sympathy for ETERNITY.

P. MILSON.

P.S.—A copy of this will appear in one of the Books mentioned in Rev. xx. 12."

December 25th.—"Walked from South Cave to Broomfleet, where I preached at ten o'clock. Walked along the Humber Bank to Brough Toll Bar, where I dined. Preached with power at Elloughton to a large congregation at two o'clock. Mr. Storr kindly drove me to near Hessle. I then walked into Hull, and had a heavenly season in speaking at Thornton Street after the Tea Meeting. This was a hard day. Having had fourteen miles and three services, but it was one of unspeakable blessedness."

What a Christmas holiday!

On the last Sabbath in the year he was sent for at night to visit a woman who was exceedingly ill. She was anxious to see him, having known him at Grimsby, where under

his ministry she had been greatly blessed, but she had passed through terrible trials. Her father, who was a timber merchant, was dead, and she was residing in Hull with her widowed mother. Her husband had spent thousands, and had to leave the country on account of debt. On one occasion he sold an engine for £500; he offered her 5s. of it, which she refused. He bade her good-bye, and left her to see her no more. As he left, she said sympathetically, "Good-bye. *Good-bye* for ever."

He prayed with her, and left her about midnight. Afterwards she was made unspeakably happy.

December 31st.—He took part in the Watch-Night Service at Thornton Street, and, as his custom was, re-dedicated himself to God.

On the first Sunday in the New Year he walked fourteen miles in wind and rain, and preached three times. On the 7th he preached at Walkington, the ground was covered with snow, and the moon nearly at the full; after preaching, he walked to Hull. As he passed through Cottingham the words :—

"Mortals cry a man is dead,
Angels sing a child is born,"

came upon his mind with such glorious influence that he kept repeating them, and thought that he should not be surprised to hear on his arrival at home of the death of a relative. He told his wife of his experience, but she had heard nothing special.

The next morning, on going to visit Mrs S—, whom he had seen on Sunday night, he found, on approaching the house, the window shutters closed, and thought it not improbable that she had died the night before, and that his feelings had been the result of the same. On enquiry, he found that such was the case, she having died about twenty minutes before the lines quoted came with such power to his mind.

"I suppose," says he, "she had wanted to see me, and it is very probable my experience was associated with her dying circumstances. The Lord had made me a blessing to her on her death-bed, and I might be permitted or favoured to experience what I did in connection with her departure to glory.

There is a union of angels and saints in heaven, and saints upon earth 'in Christ.' They live in Him in heaven, so do we, His redeemed and hallowed ones upon earth, and how easily may our spirits be at times influenced by the presence and even the suggestions of angels and glorified friends. 'Ye are *come* to Mount Zion, the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, and to the spirits of the just made perfect.' We are come to them already, we are with them in God, we are joint citizens with them of heaven."

January 11th, Sunday.—He preached on entire sanctification at West Street. "Excellent audience, and God answered by fire. Several received the blessing. Yet, I suppose, some thought nought to it, what a pity that the doctrine and the men who preach it are so much opposed.

My subject to-night was, *entire* sanctification is not, as the rule, co-eval in individual experience with justification.

This view, I knew, was opposed to my revered superintendent, Mr. W. Garner, and it is painful for me to have to differ from a man who has for many years been exceedingly kind to me, but I must be conscientious. I believe numbers of my ministerial brethren ignore the spirit, and injure their usefulness by not holding the old Methodist doctrine, the doctrine of God's book on this subject. And I feel persuaded that unless the doctrine be kept alive in the Connexion we shall become a formal people, and lose the converting glory. We may have pseudo-excellent preachers—men who can talk elaborately, fluently, and rhetorically; but alas! for apostolic simplicity, energy, and success, a minister full of God has but little help, and much hindrance in many cases. One of my superintendents told me, when he was a young man he received the blessing, but thought certain office-bearers would not agree with the preaching of it, yielded to temptation, and, in a few weeks, lost the blessing. Lord help me!

January 14th.—Preached at Brantingham. When Brother Chambers was planned here he took for his text 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' The ground was very slippery through the frost, and a poor aged woman, in walking home, fell within a yard or two of her

own door, and injured herself internally, so severely that she died on Tuesday morning. Her husband was a backslider, and is now, I hear, under deep feeling for his soul. Some time ago a man was powerfully striven with in one of our prayer-meetings in Hull. He was urged by one of the leaders to give his heart to God, he trembled, but said he would do so next Sunday. On Monday he was taken ill, on Tuesday he died.

January 19th.—After preaching, heard part of a sermon of the old Lincolnshire thrasher at Kingston Wesleyan Chapel. The large chapel was crowded, there was a fine influence under the old simple man. What do the learned think of his popularity and success? Scores have, I suppose, found the Lord through his labours."

He and Mrs. Milson took tea one day with a man and his wife, whose conversation delighted him. The man had been a great drunkard, though he had not neglected his work. He used to get dressed on a Saturday night, and go to the public-house, where he would remain until midnight, or two o'clock in the morning. When he got converted, he told his wife that he had a score on at the public-house, and he did not feel right about it. "Go," said she, "and pay it, though it take thy week's wage." He went and told the landlady to rub off his debt from the slate, and his *name* too. "Name too!" said she, evidently startled. "Have I done anything amiss?" "No," replied he, "it's not you, it's me that's being doing amiss to myself." He never took drink after.

Speaking on the subject of the *expense* of religion, the woman said, "Where it costs us a shilling now, it used to cost us a pound. Sometimes on a Saturday night he will ask me how much I think he has spent in sweetmeats for the children, and will say "I have spent fivepence," when I reply, "Why, thou thought nothing about seven or eight shillings before thou was converted."

Their conversion was brought about in a singular manner. They had seven children, and she used to think that they were her only comfort, especially as two of them were particularly affectionate. But God removed five of them by death. When the last was taken, she said to her husband, "O Tom! the Lord

has taken them for our sins!" "Does thou think so?" he asked. "Yes," she replied, "but he shall take no more for my sins." This led both to reflection and salvation.

One day, a woman ninety years of age went to his house to seek counsel and help for her soul. After questioning her closely, and finding she was under deep and real concern, he asked her to kneel, and prayed with her. While he was doing so, she commenced to praise God, and found peace through believing. When she sat down, he was delighted to see a woman ninety years old weeping for joy, and exclaiming, "Glory be to God. I feel thankful that I came to this house. To think that the Lord should have mercy on me after so many years rebellion against Him."

Since writing the above, we have met with a letter to his parents, in which he tells the story of the old woman's sufferings at length. He took down the account from her own lips. We give the *substance* of it. Her husband was a drover, and earned five pounds a week, not a farthing of which he ever gave her, but *paid four* men to assist him to drink it. They frequently were drinking while he went to earn more. At that time she used to go to Hesse Cliff to cut nettles, which she boiled for food, and for weeks and months had little or nothing else to keep her alive. She was reduced to such a state of weakness as to fall as if shot, and knocked the skin off her face and arms.

She had gone all hours of the night with a lantern to seek him, and found him lying on the roads and in different places. She dare not but go, for he abused her frightfully if she did not, and yet if she asked him for sixpence he would knock her down.

At River Bridge he carried thirty-six chaldron of coals out of a vessel in one day, and drank thirty-six quarts of ale; the next day he carried thirty-six chaldron of lime out of a vessel, and drank nine gallons of ale. A wager of a guinea to a guinea was once bet as to his drinking six quarts of ale in a minute. An extra quart was added without his knowledge. He loosed his shirt-neck, a watch was held up for a test, he put the beer to his mouth, and it all disappeared in three-quarters of a minute. This is a well-attested fact! A mouse was put into

the ale, and when he was asked if he had felt anything in it, he replied, "he felt a 'hop,' or something." "A mouse must have been a trifle in the river of beer that ran down his throat Satan must have stretched his throttle."

When asked how he ended his days, the old lady replied, "Awfully." She got the clergyman, and Wesleyans and Primitives, to pray with him, but he would swear dreadfully when they were gone, and told her they made him ten times worse. A short time before he died, he asked her to help him to make a "draw loop," so that he might hang himself; and when she refused, he begged for a knife with which to cut his throat; then an axe to beat his brains out with it. When these were refused, he tried to kill himself by beating his head against the bed-post. He declared he saw a large raven waiting for him, and that he was as miserable as hell could make him; and cried out to Mr. Simpson, who went to see him, "Do knock my brains out, and let me know the worst of it."

When well, he used to say that he would not go to such a hell as some folks talked about, but to a merry hell, where there was piping and fiddling, and hoped he should have a pair of bag-pipes when he got there. He promised his wife that he would keep up a *good fire for her*. He was so dreadful a blasphemer that he was known by the name of "*Black David*."

Once, when he asked her for money, and because she could not give him any, he knocked her down, and was so threatening that she snatched up a child, and ran out with him, and sat in an out-house all night, which was cold and stormy. Her boy took the "shakings," and shook until he died.

This poor little fellow used to sing, "We've found the Rock, the Travellers cried," and "Turn to the Lord and seek Salvation." He once said to his father, "I'll buy my mudder everythink when I get to be a man." Poor fellow, he did not live to do so.

When the man died, his widow said, "I felt so hard, I could not weep, and almost felt glad." She affirmed that just as he died she fancied she saw "an appearance like a great

black raven or crow flying from his head across the room?"

What a glorious work Methodism has done in rescuing many from such a condition as his, and preventing more from becoming such.

February 3rd.—He visited a sailor who was ill. He had been wrecked off Spurn a month before. The captain and another man were washed overboard. The captain sank, and the man was dashed about by the sea, but they saved him. When he reached land he was blaspheming. The captain was swearing when he was washed overboard. When the vessel stranded and seemed likely to go to pieces, every man knelt in the hold, and one of them, a backslider, prayed for their preservation.

February 7th.—“While preaching at West Street had much struggle at first, but soon felt glorious liberty, six souls professed to find the Lord.

February 15th.—Preached in the morning at Elloughton; afternoon at South Cave; evening had a crowd at North Cave, and six souls saved.

February 16th.—Preached to a large congregation at Newbald. But sinners *would* be sinners still.

I was *informed at North Cave*, that at a certain place, when George Nicholson was preaching, and Johnny Oxtoby was hearing, a man fell in the singers' pew under the Word. “Johnny went to look at him.” “Hold him up, Johnny,” said Nicholson, “and let's have another shot at him.” “Nay, marry,” replied Johnny, “he's deead enough.” This is said to have taken place at Elloughton.

March 15th.—At night he preached on entire sanctification, and about twenty persons found pardon or perfect love. This was an “*unforgettable*” service.

March 19th.—Quarterly Meeting. There was a strong desire to prepare a special case to retain him for a third year, but it was considered inadmissible. Increase 36.

March 22nd.—“Rode 34 miles to day on horseback in a high wind from the east, and heavy snow-storm. Preached two missionary sermons.

April 4th.—Heard of several cases of persons blessed under

my ministry. Glory to God! A doctor likes to be useful among his patients."

He records under this date a visit he paid to a dying woman; but he found her nearly gone. Without delay he endeavoured to point her to Jesus, but it was too late. Her weeping husband was even disregarded. He prayed and wept, and was so deeply affected that he had to leave the place.

The same day he interred a man, whose mother had allowed him when young to have almost what money he chose; and he had been a drunkard from his youth, and had evidently shortened his days. "Hearing of his case, I went to his house, but his wife haughtily shut the door in my face. In a few days, however, I was welcome enough.

Eight weeks since on Saturday, he said he should not have a long life, and he would have a spree. On the Sunday he sent for whisky and other strong drink, to-day he was committed to a premature grave."

On the 21st of May, death entered for the first time his family circle, and removed his first-born child. She had been ill for some weeks, and he had wrestled and prayed for her recovery, but not obtaining any answer, was enabled to submit himself to the Divine will. His journal, however, gives evidence that her illness and death had deeply affected him. She was buried by the side of her grandmother. When leaving the grave, he said, "When Jesus comes to take to glory all who fit for glory are, they will rise together." The following verse he wrote for her funeral card:—

Till the Lamb's brilliant name
In thy forehead shall flame,
My dearly-loved Harriet farewell.
He who called thee so soon
In His kindgom to bloom,
Hath saved thee from dangers and hell.

June 18th.—"Quarterly Meeting. Twenty-four increase. The meeting recorded its thanks to all the preachers for their arduous labours in the circuit. *This is a new thing.*

June 28th.—At night powerful time, one believer sanctified and ten saved.

July 5th.—Evening text, John xvii. 24. Time—heavenly

beyond description. What divine light, love, and liberty, I enjoyed. Sermon-readers and mere reciters of sermons cannot imagine what *glorious* freedom a minister enjoys under the opening heavens. One soul was saved in the prayer-meeting."

Though feeling very weak and unwell he spent his holiday, Sunday, the 12th, at the request of the Circuit Committee, in preaching twice in Hull. "Morning at Thornton Street. Large congregation. A melting heavenly time. Evening at West Street. Crowded chapel, not a single *Egyptian* singer. Hallelujah! Had a blessed season. The singing service was heavenly. I think I shall never forget the weight of glory which appeared to rest upon the crowd, when in the hymn following the sermon was being sung, the lines

‘ We shall the King of Glory see,
And worship in His sight ! ’

were repeated about ten times. What bliss and rapture we felt. To-night’s prayer-meeting was indescribably glorious. Ten or more souls found pardon. From the tears, smiles, hearty graspings of one’s hand, the good wishes and prayers of hundreds, I see how much we are beloved in memorable Hull. To our God be the praise.

Text to-day at both Chapels:—"I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God."

He and Mrs. Milson decided to give one-tenth of their income to God, and felt blest in doing so.

CHAPTER XV.

1857—58.

BRIGG CIRCUIT.

“ I am not what I was. I feel these years
Have done sad office for me.
I once was buoyant, and my footstep rose
To something strong within me. I gave voice,
As in uplifting music, to high thoughts.”

ON July 13th he left Hull for Broughton, and *rested* from the 14th to the 17th. He “did not visit at all,” as was his usual custom when at home, or preach or hold any meetings, as he felt so worn and weary that he found it necessary to be quiet.

He opened his commission on the Lord’s Day at Bishop Norton, by preaching twice in the open air at a camp-meeting, and conducting a love-feast in the evening. The *heat* and preaching out of doors “*sadly injured his health.*” He was evidently suffering from his excessive labours in the past.

He preached, however, at five places during the week-days, and on Friday night saw a backslider restored and a young man weeping and praying for pardon. Both promised to meet in class.

July 28th.—He preached three times, walked thirteen miles, and saw a backslider restored. During the week he spoke at four missionary meetings. There was an advance of money at each place, and the services were “spiritual, powerful, and very interesting. Brothers Thomas Bennett and Henry Knowles were the efficient deputation.”

The following month was occupied with his usual work, but being the height of summer, and harvest as well, the congregations were not large, with a few exceptions, and the long journeys wearied him exceedingly. The word, notwithstanding, was often with power, and signs of quickening began to appear.

He visited, with his superintendent, Rev. E. Tyas, a great many houses in Brigg, praying with all who permitted them to do so, which most did, except the Irish Roman Catholics. His ardent soul would not let him be quiet, and he preached frequently in the open air, and distributed hand-bills to persons in the streets, and addressed a few words to them whenever it was possible.

On more than one occasion he walked fourteen and sixteen miles and found that he was not expected, and as it was dark he could not preach in the streets. The carelessness of the officials in not informing him that the services were given up grieved him. I remember the same happening to myself and colleagues many times. On one occasion a brother minister walked twelve miles out, and found there was no preaching. "Why did you not send me word?" he asked, "you would have made a fine noise if *I had not come* and you had expected me." "O," was the reply, "I thow't you'd get your tea." He did get his tea, and walked home again, making the journey twenty-four miles.

September 20th, Sunday.—He preached at Housham morning and night, and North Kelsey in the afternoon. At Housham he enjoyed a conversation with his friend, W. Driffield, an estimable saint and official, who reminded him of many incidents connected with his first visits as a local preacher to that place. He was delighted to find that Mr. Driffield remembered many of his texts and very much of his sermons, which he had himself forgotten. One incident shows how anxious he was to do good. He had preached at North Kelsey in the afternoon, and visited a poor man who was sick and dying. He then went and preached at Housham, and, instead of returning direct home, he retraced his steps to see the man again, and walked to Broughton.

September 21st.—"Blessed time in preaching at Scawby. I was very happy and free, but I afterwards feared I had *indulged too much in humorousness, which is natural to me.*"

October 5th.—He preached at South Kelsey. On the way home he composed several verses on hell, which he afterwards enlarged considerably, and published in "Salem's Harp." See page 69.

October 11th.—He writes:—"During the last eight days have preached twelve sermons, walked sixty-six miles, and attended to many things pertaining to life and godliness.

October 18th.—Afternoon preached at Wrawby. Evening, improved the death of Brother Ashton, one of our local preachers, at Barnetby. When I went to the chapel it was wedged full, and a crowd was about the doors unable to gain admittance. I talked and read about an hour and ten minutes. Text, 2 Cor. iv. 6-8, and 1 Thess. iv. 13. My soul had some delightful views and feelings. What a religion is ours!"

October 19th.—At Scawby, a young woman was saved, and a member obtained the blessing of entire sanctification. The next night he preached on the subject at Brigg. Three persons found the blessing, and one sinner was saved. On the 22nd he preached again on the same subject, and wrote a memoir of Mr. Ashton for the Magazine.

He left for Grimsby on the 24th, and preached and made collections at several places for Brigg Chapel. On the 30th he received a letter from his "kind superintendent," announcing the birth of a son. "I read his letter with a full heart and tearful eyes. Dedicated my boy to Thee. May he live to preach Christ." He returned by way of Hull with £7 7s. for the chapel.

November 6th.—He went to Hull to visit a young man, a relative, who was in a deep consumption. He had been a reckless youth. His first words to him were, "I'm caught at last!" His heart had been mercifully broken, and when Mr. Milson asked if he had found the Lord, he replied, with deep emotion, "I have sought Him." Father Broadbent, Brother Dean, and he, sang and prayed with him. He rose in confidence, and was happy in God.

He spent a short time with the Rev. J. Petty, who showed him a volume of Mr. H. Bourne's original Journals, and several of his writings, with which he was deeply interested.

When returning by train, the coupling irons connecting the passenger-carriages with some fish-trucks, broke, leaving the former upon the line. Most of the passengers got out of the carriages, one of whom fell down the embankment, and

was seriously injured. Another train was expected, and the guard went back with a light to give warning of the danger. Mr. Milson stepped across the line, and went to a distance to keep out of the way of flying fragments should a collision occur. On came the train, and he heard, with solemn feelings, the "rumbling of the whirling wheels." In a moment or two, however, the explosion of fog-signals was heard, the train slackened its speed, and after a while he resumed his journey, and reached home late at night.

Speaking of his health, he writes :—"I have been very unwell, and am, in some degree, shattered in body ; but if this be in any measure owing to my work—and I am certain it is—I rejoice in the honour it confers."

November 18th.—Preached at Broughton to a full chapel on the wiles of the devil. Powerful time. The two persons converted on Sunday were at the renewing of tickets."

November 22nd.—He preached Missionary Sermons in Winterton Circuit. One or two souls found pardon. "Heavy day, fifteen miles, two sermons."

A man, speaking to an old friend of ours respecting his preaching, said, "He takes the word of God, and throws it among the people, and it sticks like bird-lime." Another said, "He throws religion about by handfulls."

These services, however, were a terrible tax upon his physical energy, for the next Sabbath, after preaching three times, he was unable to stay the prayer-meeting, but was gladdened to hear that three souls were saved. Finding on the following day that he was very unwell, he consulted a physician, who stated that he must have absolute rest for some weeks, or the consequences would be serious. To this he demurred for some days, but at last was obliged to submit, and writes under date of December 3rd :—"It is, I feel, essential to my invigoration that I have a long rest. I have been over-working myself for years, and have laboured under most distressing feelings sometimes. Talking has often terribly affected me.

This week I have been examining the epitomised accounts of my labours and success ; and though I depend *on Christ alone* for mercy now and in '*that day*,' yet, I cannot but feel

heavenly pleasure on finding that God has made me somewhat successful in His work. Nor can I but be joyous that I have laboured for my God. *Every sermon* has been preached for God. Hallelujah! For physical strength, mental energy, soul sympathy, Divine power, friendly kindness, and brotherly charity, that have enabled me to labour, I here record my heart's gratitude to the Lord God Almighty.

December 6th.—Resting. The first Sunday's rest I have had for four-and-a-half years."

At night he heard a sermon from a local preacher, which had evidently been committed to memory, and comments on it as follows:—"The reciter, however, was not an adept at the school-boy business. He spoiled the original by glaringly defective pronunciation, and mixed up his matter most strangely. It would be an improvement if he were to avoid Calvinistic authors, and use a sermon of Wesley's. He preached up inward corruption as far as heaven, and, if I *understood* him properly, into heaven, and *full* salvation *beyond* death! His sermon contained many pretty sentences, like gold dust among gravel. Seven-tenths of the matter was irrelevant to the *sense* of his text. Altogether, it was a chaotic mass of orthodoxy and heterodoxy, in which, however, the latter was not an abounding element. O! how I longed to become strong again to assert and defend the truth as it is in Jesus.

I would not have written this, but for the aversion I have to such a disreputable and injurious practice. Let pulpit warriors take swords for themselves out of the Divine armoury.

Wrote twelve pages of a letter to Brother Parrish, one of my spiritual children. He is now labouring as a hired local preacher at Scarborough, and has seen above twenty souls saved in the Circuit."

He did not "settle" very well without preaching, and on the 11th, went to Dr. Sandwith of Hull, who assured him he *must* rest for at *least* two months. Notwithstanding the danger of resuming work, I find from his journal that on the 15th he preached, "with difficulty and under much depression, though with some sweet feeling," at Brigg, and the very next night had *a glorious time* in preaching a new sermon on the Better

Country, at Broughton. He was so ill and depressed afterwards that he blamed himself for attempting it.

No wonder! And yet in his journal he was constantly making entries on the question of resting, as if it were the only way of quieting his conscience for being "idle." One of these entries reads as follows:—"This rest may, through the Divine blessing, save me from long years of suffering. As I am only thirty-two years of age, and have a dear wife and family, it would be a wrong to myself, family, God, and the Connexion, to render myself an absolute and irreparable wreck in physical constitution, and I shall do so without doubt if I do not recruit myself by perfect rest from preaching for a time. I *cannot* preach for the sake of preaching, if I could I might manage, but I must preach earnestly and effectually, which involves anxiety, prayer, and labour. If I rest I shall rest for God, hoping to become all the more efficient afterwards. I believe I have much work and usefulness before me yet."

December 17th.—Quarterly Meeting. Net increase, fifty."

The next few days he spent in writing letters, burning rubbish, and digging on his father's land, and composing poetry. On the Sunday morning he wrote the poem entitled, "The Judgment," which was printed in "Salem's Harp." At night he "heard a sermon from a local preacher, and felt the presence of God."

During the following week he revised the poem on "The Judgment," and sent it to the editor of the magazines. Referring to the matter, he says:—"I do thank God for the press. How useful one may be made in writing for it. What a pity and loss that Clowes, Atkinson Smith, and others, did not *write* more. I have lately seen it my duty to do something in this way, and have sent several articles to the 'Revivalist.' All I seek is the good of the Master's cause."

Christmas Day was spent at his father's, his family was with him, and he was very happy,

December 27th.—He heard the Rev. E. Tyas preach on "What shall it profit a man," etc., and entered an outline of the sermon in his journal. "It was quite natural, solemn, and useful, throwing a glaring light on the pomps and vanities of earth. Surely some of the hearers trembled to see how woeful

is the case of him who, for earth's unsatisfying toys, barter his own soul.

December 28th.—“Had wonderful views while prayerfully musing on the passage, ‘No man knoweth the Father, but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal him.’ Twelve years ago, my present experience of this subject would have been all a mystery to me. But certain I am, the Father's glory may be in some small degree revealed to some of his children even here. Blessed be God that I can truly say with John, ‘I have seen His glory.’ Wondrous words, but true as wondrous.

On Tabor I have enjoyed, as John Fletcher remarked, ‘rare sights.’ ‘We need not,’ wrote the holy Ann Rogers, ‘drop the flesh to see His glory.’

Well, if I am sometimes favoured with these heavenly visions, I am also one of those who are with the Saviour in his temptations. What a privilege!

‘My Spirit to *Calvary* bear,
To *suffer* and *triumph* with Thee.’

December 31st.—Have finished reading Archbishop Whately's dissertation on Christianity, contained in the first volume of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 8th edition. Generally very excellent, though I cannot endorse some of his views.

Was very ill at eleven p.m., and could not attend the watch-night service.

January 1st, 1858.—Another year has rolled over the globe, and the time allotted to me, and all the living, is one year less. What a most solemn consideration! I cannot *recall* it. *Eternity* is coming! O that I may always live properly impressed with a sense of Time's infinite value.

‘Pay no moment but in purchase of its worth,
And what's its worth?
Ask death-beds. *They can tell!*’

What a mercy that I am still the Lord's. He is mine, and I am His! Religion is my *everything*. Hallelujah.

May this be a year of unprecedented progress in all respects. To the Eternal Trinity, I consecrate myself, and all I have.

Brother Ashton's Memoir has appeared in the *Large*

Magazine for January, 11,000 copies of which have been printed. It will, I doubt not, be a blessing to thousands.

January 3rd.—Heard two sermons from local preachers. One was evidently ‘got off,’ the other ‘original.’ I received a blessing in *each* service.

January 9th.—Reading. I can now read to my family. A thing I have not been able to do for some time. It is evident I have almost talked myself to death.”

On Sunday night he heard Mr. Tyas preach a solemn sermon, which was the most telling, when he was most in earnest. To him a minister “dwelling on an awful subject in a sleepy manner, appeared almost despicable,” while one delivering the truth in *sober* earnestness, forced upon his hearers the conviction that they were listening to a messenger of Almighty God.

Feeling considerably stronger the next week, he resolved on resuming his work, in part at least, and preached four nights in succession. He rested the following Sunday, preaching, however, during the week-days at several places, and again on the Sunday evening in Brigg on entire sanctification. “Had a glorious time; felt divine luminosity on the subject.

January 18th, Thursday.—Preached and renewed tickets. Walked fifteen miles!

January 19th.—Heard the celebrated *Gough*, teetotal lecturer. Was much interested. How impressive and interesting some of his remarks were made by his *action*. He said much for God, and I was delighted by the supreme deference he paid to the Bible, as well as by his profession of inability to do good without God’s blessing.”

January 26th.—He was greatly encouraged by a letter he received from Hull, informing him of the triumphant departure of Mrs. Fishwick, who had been converted under his ministry two years previous to her death. ‘I have now,’ he adds, ‘ten or twelve in glory at least. Praise be to God.’”

January 31st.—He left home by moonlight, before six o’clock in the morning, and preached at three villages. He was told that a brother who had listened to him the previous Sunday, had thrown his “smoking utensils,” into the river

Ancholme on his road home. Another "turned teetotal," through God's blessing on what he had heard.

He preached on the following night, and the next day went to another village, where he would have preached, but as they "did not know whether it would be *Milson, or a local preacher*, they did not think it worth their while to open the Chapel."

When at Barnetby on the following Sunday, where he had good services, he was delighted to learn from a friend that he had heard Bernard Kenny (his son in the gospel) preach at Gainsbro', when about twelve souls were saved.

February 21st.—He preached twice at Brigg, and at five places the next five nights. "Did not feel well on Saturday." It would have been surprising if he had.

He records an interesting case of a young man who had been converted some time before, and had steadily held on his way. The day prior to his conversion, while in a state of intoxication, he met about twenty new converts, and said, "You have been among the Ranters, shouting and bawling, you want putting into an 'asylum,' a lot of you." Next morning looking over a parcel of clothes that had come from his pious father, he found a scrap of paper on which was written, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." The words so powerfully impressed him that he determined to find a religious meeting that night. While seeking one, he wandered to a Primitive Methodist Chapel door. A class-meeting was being held, the leader saw him, and invited him in. He entered, wept and prayed, but did not find liberty. A local preacher present took him to his house to supper, and his wife and he prayed with him until he obtained pardon.

January 28th.—Walked fourteen miles. He preached in the afternoon at Bishop Norton on entire sanctification, with "Glorious liberty and power. Evening at Waddingham, a wonderful season on 'The wrath to come.' Five souls found mercy, and a wealthy farmer's wife, a member, went into the singers' pew, and got hold of faith.

I have two sermons on this awful subject, the preaching of which have been signally owned by God. Several are in heaven who were converted under them, since 1853, a period of four and a half years. I have preached one of these sermons

sixteen times, and have seen thirty-eight souls converted, the other I have preached seventeen times, and have seen twenty-seven souls saved under it. Times of preaching both, thirty-three; souls saved, sixty-five. Glory to Jesus."

The first week in March, he walked to five different places, in terribly cold weather, preaching each night, and walked from Bishop Norton to Brigg, where he visited a *few families*, and felt very depressed and weary at the close.

To this statement in his journal he has added a note in pencil, "No wonder. P. M., 1892."

From Sunday to Sunday inclusive, he prayed in chapels or houses, fifty times, gave a short address at a School Anniversary, preached nine sermons, and walked in wind, dirt, snow, and piercing cold seventy-two miles, and this when ordered by the doctor to rest! He preached four times during the week days, and on the following Sunday twice. Three professed to find peace, and many were seeking, several of whom promised to go to class.

Visiting one day, he met with an unconverted woman, the daughter of a good man who had gone to heaven from Broughton. When he reminded her that her father was in heaven, she replied, "He lived for it at home," and the tears flowed freely. "Pious parents," says he "pray on, your example will not be forgotten, she remembered her father's."

At the Quarterly Meeting, held on the 8th, it was found that notwithstanding 147 names had been removed from the books, six of whom had died, and forty-eight removed, they were able to report forty increase for the year.

From the 17th to the 22nd he was at Missionary Services in Driffeld Circuit. After one of the meetings, an old man said to him that they had "not had sike (such) soldid deed" for a long while.

His *partial* rest did him a great deal of good. His general health was greatly improved, he spoke without difficulty. He paid considerably more attention to his health, took exercise in Broughton woods, and listened with pleasure to the songs of the birds, watched the growth of flowers, and revelled in the scenes of his early days.

On the 23rd of May, he preached the School Sermons at

Sutton Street, London, and attended the Tea and Public Meeting on the following day. He enjoyed the visit greatly, especially the company of the Rev. George Lamb. One of his spiritual children gave ten shillings towards his expenses.

June 14th.—“Was led to cry earnestly unto God for the increase of religion in the Circuit. My own infirmities, too, were lamented before Him. *My hard nature* (?) my constitutional reserve, and many other defects, were dragged before the Lord. There is much that I deplore in myself, *it is partly constitutional* and partly from education, or the lack of it. God, however, gave me my idiosyncrasy, and He can sanctify my mental temperament to His own glory in a way I cannot perceive. I would rather be myself than any other person under heaven.

I have had special trials, too, not connected with my own defects. A Primitive Methodist Travelling Preacher, *especially if he be of a certain class*, meets with so much to grieve and wound his mind from *unfeeling persons* and from lukewarm officials, that if he do not take care he will become misanthropic, shy, and suspicious.

March 27th, Sunday.—Walked to Housham, where I had a good time in the morning, thence to Kelsey, where I preached at two, administered the sacrament, preached again at six, held a prayer-meeting, and then walked home! Thank God for strength to do such a day's work, and especially for a *heart to delight in it.*”

CHAPTER XVI.

1858—59.

BRIGG CIRCUIT (*continued*).

“Speak and spare not. Let not regard for any man induce you to betray the truth of God. Till you press believers to expect full salvation now, you must not look for any revival.”—REV. J. WESLEY.

JULY 23rd.—“*Stacked my father’s wheat.*”

August 18th.—Went to pray by the corpse of a young man previous to its removal for burial. Last Sunday he was standing outside of our chapel, on Monday was taken ill, Tuesday worse, Wednesday died. His mother screamed when she found he was dying, and when asked afterwards, ‘Did you say anything to him about his soul?’ she replied, ‘No, I did not think he was so bad.’ He was out of doors the day before he died. On that day his drunken father had abused him for being, as he called it, idle. The father was drunk every day—drunk while I was praying. He had begged money towards the funeral expenses, and then spent it in drink.”

Visiting Louth Circuit for Missionary Services, he preached on the Thursday afternoon at Fotherby, a small village a few miles on the Grimsby road. Forty-five persons attended the service from Louth.

In the evening he delivered *two* missionary speeches, one in the chapel, another in the school-room a few minutes after the first. The other speakers, the Revs. T. Whitehead and J. Wood, did the same, as the chapel was crowded and the school-room nearly full.

“Mrs. Blanshard and I had the farmer’s wife, at whose house we took tea, praying for salvation before the tea-cups were removed. She was, before this, like many more, believing for a future salvation instead of a present one. Mrs.

Blanshard told me of the conversion of an aged man at Louth, a most remarkable case.

It seems that Mrs. Blanshard was returning from class one night, and saw Mr. H——, a grey-headed old sinner in the street. She felt for his soul, and said, with uplifted hands, ‘Lord, Thou canst save that old sinner!’ This she repeated on the way home, and was led to pray for him *all night*. In the morning she felt assured the Lord would save him. Some time afterwards she thought, ‘I must be looking after my prayer!’ So she went to his house. The door was opened by a man, who said, ‘Do come and pray with this old man.’ She found him in a sad state, and full of despair. She told him that God would save him, and when he asked why she thought so, she replied, ‘He has told me so.’ He ‘roared out’ in the agony of his soul. She persuaded him to attend the chapel, and he went several times. On Christmas-Day-night he was there, and went to the penitent form. They laboured with him for hours. . . . “One and another left as the time went on, and at midnight only three remained. At length prayer prevailed. The glory descended as if heaven had opened. He was delivered from the power of the great adversary, and his soul taken possession of by the condescending Saviour, and the old man’s shouts of praise for deliverance were heard in another street. Hallelujah!

November 4th.—Preached four nights at H——. We had two backsliders restored. They have no Sunday morning prayer-meeting at this place, and no week-night one, except once in a month, when preaching is not planned. *Seat-letting* was announced for last night, and the leading man seemed surprised that I should want a prayer-meeting after preaching. He wanted to attend to it *at once*. I wished we had more heavenly sense.

November 18th.—Had a powerful missionary meeting at Broughton. God always helps me wonderfully on the platform at my native village.

November 21st.—Renewed tickets to a class at Brigg. An old man said, ‘I was once told by an old professor that the Lord could not save a sinner more than sixty years of age, but bless Him, I know He has saved me.’ Another grey-headed

man said he once heard a Wesleyan minister say that not one man in a thousand found mercy after forty. He was then seeking pardon, but this discouraged him ; he thought, then it is no use me trying. For years he was in the snare ; but, at last, he determined to try—he sought, and not in vain. Who has given authority to preachers to talk about aged sinners as they do? The devil can discourage them sufficiently without us assisting him. Jesus can save an aged sinner as easily as a young one. True, conversion in old age is comparatively rare, but it is not because God is unwilling to save the aged. In dealing with the question, no doubt great delicacy is required, lest we should, on the one hand, unintentionally, give encouragement to the young to sin on ; and on the other, unintentionally discourage aged sinners who may be feeling after God.”

November 29th to December 2nd.—He held special services at Housham. Six or eight souls were saved, and the society “gloriously revived.” On Wednesday night he was led to change his subject, and preached from “Woe to them that are at ease in Zion.” The sermon “was keen and in some respects awful. I was carried beyond and borne above myself. I seemed, to myself, to be inspired and clothed from heaven, and the whole congregation seemed to feel it. How wonderful ! The words came to me like fire, and I was *forced* to preach from them, and the very sermon, which human prudence would have withheld, as being likely to discourage, was made the instrument of a great revival.

What a love I felt for this people after this. I was pained to leave them, and what might not have been done if I could have spent another week ? But I could not, as I had to go to another village on Friday night, a very small one, where my congregation was about half-a-score persons. We adhere too much to system. When God pours out His Spirit anywhere we should labour there, but we must go as *planned*, whatever the circumstances may be.”

The following week he preached nearly every night, “but saw *only* five souls saved !”

About this time he wrote a very solemn and affectionate letter to a squire and landowner in that circuit, on the subject

of his not allowing his tenants to attend service at Methodist places of worship.

He also composed a poem, entitled "Bliss for Me."

There were more landowners than the one referred to above who were not only opposed to persons attending our services, but did all they could to prevent them from doing so. One of his own friends, an excellent man, suffered much from such petty persecution, as the following memoir will show :—

George Smith was a fine specimen of an old Primitive Methodist. In 1819, he heard the famous William Braithwaite, and said, "Bless God, that man's God is my God." He had been praying that the Lord would send someone to arouse the people, who were very cold and careless. When a class was formed at Bishop Norton, he, seeing there was no person of experience among the new members, was prevailed to take charge of it until a suitable person could be secured. This gave offence to the Society he belonged, and his name was erased from their roll of membership. He therefore became a Primitive, and continued to lead the same class for the long period of fifty-one years, leading it for the last time the Sabbath but one before his death, in his eighty-fifth year.

For a period of forty-four years he entertained both ministers and local preachers, and was a liberal supporter of the cause. Indeed, the Rev. W. Lonsdale remonstrated with him on the subject, and told him that as he was old, and had only a small weekly annuity, he should be contented to give half of what he had previously contributed.

His principles as a dissenter were severely tested again and again. Sir Montague Chomley, his master, frequently sent for him into the hall, to expostulate with him on his non-attendance at church, and on several occasions threatened him with the loss of his situation if he continued with the Primitives. But he was not the man to be influenced by the threatenings, or allured by the prospects of gain, where his religious principles were concerned, and though his master was exceedingly kind to him in all other matters, he resolutely, but modestly, refused to yield to either the one or the other, as he stated that he believed his own society needed his presence

and support as far as he could render it, and he had no time to go elsewhere.

Once he had a very severe trial. He had been seriously injured by his waggon running over him, and the baronet had sent him away for medical treatment, and paid all costs. On his return he was allowed to ride a favourite ass, belonging the Hall, as he was unable to walk. This was a great help, as it enabled him to get down to the village, to lead his class, and attend the other services, which he greatly prized. One day her ladyship went down to the village, and seeing the ass, inquired who had brought it there, and finding the delinquent was George Smith, the waggoner, she was much infuriated at *the idea*, especially concerning the purpose for which he used it, though it does not appear that he had taken it into the chapel, or required it to relate its experience, or take *any* part in the the meeting. As soon as he returned, George was summoned *at once*, and on his appearing "upon the carpet," he was soundly rated for his ingratitude in not going to church, after all that had been done for him. "And," said the baronet, "I am informed that you have *even ridden down to the meeting on the ass*. If you do not alter you *must leave at once!*" "*Very well*, Sir Montagu," was the old veteran's calm reply. "*Very well!* Indeed!" replied his master, and continued to threaten, and tried to persuade, but without avail. The storm passed over, and the old man kept his situation, until one day while walking across a field to fetch his annuity, he fell down—had to be lifted into a waggon, and conveyed home, where he lingered a few hours, and exclaiming, "All is well, I feel my prospects bright and clear," passed away to *his* "Mansion in the skies." *

Christmas Day.—"Brother Tyas gave an address in the open air, and I preached in the Chapel. An affection of the throat made it hard work.

December 26th, Sunday—In great distress from head-ache and throat affection. Preached twice at Brigg. A young woman saved."

* For a Memoir of this veteran, see Primitive Methodist Magazine, 1872, page 110.

There is a note in pencil to the above. "This affection of the throat, was, I judge, owing to being put in a *damp bed*.

December 31st.—Watch-night. Had a precious time in addressing the people in Brigg Chapel.

Poor Mr. W——, an old acquaintance, died in the Union House. I believe he was truly penitent, and found mercy through Christ. My brother and I visited him on Thursday. He said, 'There is something to learn here!' True; a person may learn:—

1st.—That the way of transgressors is hard. How much suffering had he endured, that a life of holiness would have prevented!

2nd.—That the years of the wicked shall be shortened! I firmly believe his were by many years.

3rd.—That the vilest sinners feel in health the strivings of the Spirit, and sometimes resolve to serve the Lord. He told me that he and my unconverted brother had once made up their minds to begin at a certain prayer-meeting at Broughton, to serve God.

4th.—That wickedness in health is food for repentance in affliction. Alluding to the above resolution, he said, 'If I had given my heart to God in my bloom, it would have been a good job. I could have done something, but as it is, I have done "nought" but grieve Him.' Then he cried out in agony.

5th.—That it is dangerous and wicked to make the will of another the rule of our own conduct in soul concerns. Why did he not begin to serve God, whether or not another person would do so?

6th.—That there is very much suffering which there need not be, suffering self-inflicted. He referred to his hard bed, want of delicate food, and other things, which the regulations of the House would not allow, but I never heard him say that his own reckless iniquity brought him to such suffering.

7th.—That children have to suffer, in some instances, for the sins of their parents. His only surviving child, an inmate of the House, through his sin, was brought in one night to see his father, while I was present. The inter-

view was most affecting. The child laid his head on his father's agonised bosom, and wept much, unconstrained by the presence of strangers. The boy has seemed dull and melancholy since the death of his mother, who was a victim to the intemperate and debauched habits of her cruel husband. The poor boy is now an orphan through his father's sins.

8th.—That God is merciful. Had He cut him down in a moment, his case would have been hopeless; but he was in an afflicted state many weeks, and different pious persons visited him.

9th.—That the vilest sinners may find pardon through Jesus. He professed to do so, and to be happy and *safe in Him*.

10th.—That all persons have not clear views of the sinner's depravity and the plan of salvation. A poor man was dying opposite to W—, when his half-brother, who was half-intoxicated, entered the room with some tarts and other pastry, which were, of course, useless. He endeavoured to comfort his dying relative, by assuring him that he would go to heaven, because—God bless him—he would never hurt a worm. I was glad to be present to preach depravity, sin, and Jesus."

On the 1st January, 1859, he entered two pages of reflections in his journal bearing upon the shortness of time, the responsibility of his work, and the need of Divine power for its successful accomplishment.

At Wrawby, where he held revival services, he was cheered by the sight of several sinners giving themselves to Christ, and expressed his opinion that the good such services accomplished could not be estimated by merely visible results. One scene deeply affected him. A married man and his sister, also married, who had both been playmates of his, went to the penitent form together, and found mercy. When working with him in the woods many years before, the man said that 'there would be many in hell, and he would get to the top of them, as it would not be so hot.' Christ saves to the uttermost."

On the 9th he preached at Retford, when three persons were saved; and again on the 10th and 11th, when five more found pardon.

On the 12th he found himself so ill as to be obliged to

return home. He continued, however, to preach, though with great difficulty, every night almost, and saw many saved.

January 30th.—“Sunday evening at Waddingham. Glorious time on purity of heart. Chapel full. The glory of the Shekinah filled and fired my soul. As they were singing, I said in my heart, ‘*Now*, Lord, thou clothest me ! *Now* I am called of God as was Aaron ! Now I have my robes on !’

January 31st to February 3rd.—Preached in *weakness*, intense trial, and burning glory at Scawby. Full house every night. O ! how God helped me. If Scawby sinners do not yield, will not affliction follow ? One unconverted man told his wife, who is religious, that he trembled all the time on Wednesday night, and that if I had been at his house, which he knew I had not, he should have believed that she had told me all about him. So searching does God make his holy word. Three souls were saved, and three others were seeking mercy.

March 1st.—On Sunday it occurred to me that I must publish a brief letter to the inhabitants of Broughton. This led to the appended address which I wrote at my parent’s. Had 350 printed. Posted about twelve to the principal inhabitants. The ‘day’ shall declare their effect.

‘INHABITANTS OF BROUGHTON :

On my way to eternity I feel moved thus to address you ; I trust you will therefore bear with an unusual act to which I feel impelled by concern and love for your precious souls.

LOUDLY doth the Almighty call you *all* to Repentance and Salvation ! Long have you been favored with great religious privileges. Several Sanctuaries of God, in which the Gospel is preached, and where you may meet for prayer and edification, stand amongst you. Your respected Clergyman weeps, and entreats you to be reconciled to God ; sets before you the pardon of sins and purity of heart in “the Church” services. Preachers belonging to the Wesleyan and Primitive Methodist sections of the General Church of Christ do the same. Many miles in sunshine and storm have some walked to warn and beseech you to turn to God. Some who have done so are

“fallen asleep,” and will, if you repent not, be fearful witnesses against you at the last day !

During the present year, however, God has spoken loudly by corpses, coffins, and yawning graves ! The mournful funeral procession has become an ordinary spectacle ! The young and the old, the saint and the sinner, have alike been struck down amongst you. Bitter sorrow—“sorrow for the dead”—has entered many a house and blighted many a heart. If I do not miscalculate *twenty* (nine men, six women, and five children) have been consigned to your Churchyard *this year ! ! Twenty in two months !* The oldest inhabitant, I presume, never knew so great proportionate mortality in the village ; and how many more must die before the year shall end is known only to Him who holds the keys of the invisible world.

“ Like crowded forest-trees we stand,
And some are mark’d to fall ;
The axe will smite at God’s command,
And soon cut down us all.”

O ! then, let each of us examine himself for eternity. Let the *heads* of families begin the first. PARENTS ! great are your responsibilities ! The *salvation* or *damnation* of your offspring depends largely upon you ! “Hear the rod,” upon your village, and Him that hath appointed it. “Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts.” Let *all*—old and young, rich and poor, call upon the Lord, until justified and sanctified through the blood of the Lamb ! Particularly let *Drunkards* and *Drunkard-makers*, beware, and turn to God ; for in some instances, as you well know, God has shewn his abhorrence of Drunkenness by permitting it to bring some of our neighbours to *untimely graves !* No Drunkard, says the Book of God, can inherit the kingdom of heaven.

But, thanks be unto God !—for sinners of all kinds, degrees, and ages, there is *full, free, and everlasting pardon* through Jesus Christ. He hath said Himself : “All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men.” O ! then, *repent* and approach the throne of grace, believing that God will, and does NOW, through Christ forgive you ; and you shall experience that “Blessed is he whose transgression is

forgiven, whose sin is covered. I will be merciful unto their sins, and their iniquities will I remember *no more.*" *What a merciful God!* O grieve Him no longer. Put away the evil of your doings, and by a life of righteousness through faith in Jesus, glorify His Holy name. Join with His people *somewhere*—as conscience may dictate. If you be already pardoned and happy, permit me to say, "go on to perfection;" seek and rest not without perfect purity of heart. Wrestle with God for showers of blessing, then will Broughton be shaken by the converting power of God! That God may cleanse your heart by the inspiration of his Holy Spirit, and that we *may finally meet in the General Assembly in heaven, is the prayer of*

PARKINSON MILSON.

March 1st., 1859.'"

He was again very unwell, which probably had led to his issuing the above. On Friday night he left home for Broughton with the "Bills," intending to personally deliver one in each house on the Saturday. He delivered a few, but felt he could not, for want of strength, carry out his intention.

March 17th.—Quarterly meeting. Thirty-two increase for the year. The meeting decided that he should be re-stationed next year if the District Assembly would allow it.

His failing health was again causing him serious uneasiness. He dreaded lest he should not be able to continue in the work in which his life and soul were bound up. A document was found among his papers, entitled, "Reflections on the state of my health, its causes, and the means to improve it, with the blessing of my Heavenly Father.

North Kelsey, March 22nd, 1859."

It consists of ten pages of small note-paper, and appears to have been re-written, as at the end the following is appended: "Broughton, June 4th, 1859."

The following extracts may afford both interest and profit to some of our readers:—

"Here I am after a season of cessation from pulpit labour for five weeks, with bodily health and nervous system considerably improved. Though I am both looking and feeling better than I was two months ago, yet rest seems to have

done but little for me, so far as physical strength is concerned. I trust, however, that my constitution is not irremediably impaired. Naturally, I believe it to be very sound, and indeed very strong. My dear parents, too, have lived to a good age, and my ancestors seem to have been good-constituted and long-lived. This to me is encouraging.

When I left Broughton Wood to preach the everlasting gospel I was very 'ruddy.' It is not yet forgotten in Hull how *blooming* I was when I first appeared there in the pulpit. That this bloom has faded is not so much a matter of surprise, considering the changes that have occurred in my pursuits, habits of life, diet, etc., etc. But I often look and feel very ill. My stomach is very weak, my limbs sometimes tremble, and my nervous system is so debilitated that it requires all my faith and all the consolations of our happy-making religion to sustain my mind. I could think my nervous and mental sufferings have during the last ten years equalled in intensity a *hundred* martyrdoms! This is not a wild sentence!

The question is how is it that I have become so weak and nervous?

My judgment, the result of reading, observation, and experience, would account for it as follows:—

1st.—A comparatively sedentary life compared with my former one, in which the re-breathed, and sometimes foul atmosphere, of houses and chambers has been substituted for the *pure air* of the wide atmosphere, inhaled for a day together. But on this *I* do not lay *much* stress, though *some might* do so.

2nd.—The taking *suppers*, which I never did at home. When I leave the chapel, or when I have walked a few miles home after preaching I feel very hungry, but to *eat* any considerable quantity is *very* injurious to the system!

3rd.—*The going to bed late.* I deem it of the greatest importance to health, to retire early to bed, and to sleep—and also to arise early in the morning. John Wesley says, "Rising early will do more to the nerves and sight, than a thousand medicines." How injurious, then, must it be to go late to bed—and to fall asleep on an average about

twelve o'clock. Of necessity a person so circumstanced must *rise* late ; impaired nutrition, weakness of stomach and nerves, must surely in the end be the result. Some inconsiderate friends would keep a poor, tired, sleepy preacher, in conversation for hours after his evening's work.

4th.—*The working too hard as a public speaker.*

(1.) The speaking too *loudly* sometimes.

(2.) The speaking too *fast* sometimes—this was particularly during the first four or five years of my ministry.

(3.) The preaching too long sometimes—though not, perhaps, too long *for eternity*.

(4.) The having more talking than was reasonable. In Hull I have had to preach, or give an address in the open air, at five o'clock, and then preach to a large congregation in the chapel at six, and afterwards had to conduct a prayer-meeting. Then there have been tickets to give to a class at two or three o'clock, perhaps. In London, too, there was much *open air work* at five, and preaching at six or half-past.

Then, too, how commonly we preachers have to preach three times on the Sabbath. Sometimes also to give tickets ; sacraments ; and mostly to conduct a prayer-meeting ; which latter matter is of the deepest moment in ministerial life. John Wesley said preaching thrice a Sabbath would kill any man, and the *best* first.

5th.—The walking too much. How often besides preaching on a Sunday have I had to walk from ten to fifteen or more miles ! In some cases I have returned too unnecessarily from appointments, that is, so far as it might appear to others. My Master, however, knows why. I am happy to know the matter is in His hands.

6th.—The feeling deeply often for souls. Only God knows how agony sometimes wrung my heart, and tears suffused my cheeks, and watered the floors where I have been knelt. I have felt much weakened after many a season of wrestling, and I believe of prevalence with my God.

7th.—*Extreme sensitiveness.* My temperament, I judge to be nervous and sanguine. I am, I think, constitutionally disposed to melancholy. Am exceedingly perceptive and very

imaginative. Sometimes I have nature-shaking views of Divine truth, and I see the miseries of the lost so vividly at times, that I can scarcely sustain the burden of feeling which it imposes. I thank God, however, for such views, and I regard them as being *essential to usefulness*. What exquisite sensibilities must Jesus have had, what views, what sympathies, etc., from His union with Deity, must have burdened, and as it were, rent his manhood! *Consider Gethsemane*. But what a 'man of sorrows and acquainted with grief' must He have been from His sensibilities. And those who drink the deepest of His cup will experience the most suffering from the source to which I have alluded. This is, however, desirable and glorious.

‘My Spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with Thee.’

My feelings about my dear wife and sweet children are sometimes nearly insupportable. At time I seem ‘all *feeling* ;’—my sensibilities seem too keen for the body. They seem to sear and cut the flesh. It quails and reels under their lightning strokes. My parents, too, and brother, being in an unconverted state frequently has *agonised* me. I believe they will finally be saved. God once, *I believe, shewed it me*, in, I think, 1849. This relieves: but sometimes I forget this, and, looking at their impenitence, I feel fearfully. The very thought of their being damned is like a ‘fiery arrow’ to my soul. Thank God that He, in infinite condescension and mercy, gave me a *vision* of their deliverance! This was, I have just ascertained from my journal, on the 23rd of August, 1849. It is now nearly ten years ago, but the vision *will come*. ‘A thousand years with Thee are as one day.’

8th.—Terrible conflicts with the devil.

The thousands of these, and how he has endeavoured to ruin me, and even kill me, day and night, God only knows. ‘Kept by the power of God.’ Hallelujah!

9th.—Nervousness:—Ten years ago, I received a *sudden shock* of my nervous system, and have not, *one hour excepted*, that I am aware of, been free from suffering! My sufferings from this source have been horrible! *And I attribute the shock I received principally to Satanic influence*. What a *sharp thorn*

is this! 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' Hallelujah. A broken bone is a trifle compared with such a thorn! It is a small thing with me that I should be judged with man's judgment. The Lord knoweth the afflictions of His children. Our High Priest is touched with the feelings of our infirmities.

But perhaps my former health may be quite regained, and even more:—but if it can be much improved, and I *believe* it may, how is it to be done? What rules must be observed? These rules, however, I do not make as *vows* before God, but I state them as a matter of *judgment*, and hope to endeavour to observe them as far as possible.

1st.—Never take *any* supper, unless I eat a little previously to *travelling home*, and then *never* on *any account* touch animal food. A little dry biscuit in my pocket would I judge be the best. This will of course require self-denial and *firmness*. *Kind friends* may in ignorance of its injuriousness, urge, but I must be firm. A mouthful or two of bread might be taken after hard and long labour, but *never any tea*.

2nd.—Always when at home, and when practicable elsewhere, retire to bed at a quarter before ten o'clock.

3rd.—Rise in a morning at six o'clock.

4th.—Wash my whole body with cold water, immediately after rising from bed, at least twice a week.

5th.—Never walk home at night two nights successively, when the distance is five miles from home, unless I obtain a ride one way, or have good reason to fear the bed is damp (there are I know different damp beds in this circuit where I stay!).

6th.—Take breakfast at half-past eight, dinner at half-past twelve, and tea at five when at home.

7th.—Take as much open air exercise as possible under existing circumstances.

The Lord bless me and mine!"

If he did not *fully* carry out the above, he did so very largely, and reaped considerable advantage.

March 30th.—"Recently the reading of part of my journals has been productive of amazing profit to me. I have seen how wonderfully and graciously the Lord hath led me since my leaving home. This produces gratitude and praise. Hallelujah!"

At night, after preaching at Waddingham, he held a prayer-meeting, when two souls were saved.

One of these was a man whose wife was a member. During the day, he had been so abusing the society, that when time for going to the service arrived, she, being deeply grieved, showed no signs of getting ready. "Are you not going?" he asked, "for I am." They both went. He trembled under the sermon, and in the prayer-meeting came forward to be prayed for, and was saved.

April 15th.—He had a glorious time at Barnetby, where several persons had recently received entire sanctification. Speaking with one woman, who was greatly troubled because she "never could tell when her sins were pardoned," he assured her he did not know the particular moment when he was pardoned himself, and urged her to trust in Christ *then* for present pardon, and never reason with the enemy as to the past.

April 18th. —Awfully tempted by the devil on my way to my appointment at South Kelsey. *Most blasphemous and horrible injections from the enemy, and many of them.* Thank God! my *shield* repelled them. Had a powerful time on the *Full Salvation*. God helped me. Satan was accusing and assaulting me as I preached. Thank Jesus for His *unfailing* support! O! ye tempted souls, hold on by faith, if your heart seems full of horrible things—temptations so subtle that you cannot reason them away, KEEP BELIEVING! A calm shall succeed, and God will be glorified. If these lines should ever meet the eye of one awfully tempted—take encouragement,—to believe that God the Father, Son, and Spirit mercifully supported Parkinson Milson, under such horrible temptations and conflicts, as in hundreds of instances seemed to make *life a burden*. This I record for the good of others. Only trust in God—never reason,—look not on thy shortcomings and unfaithfulness until thou despairest, look 'into thy Saviour's breast,' and He will deliver thee. And if thou have peculiar trials, thou shalt have peculiar bliss. Thousands of times Christ has shown me His glory, somewhat as He did His disciples on Tabor. *Thousands of dear saints could not understand this!*"

During the year ending June 4th, 1859, he saw thirty-one converted and twenty-nine sanctified.

He was stationed by the District Meeting for Grimsby. An appointment which gave him great pleasure.

June 20th.—He went to Hull, and attended a prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle Chapel, conducted by the Rev. James Caughey.

During the forenoon of the next day he had a short interview with the celebrated revivalist, which he sought in order to have some conversation with him on special matters relating to private experience. From some of his letters, he judged he could obtain assistance from him. He found him very kind, and as he had an engagement, he desired Mr. Milson to write the particulars with *freedom*, and “promised that, after some prayer, he would reply.”

In the evening he heard him preach, and found the sermon a great help. He touched on some of the very things on which he wished to converse, and showed himself “as great a visionary as poor Milson.”

The sermon was on, “What things soever ye desire when ye pray,” etc. “He gave us two anecdotes from ‘Praying Johnny’s Life.’ He said, ‘Johnny used to spend six hours a day upon his knees. If all the Primitive Methodist preachers were to spend so many hours a day in prayer, they would have *more* glory amongst them than they *have*.’ His tone of voice conveyed the idea that we *have considerable glory* among us.

A full outline of the sermon is recorded in his journal.

June 23rd.—“Quarter Day. Twenty increase for the Quarter.

July 3rd.—Improved the death of W. Poole, a local brother at Broughton. Very full chapel and a good time.

July 6th.—Left Brigg for Broughton. I leave many friends in this Circuit who are dear to my heart. I think there are only two or three places at which I have not seen sinners converted to God. Hallelujah!

I look forward to Grimsby with bright anticipations, though I expect many a conflict and trial. May God bless Brigg Circuit—whose officials I have found to be good and kind—more and more for ever! Amen.”

CHAPTER XVII.

1859—61.

GRIMSBY CIRCUIT.

“ Still thinking I had little time to live,
My fervent heart to win men’s souls did strive.
I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.
Though God be free he works by instruments,
And wisely fitted them to His intents.
A proud, unhumbled preacher is unmeet
To lay proud sinners humbled at Christ’s feet ;
So are the blind to tell men what God saith,
And faithless men to propagate the faith ;
The dead are unfit means to raise the dead,
And enemies to give the children bread ;
And utter strangers to the life to come
Are not the best conductors to our home.
They that yet never learned to live and die
Will scarcely teach it others feelingly.”

—RICHARD BAXTER.

THE ministers stationed for the Grimsby Circuit for 1859 were Hugh Campbell, Parkinson Milson, George Wood, and Thomas Waumsley. Mr. Wood, however, who was very ill, died shortly after Mr. Milson entered the Circuit.

After a careful search among his papers and books, no copy of his journal for the time he was in Grimsby can be found. One was evidently written, as the volume ending July, 1859, with his work at Brigg, is numbered “Book VII.,” while the next one in our possession, commencing October, 1863, is “Book IX.”

Fortunately, there are a number of his letters written during the years 1859, 1860, and 1861, which, with the assistance of the plans, will enable us to present a brief account of his labours and success.

He spent a portion of the vacation in Hull, where he

preached on Sunday night at Thornton Street to about 800 persons, and two souls found salvation.

Writing to his parents a few days afterwards, he says:—"Our first night at Grimsby was one of thunder and lightning. From about midnight to two or three o'clock it was awful. The new chapel at Grimsby is a most excellent one, and will seat more than 800 persons.

I am now at *Keelby*, where I was when, I believe, God shewed me that you all will be saved. It was in 1849. Pray, believe, hope. A broken and contrite heart God will not despise. He often gives in a moment what He has withholden for years."

Having received an invitation from the trustees to attend the opening of the new chapel in Grimsby, in July of this year, I did so, and spent several happy hours in the company of my old friend. He related an amusing circumstance which occurred in connection with the arrangements for the services. His colleague, the Rev. T. Waumsley, was desirous, as were also the friends at Grimsby, that he should be present at the great meeting on the Monday night, but as he was planned at a village five miles distant in the evening, it was decided to arrange for Mr. Waumsley to go another night. Accordingly, Mr. Milson was instructed to write to that effect, as the matter had been already mentioned to the society, and it was understood that they were mostly agreeable for the change to be made. Some few days after writing, he was going to an appointment, when he was "hailed," by a person in a field next the road on which he was walking, with, "Hello! you, I want you particular." On the person coming to the hedge, he said, "I just want to let you know that we shall expect Mr. Waumsley on the Monday *when he is planned*, and he'll *hev to come*, or there will be something to do about it." On Mr. Milson replying that he was very sorry to hear it, and inquiring why they could not alter the night of meeting, he was informed that they *could*, but they *would* not alter. This led him to ask the reason for such a strange determination, when the man said, "Well, because of the masterful letter that had been sent them," and at the same time observed "I wonder at *you* writing such a domineering and insulting *message*." "Domi-

neering and insulting," said the preacher in surprise, "why, there was nothing domineering about it." "Well," said his interlocutor, "if there's now't insulting about a letter that calls us all '*quarrelly*,' I'm cap't to know what is insulting." "Quarrelly," said the still further astonished preacher, "why, there is no such word in the English language." "I don't care," said the offended brother, "whether there is or not, I know *it's in your letter*." "There is certainly some mistake," said Mr. Milson, "I never to my knowledge used such a word." The question was ultimately settled by the brother accompanying him to a house where the *letter* was, and produced, the grieved official saying, "Now will you believe your own hand-writing," and proceeded to read with *savage emphasis* as follows:—"Understanding you are *quarrelly with us*, Mr. Waumsley will come on the Friday, and *not* on the Monday night." "Now," asked the reader, "do you hear that? Mr. Waumsley will come on the Friday, and *not* on the Monday, but he *won't*, for he will hev to come on the Monday, and *not* on the Friday, and so you *know* all about it, and there's an end on it."

Looking at the offensive document, Mr. Milson burst into a laugh, and observed, "Why, my dear fellow, there's nothing about *quarrelly*; you see the g has it's tail turned round the other way, and looks like a q, and the letter simple says: "Understanding that you are *generally willing*, Mr. Waumsley will come on the Friday, and not on the Monday night, Yours, P. Milson." "*Generally willing!*" said the rustic, with mouth wide open, "*generally willing!* why, that alters the wohle affair, and so I suppose you'd better say now't no more about it." And no more was said at that time, but Mr. Milson more than once referred to it in after years as an illustration of the fact that a whole society may be thrown into confusion, and most serious damage done to the cause of God, by misapprehensions of a word or phrase, written or spoken.

Writing to Mrs. Milson on August 9th, 1859, he says:—"I am once more safely with my mother. After leaving the train I took the river bank. Along the East Wood side the scenery was charming; *none on earth like it to me. Paradise far better.* I hope to have a little harvesting before I reap a few hundreds

of spiritual sheaves in Grimsby Circuit, as I find my father's and George's corn *standing ripe*. What a view I have from the window while I write! May we all spend eternity on the plains of heaven, and we and ours shall inherit Glory together. O! it fires my heart, and my eyes are suffused with tears to think of it. I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring. . . . Thou honoured woman of God, one bright spirit thou hast borne is in the skies, and the others I trust will bless thee on earth and in heaven for ever. Cheer up, the day of being lies beyond the line."

August 29th.—He preached a funeral sermon at night for the Rev. G. Wood, to about a thousand hearers, and had a "wonderful time."

In a letter to his parents and brother he gives an account of his purchase of "Sally," a mule, which for several years was as celebrated in her way in many of our circuits as he was in his. His frequent references to her in his journals and stories at public meetings are to some extent accounted for by the fact that he considered the purchase of her one of the most providential events connected with his ministry. For years, as our readers will have seen, his health had been seriously impaired, while his zeal for God and his longing to save souls was if possible increasing, and certainly *deepening*. But the extra work he took involved, not merely extra expenditure of mental, but also of physical strength, which it was necessary to conserve; but how was he to do this, and embrace the numerous opportunities which presented themselves to rescue the perishing, for whom Christ died? While praying on the subject the thought came with force, "you must ride." This led him to determine that he would do so as soon as possible.

An opportunity to carry out this purpose presented itself quite unexpectedly. He had gone over to Scarborough to consult Dr. Rooke, who was "very kind," and gave him some "good advice." While there, he found that the Rev. John Flesher had a mule to sell, for which he wanted ten pounds, but which, "for friendship's sake," he offered to him for eight. This offer he accepted, and purchased a saddle for two pounds. Mr. Flesher gave him a bridle, spur, and whip-stock, and, says

he, writing to his parents, "Off I set for Hull, about forty-six miles distance. I left Scarbro' at three o'clock, and rode to Driffield, twenty-three miles, without baiting. Stayed all night at Mr. Woodcock's. Next day rode twenty-three miles to Hull. Left mule a day. Fetched it on Saturday. Rode it from New Holland to Grimsby. Last Sunday rode it twenty-six miles. It is very quiet and good—a *wonder for a mule*. It is eight years old, and neither kicks nor bites. A friend here has lent me a good stable, so I am now set up for winter if I live."

During harvest he visited his parents on his "mule," and writing to them thus describes his return journey :—

"Grimsby, September 26th, 1859.

The Lord bless you with his pardoning mercy upon earth, and eternal glory in heaven !

On Saturday took tea at Howsham, and gave 'Sally' the bran and corn. Left about six o'clock, trotted on two miles till I came to North Kelsey Railway Station. There are a few scattered houses at the station, and there were three or four men upon a bridge and on the road. I saw one man, in a drunken state, seize another and want to fight him. He threw him twice upon the hard ground, but the poor fellow never struck again, but went and sat upon a bridge with two other men. The drink-mad villain followed him, and struck him severely. Just then a great powerful man jumped up, and said, 'I'll fight thee.' And at it they went. The great sober man knocked him down several times ; but I was afraid they would kill him. I wanted them to tie him hand and foot, and send for a policeman.

I got off my mule, and went to them ; got between them. But he would fight. He was like a *fiend*. I stepped aside, and once his fist grazed my face. A man and woman in the company knew me. They fought a little more, and it was beginning to be dusk. I had lost my spectacles, and the *villain drew his knife*. Then all hands had to clear the road. I could not get on my mule to get out of his road, I thought, and I saw him coming towards me. Thought he might stab me if he could, seeing I was a preacher. I got one of the men to tie the mule by the bridle to some palings. A woman

found my spectacles, and there I was, could not get away, as he was going raving and swearing about the lane. After a while he turned to my mule. What he had done with the knife, I know not, but he seized the mule, and it mastered him. Whether it kicked him or not, I cannot say. He seized it again, but it reared and plunged, and broke the head of the bridle to pieces; and off it went, but soon stopped. I got a little band to mend it, and went after it. It was nearly dark. Poor 'Sally' let me catch her quietly. But what a condition to be in. Sixteen miles from home, and fearing the villain would be coming up to me. No bridle, and I could not ride without one. I mended it as well as I could, and rode on. Was going through Caistor at half-past seven o'clock. Rode to Swallow, gave mule a bait, and got a cup of tea. Left Swallow, and rode nine miles in an hour-and-a-half.

Had a good day yesterday. Two or three souls saved.

What became of the fellow, I know not. They sent off for a policeman. I wish I was nearer to make the fellow pay for a new bridle! The Lord preserved me and the mule.

Our love to all."

Writing on October 11th, he says:—"Yesterday Janey rode in front of me *upon the mule*: as we passed a blacksmith's shop she said, 'That is hell fire.' One day she said the kettle could not sing Hallelujah.

I have seen three or four souls converted since I wrote you last, and some glorious meetings. Congregations are excellent, and it seems that our new chapel is likely to be too small. The Lord will come. I hope to see wonders. I must now begin in earnest to preach the baptism of the Spirit and entire holiness. God has called me to do so, and I am much happier in my own soul when attending to this.

Yesterday at Cleethorpes, the sea was sublime. You should have seen it in a storm, and the God of the sea poured His spirit upon us in the meeting at night.

My mule suits me exactly. On Sunday night I left a place twelve miles off, and was at home in less than two hours.

Winter is coming. Pray! God will hear."

On December 15th he wrote:—"When I travelled here nine years ago, a woman was converted through a sermon I

preached, and she died a few days since, gloriously. Her last words were :—

‘How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou should’st us to glory bring.’

Remember it was *look* at the serpent, in the wilderness, and live. Now it is *look* at Jesus and be saved. Believe *now*, just as *you are*, and Jesus comes. Amen.

March 2nd, 1860.—I have seen a few souls saved the last fortnight. I go to preach an extra sermon at Waltham to-night. The friends are very kind to us.

Have you yet found forgiveness? . . .

April 2nd. . . .—I have seen a few sinners saved since I last wrote.

‘*Sally*’ *suits me well*. This last Quarter if I had not had her, I should have had to walk 269 miles, and to pay fifteen shillings for railway fares. . . .

Had a blessing at Swallow yesterday. Have *you* got saved. Cling to Jesus. . . .

Some time ago we had a glorious meeting at Tetney. One saved and eleven fully sanctified.”

“Swallow Vale Farm,
May 3rd, 1860.

“MY DEAR PARENTS,

On Saturday last I rode slowly to Scawby. Mr. Butters would have me take tea. I then rode to Hibalstow, and thence to North Kelsey, which I found to be nine miles from your house. Just before entering North Kelsey, I heard the pleasant notes of a cuckoo. Before this you may have heard her in Broughton Wood. Cuckoos will be heard upon earth when we are gone, cheering the boys and men of future generations, who shall be occupying our abode, but we may be in the land of endless sunlight, ascribing honour to the Lamb that died. We have the enjoyments of earth, others must have them after us. May we do something toward making their days better and brighter. Cuckoos cannot sing like cherubs. Let us go to hear the spirits of Paradise utter their notes of harmony and song.

I was on the crown of Caistor hill top, against the *highest*

mill, at nine o'clock, twelve miles from Grimsby. Of course I gave up all thoughts of getting home that night ; intending to stay at Swallow. It was a lovely night, the heavens seemed cloudless, the moon shone, and the stars, like lamps hanging out of the great firmamental dome, shone beautifully. Earth and skies proclaimed the Divine goodness to me and others. I walked several miles to relieve my poor mule,* and arrived at Swallow about ten o'clock. Got a little supper, and went to bed.

Next day rode across the Circuit to Thoresby. My journey was very pleasant, but I was three hours going nine miles. The prospect from the hill top was beautiful, the atmosphere being very clear. The Humber and the sea above Spurn looked delightful. I could see for, I judge, twenty miles on the sea. I shall have stronger sight, and more delightful views, when looking on the crystal sea, from the mountains of glory in heaven.

Had a good day in preaching, and arrived home in two hours, having travelled seventeen miles on the Sunday. Found all well and asleep when I got home. This week I have had some good times in preaching and praying, and am determined to attain eternal glory through Jesus Christ.

This is a lovely day and a lovely place. I have just come in from sitting on a chair on the beautiful lawn in the front of the house. Sun shining, cattle feeding, hens pecking, birds chirruping. I have found eight sparrows' nests in the ivy on the wall, but no eggs. Mule still lame, the groom has taken it to a running stream, where it is to stand awhile. Bramley's father is here, and has taken dinner with us, his drab smock on, and is now, while I am writing, fast asleep in a soft arm chair.

All these things are comfortable enough, but a Primitive Methodist minister is not always so circumstanced. I trust I am ready for all conditions and weathers. I hope that trial won't discourage, and that sunshine won't melt me. I wish you all were holy. Do make the best of life. Your souls are your all. Eternity approaches. There is a sacrifice for sins. There is a prevailing mediator. Call Jesus yours. Amen."

* The mule was lame.

Writing directly after the above, he says :—

“A short time ago you would receive a number of the ‘Large Magazine,’ which I hoped would amuse, interest, and profit you. God provides in various ways for our pleasure, and present and future good. Good books makes this world much more pleasant than it otherwise would be. We shall insensibly, in some measure, be assimilated to the spirit that lives in the books we read.”

By the conference of 1860 he was re-stationed as second preacher for Grimsby, the Rev. C. Kendall taking the place of the Rev. H. Campbell as superintendent. Just previous to the “change,” I attended a round of missionary services in the circuit as deputation. We had the *Mule* with us during the week, and Mr. Campbell, Mr. Waumsley, and I, “walked and tied” along with Mr. Milson. It was a most enjoyable week.

On July 20th of this year he wrote to Broughton :—“I have lately worked hard, and poor old Sally has had to do more than usual. I will just give you a journal for the last twelve days. July 8th. Preached in chapel and open air. 9th. Preached at Grimsby. 10th. Preached at Grimsby, and rode twelve miles. 11th. Rode nine miles, and preached at Holton. 12th. Rode fourteen miles, and preached at Briggsley. 13th. Rode four miles, and preached at Scartho’. 14th, Saturday. Rode six miles, and preached in the open air at Grimsby, between eight and nine at night. 15th, Sunday. Rode twelve miles, and preached once in the open air, and once in a chapel. 16th. Rode twenty-six miles, preached, held a leader’s meeting, wrote ten letters. 17th. Rode twenty-four miles, and preached at Tetney in the open air, and at Fulstow at night. 18th. Rode twenty-four miles, and preached. 19th. Rode sixteen miles, and preached. Beside the ten letters mentioned above, have written fifteen others, all on circuit business.

The last five days have ridden one hundred miles, between forty or fifty of them at night, at all hours up to one in the morning, midst darkness, lightning, thunder, and rain. A happy soul, the world and the devil under my feet, and heaven in my eye.

December 4th.—Through mercy we are as brisk as bees in June.

The Lord is among us at Grimsby, and we shall, I believe, see a great work.

Last week a number of men were drinking in a public-house at Tetney until four o'clock in the morning. One man who was drunk sat by the fire-side with his head reclining as if asleep, from about ten o'clock at night. About four in the morning a man took hold of his hand, and asked him a question, or called upon him to arouse himself, when, awful to relate, he was found to be stiff dead! And they had difficulty in straightening his corpse. O what soul-blood stains these haunts of vice and dens of hell, public-houses!"

The next week he rode over twenty miles a day for several days, and in February was at Thoresby, where he saw sixteen souls converted. About forty altogether were saved at that place. He preached eight extra sermons, and *thanked God for his mule.*

Since the above was prepared for the press, we have learned from the Rev. S. Smith, of Grimsby Second Circuit, that he was converted under Mr. Milson at Thoresby, during the above revival. Preaching on the Friday night, he said, before taking his text, "I have been preaching to sinners here for some time, and I feel as if the devils that have been cast out of many of you have been permitted to assail me. To-night, therefore, I shall preach for my own comfort, from Matt. v. 7-8, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,' and hope it will be made a blessing to some as well as to myself." It was to one person at least, for under it Mr. Smith found salvation.

One day he was sitting in a room at Stallibro', busy with his studies, when he heard a man at the door relating a most pitiable story of his having been shipwrecked and left penniless. Going to the door, he asked him in; questioned him, prayed with him, and finding that he was wishful to reach Hull, where he said he had relatives who would assist him, Mr. Milson gave him the amount of his fare, and some good advice. Two days afterwards, while sitting in "the preacher's room" at his home at Habro', he heard the same tale being told to the mistress of the house. Quietly rising, he beckoned the woman to ask the youth in, and on her doing so, he

suddenly placed his back against the door of the room, to prevent the wanderer from escaping, and charged him with falsehood and dishonesty, and demanded the return of the money obtained under false pretences. The young fellow made a rambling statement to the effect that he had been to Hull, and was unable to find his relatives, and was "working" his way back to his home, and declared that he had not a single penny left. This statement Mr. Milson disbelieved, and on the deceiver remaining obdurate, fell upon his knees, and said, "O Lord, Thou knowest I am Thy poor servant, and all the money I get comes from Thy poor people! Lord, this young man has been robbing me of some of Thy money, for which Thou could'st easily strike him dead! Lord, he is blind of one eye, how soon could'st Thou take away the sight of the other?" He continued in this strain for a few minutes, until the youth, who had vainly tried to pass him and escape, suddenly threw some coppers upon the floor, exclaiming, "There, take that! As sure as I'm alive it's every penny I have. For heaven's sake let me go, and I solemnly promise I will never rob another preacher as long as I live." Mr. Milson gathered up the coins, put them in his pocket, earnestly remonstrated with the youth, and then let him go, when he made off most eagerly and expeditiously.

In April, he attended a course of missionary services, in Scotter Circuit, and called at Broughton on the way. Writing home he says:—"My dear Son,—I arrived at Grandmother's last night about *twelve* o'clock. Rode through some dark woods, but was not afraid. Saw some large trees that I and a good man, now in heaven, planted some sixteen or seventeen years ago. Old Sally is now eating grass in the lane. Be a good fellow."

He spoke at meetings with the Revs. Sanderson, who was "glorious" (He is Chrysostom, or "the golden-mouthed preacher,") Dean, Jones, Robinson Cheeseman, and T. Newsome.

These services are remembered to this day. I have heard how on their taking tea, one afternoon, after hearing him preach at Ashby, Mr. Newsome was asked if he would take some honey, and replied, "I have had so much honey at chapel, I have no taste for bee's honey." Mr. Dean wanted Mr. Milson

to tell him the secret of how to bless the people as he did, Old Mrs. Kendall, mother to six travelling preachers, told her daughter "She had missed a loaf!" The meeting the same night was a powerful one, and he had "glorious liberty, and was made physically strong to speak by the nerve-energizing influence of the Holy Ghost."

On Sunday his texts were:—"No man cared for my soul." "And he brought him to Jesus." "Be it known unto you, men and brethren," etc. Acts xiii. 38 and 39.

"I do," says he, "enjoy this visit, as I have work for God in hand in connection with it. *Good home for my mule.* God gives His people great affection for me."

During the same week he received the following letter from one of his sons in the Gospel. It greatly cheered him.

"Portadown, April 19th, 1861.

"DEAR FATHER,

I often think of you, and pray for you, that the Lord may continue to bless your labours, that the word preached by you may prove effectual in leading the unconverted to surrender to Divine authority, and lay their sins on Him who bore them in His own body on the tree.

Since I commenced to write this letter, Brother Nullis came into my room, we conversed on entire sanctification, knelt in prayer. The baptism of fire descended upon us, and filled us unutterably full of the heavenly flame, the soul converting power. This is glory begun below. The necessary qualification for a preacher of the Gospel. The preacher in possession of this is sure to be successful; void of this, his words, however earnest, language however polished, sermons however eloquent, will be as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. Oh to be filled with all the fulness of God!

I have witnessed a few conversions of late, not so many as I ought. I feel a longing desire to see more, thousands. Lord help me to press into it.

We are doing very well on this station, our new chapel in this town was opened on the 7th of March by the Rev. W. Rowe, of Manchester—a blessed man. You will see in the report we have a good increase, praise the Lord.

Rev. G. Austin of London, has been at our Missionary Services and Preparatory District Meeting.

I have petitioned the G. M. C. to remove me from Ireland, my life is in danger. Several times during the past winter, Popish assassins lay in ambush to murder me. Of course they look upon this as meritorious. However, notwithstanding all this, the Lord is my refuge, He alone is my salvation, He is able to deliver me out of the hands of cruel men, and lead me on to triumph. I hope to be stationed in the right place, where I may be most useful in leading poor sinners to Christ.

Remember me to Mrs. Milson and family,

I am as ever,

Your son,

B. KENNY.

I had a letter from John Capes the other day."

The John Capes mentioned above was a ripe old soul at Louth, whom we knew well, and who died in great triumph some time afterwards.

The people at Grimsby were anxious that he should remain, but in these days two years was the limit of a preacher's stay, and accordingly he was removed, as the following letter shows:—

May 29th 1861.—"The District Meeting is over, and we are stationed for Epworth, a small market town about fifteen miles from Broughton, ten nearer to you than Grimsby. There are three preachers who come to the Trent opposite Burringham. It is a large circuit with much travelling, so Sally will be useful. There is a ferry at Burringham, where I and she can cross, and I hope, if the Lord will, to be able to come and see you often.

I am writing this from paper made from straw. I get twenty-four sheets, that is a quire, for a penny. What an age we live in. *Fear not, only believe.*"

He left Grimsby amid the regrets of hundreds of friends. As we have not his journals, we cannot find a complete record of his success, but in one of the years he saw about fifty sinners converted, and several believers sanctified.

Since writing the above, we have gathered the particulars of the following singular occurrence. Riding out to Wold Newton one day, while passing the "Wheat Sheaf," a well-known public-house, "Sally" suddenly stopped, and resisted every effort to persuade or compel her either to go forward or retreat. For a moment or two Mr. Milson sat quietly upon her back, waiting on God; then, dismounting, entered the house, and inquired if any one were ill. "No," said the landlady, "we are all quite well." "Are you sure?" he asked. "Sure," she replied. "Then," said he, "take notice of what I say. There will be a death in this house in three days." And he earnestly exhorted her to prepare for it. What notice, if any, was taken of the warning, we cannot say, but it is a well-attested fact that the landlord, who was in perfect health at the time, was taken suddenly ill, and on the third day he lay in the same house a corpse.

Here is an incident of a different and more pleasing character.

When at Redbourne Cliff, on one occasion, he found that a sister of Mrs. Ingram's, with six children, was about to leave for Port Natal, Africa, to join her husband, who had gone the year before. He was deeply concerned about the matter, and went into his bedroom, and prayed for her, and received an assurance that she, with her family, would arrive all safe. He had forgotten the circumstance until May, 1863, when visiting the same place, he was shown a letter announcing her safe arrival, and stating that, during the voyage, they had a terrible storm, which lasted for a week; but the woman always believed that they would be preserved, and she wished her sister to tell him how much his words had comforted her in her distress.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1861—64.

EPWORTH CIRCUIT.

“‘Ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you.’ All power to be, and get good is of God. Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above. And no man, no system, no effort or enterprise, is strong that is destitute of the Divine Element. Men succeed in spiritual things only in proportion as they are invested with the wisdom and power of the living God. The Church conquers the world soonest and easiest when clad with the Spirit of Christ.”—*HEADING OF PLAN.*

FROM Grimsby he removed to Epworth, and though, as in the case of the former circuit, there is no journal for the early period of his labours there, yet his plans and letters give us a fair idea of his work.

Epworth itself was to him a place of great interest, as the frequent references to it in his later journals show. Indeed the birth-place of Wesley, whose memory he revered, could not but be so. It was also the centre of a Primitive Methodist Circuit, embracing nineteen preaching places, with about fifty local preachers, and six hundred and fifty members. His superintendent was the Rev. T. Ratcliffe, and he was second preacher. At the conference of 1862 he was appointed superintendent, with W. Jones and Wallis Andrew as colleagues. He entered upon his work with great zeal, preaching almost every night in the week, and taking much “extra work,” *i.e.*, preaching when not appointed. No matter to him whether “planned” or not, if he saw any signs of spiritual destitution or opportunity of doing good there he went, and saw much fruit of his labours. He was very active also with his pen in religious correspondence, writing numerous letters to persons seeking full salvation, or counsel and direction in difficulty. He also endeavoured to keep up his spiritual fellowship with old colleagues and friends, whose answers he valued very highly. Especially was he cheered by letters from his children in the

gospel, some of whom had gone to almost the ends of the earth. The following letter he retained :—

“Glasgow, August 12th, 1861.

“DEAR FATHER,

You will be glad to hear of my success since I came here, which I am happy to inform you has been very good.

I commenced in the name of Jesus on Sunday, July 24th. In the prayer-meeting, held at the close of the evening service, there were *three* converted, and one obtained the blessing of ‘entire sanctification.’ The Lord has blessed my feeble efforts in several cases since then. Praise His holy name.

I find, yea, I have proved, that living entirely sanctified to God is the only way to achieve success.

I am thankful to Almighty God for having led me into the enjoyment of this great blessing ;

‘Tis done, the great transaction’s done,
I am my Lord’s, and He is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.’

This is a very wicked city, more than half the population ‘Irish Papists.’ Lord break the chains of idolatry and superstition which are binding their souls to the mystery of iniquity. Sin of the worst kind is flowing down the streets with greater rapidity than water streaming down the ‘Clyde.’

I understand our congregations are growing larger, our society is healthy, but we all need more of the Holy Ghost. Pray for me. Remember me to Mrs. Milson and family. A few lines from you will do me good.

I had a letter from Brother Nullis, his soul is on fire.

I am as ever,

Your son in Jesus,

B. KENNY.”

His letters to his parents also contain, as usual, a large amount of information, as the following extracts will show :—

Wednesday morning, May 24th, 1861.—“We arrived safely, through the good hand of our God, on Saturday evening. Our luggage had arrived, so that we were busy unpacking until midnight.

Sunday, I preached twice at Epworth Camp Meeting, and delivered a short address in the Market Place. The Lord was with me. At night, I rode two miles, and preached at Belton, where I had blessed freedom, then returned home. Much thunder and heavy rain, I judge, west of Epworth, on Sunday afternoon.

Monday.—Very busy unpacking. Preached at night at Beltoft, a small village about three miles off, had a sweet time.

Janey is now at breakfast, and her mother said the berries were beautiful, but some *are going bad*, she says they fell back again, they are backsliders. Satan made them bad, but she shall try to get them converted again to-day, and they'll go to heaven. We have a public-house opposite, she says 'They should build a chapel against them, and go and visit them, invite them, and then they might get *them* converted.'

January 8th.—I never was more busy in my life. I have written fourteen *letters or more* for Grimsby, and have nearly twenty more to write yet. I want a sermon for next Sunday, we have our principal missionary meetings next week. I have worked very hard lately. I preached four times one Sunday, once in the open air at Crowle to hundreds of souls.

I have made a piece of poetry for the plan, and thirty verses about Wesley preaching on his Father's tomb, they may be printed some day.*

January 28th.—I rode twenty-four miles yesterday, preached three times, and saw two souls saved, after preaching a sermon an hour and twenty minutes long. There is a blessed revival here (Luddington), so we commenced singing by lantern light in the streets a little past ten o'clock at night, and I preached again to nearly a full chapel, good service, we then commenced a prayer-meeting, and broke up at two o'clock this morning. It is now after three, and I am sitting by a good fire, and the family have retired.

I am both surprised and thankful that my constitution has so strengthened that I am capable of doing far more work than I could have done a few years ago.

* See Salem's Harp.

February 26th.—The Lord is with us, souls are still finding salvation. I have seen more than twenty converted this year already. One man, seventy years old, clapped his hands for joy.”

He thoroughly enjoyed a round of missionary meetings. The society of ministers and old friends delighted him. And what rounds they used to be! What gatherings from all parts of a circuit or town, as the case might be. Take a description of one of these weeks from the following letter:—“Am writing from Mr. Beecroft’s where I have dined. Monday night, we had an excellent congregation, and a blessed meeting. Order of speakers. S. Hodge, chairman, G. Shaw, five minutes; P. Milson, half-an-hour; W. Sanderson and T. Greenbury, same time. Tuesday night. Jarratt Street, *filled*. What a sight the array of faces. Order. H. Hodge (chair), F. Rudd, two minutes; G. Shaw, ten minutes; J. Tongue, five minutes; T. Greenbury, twenty-five minutes; P. Milson, forty-five minutes; and W. Sanderson, thirty minutes. A blessed meeting. Collections at the meetings, £75. Wonderful! Monday, we all met for dinner and tea at one house. Yesterday, dinner and tea at Mr. Henry Hodge’s beautiful place; sixteen of us at dinner table. After dinner, was much touched when H. Hodge struck up, ‘My God the spring of all my joys.’ O how we sang it!”

He gives an account of his visiting the District Meeting at Scarborough as under:—

“Kirkburn, near Driffield, May 3rd, 1862.

‘MY DEAR JANE, JANEY, AND CLOWES,

Yesterday I rode direct to Whitgift, about fifteen miles, and judge of my disappointment when I found a river half-a-mile in width, and uncrossable until one o’clock. Swinefleet was only three miles distant, so I prepared to go to Brother Lonsdale’s, and await the opportunity for crossing. After being kindly treated by my friend and his good wife, I returned, and was told by the landlady I should have to wait two hours. I was perplexed, and began to think of returning, when the landlord ordered the men to put me over about half a mile lower down the river. Sally entered a

small boat wonderfully well. The river had been disturbed by two steamers, and the boat swayed and rolled fearfully. The boat grounded within a hundred yards of the shore, and a youth pulled off his boots and stockings, and jumped into the river, and after some difficulty we induced Sally to follow him into the water. I then mounted her back, from the boat, and rode her out of the river, thankful that I was safe ; but it was then a quarter to seven o'clock, and I was then fifty-five miles from Scarborough. I rode ten or eleven miles to Hotham, between North Cave and Newbald. Friend Grassby and his family were highly glad to see me and Sally, and made both of us comfortable. It was nine o'clock when I arrived. I read the letter I received from Hull, when seven miles from Hotham, and it so cheered me that I sang and wept and praised and prayed and preached on the road. 'He that watereth shall himself be watered,' is gloriously true. I was made a blessing to the writer six and a half years ago, and blessing comes from him to me after so long a lapse of time!"

June 16th.—"I delayed writing until I knew whether I should stay or not. Conference has confirmed my appointment as superintendent. This will bring more care and work, but I hope to do much for God as superintendent. I believe I shall. He touched and fired my heart in a glorious manner while I was praying on the subject a day or two ago."

Being far from satisfied with the spiritual state of the Circuit, he drew up a series of "*Suggestions* to promote a Revival of Religion," addressed to the *Members, Leaders, and Preachers*, and, by the resolution of the Quarterly Meeting, had them printed for distribution throughout the societies. Their circulation was followed by speedy and cheering results.

August 4th, 1863.—Asselby, near Howden. On Sunday morning, having arrived at Eastoft, Mr. W. Taylor, local preacher, entered my gig to accompany me to Whitgift, and I had his company all the day. His presence hindered me from preaching on the subjects I intended, but this might be providential. It is a good thing to see God in all things, and hence be resigned under all circumstances. I had a sweet time in the morning. O, it *is* sweet preaching where there is a people who live in the spirit of prayer.

At night, in walked Mr. and Mrs. Robinson from Grimsby. The last time I was there, I preached the sermon I intended to preach, but changed it for one I had not intended, but I and the people had a glorious season. I had on the whole a heavenly day. Whitgift is on the brink of the river Ouse. The land is rich in nature, and the crops exuberant. The day was lovely, and earth and heaven combined to make my soul happy. My home was one of the best I ever had. The Christian kindness of the family was overflowing. The poor old lady, who was converted only six years ago, seemed to lavish kindness upon me. This day I preached with much sweetness of peace, fire of love, flame of zeal, fulness of joy, strength of conviction and assurance, vigour of hope, and brightness of prospect. It was a day long to be remembered. No souls were saved, but I did not labour in vain. I pray for you all. The Lord will bless you, let us give up all to Him. Pray for me. I was glad to find provision made for my mule. How God opens the way before me."

October 18th.—He rode at least sixteen miles to Hampole, and preached, with some liberty, to a small congregation in a school-room. One of the local preachers rang the bell before service.

After dinner, he rode to *Marr*, where he preached to a full school-room on "Holiness." Was unwell, but had help from heaven. A man and a strong youth found pardon. The man while kneeling said :—

" My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell."

And the youth, in the simplicity of his soul, said, while praying, "Lord, Thou has't *cleaned* my heart !" The preacher was in raptures, and with loving tenderness shook them by the hand, and then walked to his home, happier in soul, "he believed, than Wellington, when he retired from the bloody and triumphant field of Waterloo.

October 19th.—Had a pleasant ride to Barmbro' by Hickelton. The road is a delightful one, being, in great part, through an avenue of stately elms. These, though in some degree stripped of their summer beauty, were, nevertheless,

charming objects, clothed, as they were, in the russet, golden, and autumnal tints of their Autumn foliage. The seat of Sir Charles Wood is a noble mansion, and the scenery around very beautiful.

October 20th.—This morning met with the following lines :—

‘Tis for our good that all these ills
Do happen here below ;
'Tis to correct some poisonous sweet,
That else would dangerous grow.’

Had a glorious Missionary Meeting at Marr. What a blessing is a lively, loving, simple, singing, shouting, laughing, weeping, working, *giving* society like this.”

October 22nd.—He spoke at the Missionary Meeting at Adwick-le-Street, in the Wesleyan Chapel. “The chairman at Barmbro’, a local preacher from Mexbro’, was a witty, lively little man, shouting and laughing most heartily. Among other things, he said, ‘When I feel now’t, I am as dumb as anybody ; but when I feel, then I let go!’ Perhaps this is the experience of many persons, but it is very wise to praise God ‘in darkest shades.’ This will often bring feeling.”

The Revs. J. Shaw and W. Kitson, then young men, both speak of the influence his sermons and speeches that week had upon them, and how they still live in their memories.

October 23rd.—He returned to Epworth, and at a quarter-past eight preached in the street, by moonlight, where a number heard the word who would not have attended the chapel.

He preached in the street again the next Friday night, though the weather was stormy and cold, but God’s presence was felt by many.

He took tea at a farm-house, where a farmer, who was one of the company, kept his seat while he prayed with the family. On his speaking kindly to him, he replied, “I’m so charitable as to let other folk alone.” “And I,” said Mr. M——, “am so charitable as not to let persons alone when I see they are not in the right way, as you confessed at the table you were not.” The farmer expressed a wish that the preacher’s mule might *not fall on its knees* on his way home, to which

he replied that his mule "had not a soul to lose, but man must go to hell if he refuses to pray!"

November 3rd.—Helped a drunken man upon his pony in the dark, who left him, saying, "God bless you for what you have done for me."

"Preached on 'Future Wrath' at Burnham. Had a wonderful vision of—— in the concluding prayer. It had a very solemnising effect upon my soul. I cannot tell what is its meaning. It could not be from *strong* imagination, for it came without a thought on my part, and *surprised* me. Was it a sign of an awful death-bed? I have had a similar experience before. The cause of this was not fanaticism, but deep, awful feeling for souls, accompanied by a thrilling degree of the Divine Presence. What *mysteries* of *experience*, as well as of *being*, beset us in this imperfect state. But I doubt not that any of the rationalistic divines of Germany or England could *profess* to give the philosophy of my experience in five minutes."

November 4th.—After preaching at Westgate, he visited a young married woman in a decline. Some time before, she was servant at a farm-house, and her master refused to allow the young man who courted her to see her on his premises. The young fellow, in revenge, fired the farmer's stacks of corn, and the young woman was obliged to give evidence against him at Lincoln Assizes, where his father appeared before the judge, drunk. The son was transported for ten years. His mother became low-spirited, and once set fire to herself. The young girl married a man who ill-used her, and she was now residing with her parents, members of our society. "O, sin!" adds the preacher, "what bodies thou killest, what minds thou wreckest, what hearts thou breakest, and what souls thou ruinest! When will men learn that godliness is profitable for all things?"

November 5th.—He preached at *Thorne* to about a score hearers, and longed to preach in the market-place, but was unable, on account of the fireworks and wild sports.

Returning to Epworth, he found it was so dismally dark that he could not see where he was driving, and his mule went to different sides of the road, until he drew up, and thought of

returning to Thorne. After awhile, however, he ventured to proceed, and reached home in safety.

As he crossed *Pashley Bridge*, over the canal, he thought of Mr. Stephenson, who was drowned a few weeks before, a little lower down the river about three o'clock in the morning, while returning from Thorne with two horses, where he had been hauling a boat. One of the horses was found on the bank, and the other in the river, eating along the bray.

"He was with us at the Quarterly Meeting on September 7th, with face as ruddy, eye as bright, and body as vigorous as any man present, and the next Monday the jury sat to enquire into the cause of his death. One of the jurymen told me how impressed everyone was with his healthy appearance. He was thirty-five years of age, has left a widow and an only son, whom I baptised some time ago. During the week of his death he heard me preach at Keadby on holiness, and afterwards said :— 'Your sermon made me feel ashamed of myself.' It is a good thing when sermons have such an effect on us. Little did he then think that in less than four days his spirit would be enjoying the beatific vision of his Lord. . . .

He told his wife that he should be at home by four in the morning, so he was, but he was at *Home* in heaven."

He once told Mr. Milson that when he was young, he was thrown unavoidably into the company of certain men who ridiculed the bible, and while undressing one night, he had a wonderful vision of the last Judgment, and his departed father appeared unto him, and told him "to hold fast by the bible." "God saw the trial of the young man's faith, and worked wonderfully to confirm him in his belief in the Divinity of the Holy Book. He is now where the wicked cease from troubling."

On finishing the reading of Steven's History of Methodism, he wrote :—"What a charming work, both in its contents and literary execution. What a perspicuous, graceful, and eloquent writer. The work is a feast for the understanding and the heart. It is calculated to make one weep, smile, believe, pray, shout, work, yea, *run* and work for God. It is an invaluable history of the greatest work of God which has occurred since the first corruptions of Christianity.

November 10th.—Preached at Westwood-Side.” Here they will have a revival. God is coming. I felt it in the pulpit.”

November 11th.—Preached at Wroot. On the way he saw two old men repairing the road, and pulled up and entered into conversation with them. On asking them if they prayed sometimes, one replied, “Nay, not much of that, he likes beer, and I like ’bacca, and we care about little else, we’re afraid of going to the Union. They say Government’s going to have the roads in their hands, and they’ll employ only able-bodied men.” On his saying that they would not be obliged to go into the “House” after they were a certain age, “Yes; we shall,” said one of them, “because the allowance would be too small to hire a house, and live on the rest. If a man has no relations to live with, he must go.” “But,” said the preacher, “You might hire a place, and live together.” “That would be hell upon earth,” emphatically replied the oldest of the two. Mr. Milson reminded him that he was giving proof of his belief in the excellency of religion, and pointing to a clean spot proposed to pray with them, but they objected. On his telling them it would be a sad thing if they got to hell, one said, “Aye, we’ve hell enough upon earth. We swear sometimes, and are full of bad passion. Is not that hell?” “Yes,” said he, “you feel a few sparks, but hell itself will be far worse.”

The other man said, “We don’t *aim* to go to hell.” “No,” said the preacher, “very few have *aimed* to go to hell! but do you *aim* to go to heaven? That is the question?” He then invited them to the chapel, and left them.

November 15th.—Sunday morning, he had a glorious time at Luddington. In the afternoon at Eastoft he was “tempted unusually to pride,” because he could speak with such fluency and precision. He almost “staggered” at times under Satan’s *hated* assaults. At night at Crowle, “had not *much* liberty or power,—but was enabled to be faithful, and preached about an hour for eternity.

November 16th.—Preached at L——. The people here can scarcely bear to hear a word about money. This society, twelve miles from Epworth, gives on an average $7\frac{3}{4}$ d. per quarter towards the support of the ministers.”

Preaching at another place, he says, "No souls, poor collections. Covetousness is one the principal sins of professors. How little, in many instances, they give to God's cause, and how little love they evince for their ministers. How few enquire *how* they are circumstanced, or whether they get their salaries. One says, 'They may go to work as we do.' Another, 'Their wives may go out to work.' What will this lead to. I fear to an awful decline of religion, and to dreadful judgments on the churches and sinners of this guilty land.

November 20th, Friday.—Preached an extra sermon at the Turbury (Epworth). How God filled my soul in the '*paltry*' house! Places are trifles, His presence *is all*. I find that hopeless as some officials thought the case of these careless souls, there have been two sound conversions. An old man was converted a few weeks ago, and is now under the doctor, but he is ready to meet the Lord. I wept for joy and gratitude, and was well repaid for my care about these poor and neglected people.

November 21st.—Rode to Broughton, and on Sunday preached at West Halton and Burton, a sweet day.

November 23rd.—Brother Shaw preached well at two o'clock at West Halton. The missionary meeting had begun very well, when a man opened the door, and cried out, 'Mr. B——'s stacks are all on fire.' Mrs. B——was in the congregation, and her little son began to cry aloud. All was confusion, and the men were soon off to the scene of the disaster. The fire was soon got out.

There was a great fire near here some little while ago, when potatoes were roasted in the rows in the field. The owner is a dreadfully wicked man. He will shoot at thunder and lightning! Says 'God is become so old, He cannot manage the weather.' Runs about with a fork to stab the wind. The Lord our God is merciful! Another man in this neighbourhood said that 'talking one time with another, the Lord does more harm than good.'

November 24th.—Mr. Shaw preached a good sermon at Burton. We had a good meeting at night. All the speakers did well except myself (?), and I was much pained in mind

afterwards. But I thought I might, after all, have done some good.

November 25th.—I preached a poor, but I hope useful, sermon at Crosby. We had a very good meeting at night.

November 26th.—Had a pretty good Missionary Meeting at Appleby, where, if Satan did not hinder us from having a chapel, we should do much better than we have done. Rode to Broughton.”

November 27th. He preached to a good congregation at Broughton. The prayer-meeting lasted until nearly ten o'clock. Four females at the penitents' form, who all promised to go to class.

November 28th.—Riding towards home, he found his brother “rabbiting,” who gave him the first rabbit. It was the largest they had got for some time, and George said, “It had come on purpose for Park.”

The meetings mentioned above we shall not soon forget.

December 4th.—“Rode to West Halton Missionary Meeting. It was a powerful and profitable time.”

He had been very much troubled during the previous night with dreams about fire and endeavouring to get it out. Was wondering what it could mean, when he received information that the beautiful little chapel at Amcotts, in which he had preached on the Tuesday night before, had been on fire. On Saturday morning he rode by Amcotts on his way home, and found that the roof and elevation had escaped, and that a little over £15 damage was done. This, he considered, might ultimately be a blessing, “as some souls might come to the re-opening who did not attend the regular services.

December 27th.—Rode twenty-four miles, preached at three places, administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper (morning and evening), and prayed ten times in public. The members contribute on an average not quite eightpence per quarter each. Our record is on high !”

December 29th.—He gives the case of a woman, who, some years before, was anxious that her children should have the small-pox before harvest ! She obtained a shirt of a man who was bad in them, and caused her children to sleep in it, so that they might “take” them ; but they did not, and when

harvest came they all were in them. "The Lord doeth according to His will."

The Vicar of L—— gave a son of one of our members, a scholar in his school, a severe caning because he *looked sour*, and then told him "to go and tell his father, and if it did not suit he was to take himself elsewhere." There is not another school in the parish. The same dignitary also threatened to take his work from the blacksmith if he continued to attend chapel. One time a leader had a relative visiting him, and took him to Church, where he joined in the singing very heartily. A few days afterwards the clergyman asked "What gentleman had you at Church with you, Mr. W——? He was a beautiful singer." "It was poor Bill, sir, whom you used to cane so, because his father took him among the '*bealing ranters*,'" was the reply.

December 31st.—He spent the last day of the year in riding twenty-two miles to marry a couple, dining with them, preaching at Amcotts at seven, where two persons were converted, and conducting a watch-night service at half-past ten.

January 1st.—"Spent the day at Amcotts, and preached at night for Brother Graves. It was a solemn time on 'the coming wrath.'"

February 5th.—He preached an extra sermon at Westwoodside, when a woman, with a child upon her knees, cried for mercy. After a long struggle she was saved. Feeling very unwell, he had hesitated as to whether he ought to continue to take so much extra work, but was so *well paid* by seeing a soul saved, that he announced he would preach again the next Friday night.

February 7th.—"*Three good seasons.* To have liberty and glory thrice one day is not very usual in my experience.

Some old friends, who had not been at chapel for some time, were present at night. '*Death* sent them.' What wondrous things I live to see."

February 10th.—Not being expected at Ealand, he went to Epworth Turbury, and invited a number of families to hear him preach. The house was filled. A woman broke out in prayer, and found salvation. This was the third person he had seen saved there, so he entered their names on a paper, and

made arrangements for a class and prayer-meeting, and were home very happy.

February 19th. "Preached another extra sermon at Westwoodside. A man and woman, under conviction, promised to attend class. Was very ill. My extra labour affected me, but results justify my course. Who would not be ill to snatch a soul from an *eternal hell*!"

March 18th.—Quarterly Meeting. Had an increase of only six, but the increase of income was £22. When asked to stay a fourth year, he thanked them, but expressed his wish to remain a "*travelling* preacher."

March 22nd.—"Spent a few happy hours at Mr. Rusling's of Wroot. Had a strengthening time in prayer in one of the plantations. How I love the solitude of the woods."

He heard a story I have known him to repeat with great glee. Dining at a farm-house, a little boy said, as they were going to return thanks, "You should shut your eyes when you say grace." "To be sure," said the head of the house, "babes and sucklings teach us our duty." Accordingly "grace" was said, with closed eyes and great deliberation. But when they opened their eyes, "the young rascal" had taken up the pitcher of beer and nearly emptied it.

At the District Meeting, held in Louth, the meeting did him the honour of electing him its secretary. He preached the sacramental sermon, and had great liberty. "After the sermon Brother Whitby came and shook me by the hand, exclaiming 'God bless you, my brother, for this savoury bit, it has done my soul good.' Here was a diploma!"

Several stations sought to obtain him for the coming year, but as the Rev. T. Greenbury, then at Selby, had resigned the ministry, the meeting considered that he was the likeliest person to follow him, and accordingly he was stationed for Selby. This gave him some pain, as he knew nothing of Selby, but he cheerfully submitted to what appeared to be the call of Providence, and the connexion.

May 3rd.—"Commenced at six a.m., and had pen in hand after nine p.m. Very weary.

May 4th.—Left lovely Stewton House and its hospitable occupants. May we all find mercy in that day!"

May 5th.—Repose of mind and brain seemed necessary, so he spent the day with his brother and three friends, who were employed by the steward in “pheasant egging.” They found one hundred eggs, twenty-eight of which he discovered, fifteen in one nest. His annual summary of his labours shows 2,682 miles travelled, 290 sermons, 50 speeches, 15 converted, and 76 prayer-meetings conducted.

July 4th.—He left with his family for Broughton. As he rode out of the place he wept profusely as he thought of the kindness of the many friends he was parting with. “I am leaving,” says he, “a kind people. But for five or six men in this circuit I should have had nothing but peace, harmony, and comfort. To God I leave them. May we all find mercy in that day !

I have had many happy seasons, many sharp trials, and have not met with much sympathy from some. Despite many imperfections on my part, I have been generally received as ‘an angel of God,’ but have seen painfully few souls saved. At *most* of the places, however, I have seen *one* or *more* converted to Christ, and hope to meet them in glory everlasting.”

And many think of him still as an angel of God. To them he was an inspired prophet, arousing their consciences, and leading them to a higher and nobler life. Many who were then young are now influential members of our church, and several occupying high positions trace their earliest impulses to his burning words, and inspiring example.

The Rev. W. Pigott, writing of Mr. Milson’s ministry in Epworth Circuit, says :—“I vividly remember his first visit to my home after my conversion, when but eight and a half years old, and his prayer for me, and the sermon I heard him preach that night from ‘He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied;’ a sermon flashing with light from the Cross.”

CHAPTER XIX.

1864—67.

SELBY.

“I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known ;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.

My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessed hands receive.
And let me live to preach Thy word !
And let me to Thy glory live ;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the Sinner’s Friend.

Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine ;
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine,
And lead them to Thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.”

—C. WESLEY.

HE opened his commission in this station on the 24th of July by preaching and conducting the camp-meeting at Selby. After a “glorious” love-feast, six souls were saved. A very good beginning.

July 28th.—He received a letter from a man at Thorne, with whom he had conversed on the road the last time he visited that place. He had found him unconverted, but not unconcerned. His father, a pious Baptist in Hull, had told him that he had prayed for him for forty years, and did not mean to give him up. Mr. Milson’s urgent entreaties had deeply affected him, and now he wrote to say that he had given his heart to God.

He met with a very hearty reception as he went round the circuit. The first month he saw a few saved, but could not do

much, as the people were busy with the harvest. He met with a person who believed he was witch-ridden, and tried to convince him of his error. At one place where there was no congregation, on account of harvest, he and a local preacher sang a verse in the street, and soon had an excellent congregation. "I am persuaded," he writes, "we do not *seek the degraded* as we ought to do. Our going to a chapel, and preaching to twelve or twenty converted persons on a work night, while scores and hundreds of sinners are around us, is enough, surely, to excite the wonder and derision of hell. I am persuaded this is one great reason why we do so little in many villages."

September 7th-9th.—Spent in nutting, mowing barley, and similar pursuits at Broughton. "Such work would suit my physical and nervous system much better, I think, than the anxious mental labours of the ministry, but for *eternity* no work is comparable, or brings so much of heaven on earth, as that of a fully sanctified minister of Christ's gospel."

The last week in this month was spent at Missionary Services in Hull and Beverley with the Revs. G. Lamb, T. Russell, J. North, and J. Maylard. The meetings were very successful. While in Hull he "purchased, for £5 5s., the seventh edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica." Much of it was uncut. It was published at £37 16s. "I regard it as a *vast treasure*. May I possess it for God's glory and the good of man."

October 5th.—Having heard that there had been a Primitive Society in Wressle some years before, but through clerical interference, which prohibited dissenters from preaching in the village, had been broken up, he went over, accompanied by Mr. Smith, to ascertain whether any house could be had in which to preach. Many persons expressed themselves pleased with the prospect of our people going, and promised to attend and entertain the preachers; but all they saw were deterred by fear of the clergyman and the steward from letting them have a house. Several of the people had even been Primitive Methodists, and were wishful to become so again. He told them he would put the place on the plan, preach the first sermon, and endeavour to effect an opening.

At night he preached at Barlby, opposite the public-house,

by moonlight. One "witty fellow" told him the inhabitants "liked daylight to it." He said, "He had dealings with professors, and there were no honest ones left, and that if he were to get into the way to heaven, he would have to go by himself." The preacher asked him if he would rather go to hell with the multitude than to heaven by himself, when he replied, "Yes; for if I were in heaven by myself I should be miserable. Besides, there would be a possibility of my being turned out if I got there. There was *once war* in heaven, and who knows but there may be again." This he and his companions termed *fun!* Mr. Milson judged that he was a *backslider*, as he frequently distinguished them by their attempts at profane criticisms.

On enquiring if the Wesleyans were succeeding in the place, the same scoffer said, "The devil is either worrying them, or they have turned devils and are worrying one another."

October 9th.—He rode from Selby to Swinefleet, nineteen miles, to preach Chapel Anniversary Sermons. "Had blessed times. Heaven seemed to me almost blended with earth in the afternoon service. The word *glorious* seems tame and poor to express the enjoyments of my soul. The evening service, too, was powerful. I have not found so much 'life' in any society for a long time as I found here. I felt the force of what Brother Lonsdale once said to me respecting the Swinefleet Society, namely, that there were in it some of the best souls he had ever met with."

The writer can honestly endorse the above. Four of the most happy years of my ministerial life were spent in this noted village. During the severest domestic affliction I was called to pass through, the kindness of the people was unexampled, and the state of the society all that could be desired. Our Sundays were "days of heaven upon earth," and the evening prayer-meetings sources of spiritual refreshment. Seldom did a Sunday night pass without my seeing one or more converted. Several of these afterwards became local preachers and useful officials. The removal of many of these and others has greatly weakened the Society. The population is considerably decreasing, and the people moving to the great centres.

Surely something should be done to *assist* such struggling stations !

As he rode in the morning by Carlton lake, he was delighted with the "pleasant picture in Nature's gallery. It lay like a mirror of molten silver beneath the serene sky of Autumn. The park-like scenery of emerald green, with trees of different hues around, constituted a natural frame of soft and pleasing beauty. While swans of snowy-plumage, resting in native majesty on its liquid breast, reminded me of the deep serenity, unearthly purity, and royal majesty of souls made whiter than snow, resting by faith on the bosom of their Lord and Saviour."

Next evening he preached again on "the deep things of God." Two professed to receive entire sanctification, and a woman who was in distress the night before found pardon !

When returning from Swinefleet, he rode along the bank of the canal from Goole to Rawcliffe Bridge. The wind was high, and he met several sloops. The first, with full sail, went so swiftly that he "pulled up" to view it carve the river's bosom. The next he met was drawn by a horse, which pulled hard, and yet the vessel moved but slowly. Wondering why a horse should be employed when there is so much wind, he looked, and discovered that the mast was without a sail. "So," thought he, "it is in reference to the religious life. There is plenty of wind from heaven for good sailing, but all have not sail (desire) up. Nor can anyone say he cannot afford to buy a sail, as God is ready to grant us this. "Whatsoever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive it, and ye shall have it."

October 24th.—According to a previous promise, he rode to Wressle, when "God inclined" a woman at whose house he called to ask if he was going to walk to Selby that night. On his replying that he rode, the master said, "Have you put your pony into the stable?" "I never thought of such a thing," was the reply. The gentleman went and attended to it himself. The night was dark and misty, and the preacher went along the road, blessing God for His good providence, for not only had his mule been attended to, but he had *two* invitations to tea, "but took a cup at only one house, *of course*."

He preached in the open-air with a *lantern* in one hand. The poor people formed a circle around him, invisible to him, except when he held the lantern, and the light shone upon their faces. They listened attentively, and God helped him. When he had concluded, he said, "You cannot see me, but they call me Milson, and any of you can enquire whether *I* get drunk, or do anything I ought not to do." Having promised to repeat his visit, he rode home through the mist and darkness with "a triumphant soul."

It appears that his visit stirred up clerical opposition, which ultimately reached such a pitch as to lead him to write the following letter, and sent it to the reverend successor of Caiphas and John and Alexander, and other kindred of the High Priests.

"November 5th, 1864.

REV. SIR,

Impelled by painful necessity, I now write to you; that necessity is shewn by the subject of this letter.

On Monday last, on my way home from Howden to North Duffield, I called at Wressle to see Mrs. Bristow, whom I found, with two of her neighbours, in a state of painful excitement through your conduct relating to the Primitive Methodists having lately re-missioned the place. Poor Mrs. Bristow wept like a child, telling us how you had blamed her for inviting the 'Ranters;' that you had charged her with disturbing the peace of the village, had told her she should have stayed where the 'Ranters' were; and that you had even reminded her of certain sad sins of her poor father. Your telling her of her father's transgressions was the most painful part of your clerical conduct, and really, if a clergyman were thus to demean himself, deserving some such vulgar title as Billingsgate Ranterism.

You also informed Mrs. B——, not in the most amiable mood, that you should call on her some day when she should be by herself. She is another party suspected of having either invited or favoured 'the Ranters.'

Now, sir, I wish respectfully to inform you that neither Mrs. Bristow, nor her neighbours, nor any other party in the parish of Wressle invited us to visit the place, but I, Parkinson Milson, V.D.M., and Superintendent, *i.e.*, Scriptural Bishop of

the Selby Circuit (Primitive Methodist Connexion), having learnt that we had once a flourishing society at Wressle, and that some of the poor people have walked miles to hear us at other places, and would hear us at home if they could peaceably, felt it my duty to visit the village, and preach to them the Word of God (not that I thought that that Word was never preached to them), and endeavour to reclaim and strengthen those who formerly belonged to us, and to convert, through Christ, as many souls as possible. When I arrived I found no person *dared* to open his door for preaching, though many were anxious to hear the Primitives, as they missed much their lively singing, and powerful praying and preaching, and as they were the ministers *of their choice*. This was grievous to me ; as they evidently either greatly mistook some party, or else were poor slaves of bigotry or tyranny, and needed the practical sympathy of some thorough Englishman and warm lover of souls. Their condition increased my zeal for God and them ; and, lantern in hand, for it was a very dark night, I preached in the open air to a large circle of men, women, and children, who heard the word attentively, and their faces reflecting the light of the candle, which deepened the darkness beyond them, constituted a most interesting spectacle, and I doubt not that angels beheld the scene with joy. I was well repaid by the gracious presence of my Master for that evening's self-denying labour ; I needed no book for I had great freedom of speech, and all who were there understood plain English, so that Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, would have been a useless language.

The place is now upon our plan, and will be visited by us regularly, in accordance with our Connexional customs and regulations.

Allow me to say that the title by which our denomination is distinguished, and by which it is enrolled in Her Majesty's High Court of Chancery, is not 'The Ranters,' but 'The Primitive Methodist Connexion.' We are, therefore, not 'Ranters,' but legally, properly, and courteously, 'Primitive Methodists,' so that should you have occasion to speak of us again you need not fall into the vulgar error of calling us 'Ranters,' though to us it is of little consequence, for as we

have now about 150,000 members, over 200,000 Sunday-school children, hundreds of thousands of hearers, have had land for chapels granted by Sir Tatton Sykes, Lord Londesborough, the Earl of Yarborough, Lord Palmerston, and even by the Prince of Wales, and have Christ's commission and aid, we need not tremble at a vulgar nickname, but it may derogate much from your clerical character to exhibit such ignorance and vulgarity, if nothing worse. Permit me to ask, sir, by what law of God or of Great Britain you would prevent us from preaching at Wressle, or the people from hearing us? Is not this a free country, both civilly and religiously? Thank God you know it is, and neither yourself nor any other man can compel, nor has any right to try to compel, any person to hear this or that preacher in this or that place. Such compulsion, or such *attempt*, is nothing less than guilty tyranny, as vile as Popery, and would, I fear, if it had the power, inflict suffering on its hapless objects, and even, probably, think it was doing God service. I bless God, however, that the common people are now so enlightened that neither a church nor any agent of any church who would arbitrarily rule their consciences can have either their esteem or their voluntary support, and just in proportion to a church's manifestation of arbitrary authority over the people will it frustrate its own professed design of benefitting and saving their souls. Let me entreat you, then, dear sir, for your sake, for the sake of the law-established church, whose minister you are, and for the sake of the poor people, who may be lost for ever if you prejudice them against you, not to interfere with them or with us, and depend upon it your church will be no worse attended through our labours in the parish, but all the better, and the people will be led to pray for you all the more when they shall all be converted to God.

If your interference proceeded from ignorance of our doctrines, and from zeal for the best interests of the people, pardon me when I solicit your attendance, if possible, the next time I preach, and judge of our adaptability, or otherwise, to benefit the people; or, if you choose, I will meet you at Wressle, to prove in public discussion that the Primitive Methodists have as good a right to preach the gospel at Wressle as you have yourself.

Why should we not agree to do all the harm we can to Satan's kingdom! Time is hastening away. Death is coming. Souls are perishing, and many will be lost in hell if not soon converted. O, brother, do not hinder us in our attempts to rescue a few at Wressle. Rather pray for God to use us. I am sure I should be happy to see you in any pulpit of mine in this circuit, and if you would preach for me any week-night at Selby, I should be happy to accommodate you with a chapel superior to the Wressle Church, and as I have a gig, I would cheerfully fetch you, and I have no doubt you would have more hearers than you ever saw in your Church.

Whether or not you accept this invitation, *I must and shall* visit Wressle to preach to the dear people who wish to hear me. My brethren will, I believe, do the same; and I hope we shall render you great help in bringing sinners to Jesus.

Finally, brother, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified. In Jesus, my dear brother farewell!

May God clothe you with great power, and make your ministry a blessing to generations at Wressle.

Yours truly in the Lord,

PARKINSON MILSON.

P.S.—As I have heard of you referring in terms of approbation to the Rev. J. Wesley, I have pleasure in recommending to your notice the words beneath the heading of the plan:—"Give me one hundred preachers who fear nothing but sin, and desire nothing but God, and I care not whether they be clergyman or laymen, such alone will shake the gates of hell, and set up the kingdom of heaven on earth."

We have given the above letter in full, that our readers may be able to judge whether the writer of it was not under a "*painful* necessity to act as he did." Few residents in our towns can form any idea of the petty persecutions to which dissenters are subject in many villages under the domination of the squire and parson. The writer has met with many instances of such petty tyranny. In Pocklington Circuit, he found in one village that the body of a child had been kept

unburied for several days, owing to the refusal of the vicar to inter it because it had been baptised by a heretic preacher. The weather was excessively hot, the poor parents, who lived in a small cottage, with a number of small children, were obliged to put the coffin under a gooseberry bush at night on account of the unpleasant effluvia. At length the feeling of the people rose to such a height, that a gentleman, a churchwarden, sent word to the vicar that if he did not bury the child, he would send his gardener to dig a grave, and read the service himself, and risk all consequences. In another case a *Reverend gentleman*, vicar of another parish in the same circuit, refused to allow the body of one of our members to be taken into the church, and read the service at the grave-side. On our seeking an interview with him on the subject, he produced the prayer-book, and read *his instructions*, where it is said, "the body shall then be taken into the church or *to the grave*," as a warrant for his procedure. We pointed out that the clause was a provision in case of the plague, when he politely insinuated that dissent was one of the *worst* forms of the plague.

The late Rev. Gervase Smith, President of the Wesleyan Conference, speaking at the Annual Meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, referred to the persecution the Methodists had to endure in the villages, in the following terms :—

"I say that in many parts of this land the Methodist people are persecuted, and they have not the religious liberty which the laws of our country certainly suggest they ought to have. I refer to such acts as these :—labourers turned away from their employment because they are Methodists; shopkeepers having to close their shops because they are Methodists; farmers are turned out of their farms, and are thrown on the wide-world because they are Methodists . . . children turned out of the schools because their parents are Methodists. Sir, I was down in Lancashire only a few days ago, and a gentleman in the village, to which I was about to refer, told me the fact himself; so there is no doubt about it. A few weeks ago, there were two children whose parents in the village did not pretend to be either Church, or Methodists, or Dissenters, but

they had heard that there was a good education to be secured at the Methodist day-school, and they sent their children there, who went week after week, until a few days ago the clergyman of the village walked up to the school-door, opened it, and commanded the mistress of the school to turn out the two children. They came out ; he sent for their bonnet and hat, took them away from their school, the mistress meanwhile looking on, and took them off to his own school. Children who have had rewards given to them, rewards carried to the school at Christmas, by ladies from one of the principal houses in the village, handed round the school to the children of the parents associated with her ; but on coming to one little girl, she says, 'Mary, I am very sorry I can't give you a book,' and this for nothing whatever but because their father and mother are Methodists. The little child began to cry—nor can you be surprised at that. That sort of thing has been going on to a very large extent.' In another instance, a lady left the door of the large house in the village, with two servants behind her, carrying two large parcels of clothing. Calling at one house, the lady says, 'I'm glad to bring you a blanket ; it's very nice to have a blanket.' 'Yes, it is ma'am,' is the reply. Half-opening the next door, she says, 'Mrs. So-and-So, we are going about distributing these blankets to the poor people, but I am sorry I can't leave you one. You know you are a Methodist.' That is simply another illustration. I could give you a great many more, for, I am sorry to say, I have a lot of them. Language utterly unfit, I am bound to say, for the lips of gentlemen, applying to our poor people in the country villages, sometimes threatening them, sometimes trying to cajole them. I have at my house a large basketful of newspapers, containing records in all of them like one I have before me, which was published on March 18th in a Manchester paper, containing an account of *Intimidation* which is a disgrace to our boasted liberty of conscience in a free country like ours."

December 6th.—"Purchased a pony to-day. Twelve guineas was the price.

December 17th.—Rode amid cold and snow to *Filey*. A

number of hearty fellows at the station, with Brother Shaw, to welcome me."

He had good times, especially on the Tuesday night, when he "was gloriously happy. Indeed," says he, "I could scarcely sleep, so enraptured was my triumphant soul. Got about £57 the two nights.

December 21st, Wednesday.—Had a powerful Missionary Meeting at Gristhorpe.

December 22nd.—Very stormy day. Saw the life-boat launched, on account of a fishing cobble or two that had not returned. The thunder of the billows as they broke upon the shore, the wailing wind, the dashing rain, the hurry of the life-boat men and the four horses which drew the boat, the excited crowd of spectators, rendered this an exciting scene. The men had a very hard pull over the breakers. But their services were not needed, as the last cobble came sailing in. Had a good Missionary Meeting. Enjoyed this week immensely."

February 2nd, 1865.—He left home at six in the evening; preached at H. Courtney's, six miles off. Took a little refreshment, and rode to Thorne to sleep. Next morning rode to Epworth to dine, to West Butterwick to tea, and to Broughton to sleep. Twenty-six miles. The following day left Broughton at one o'clock, and rode to Howsham to tea, thence to Swallow and Waltham (twenty-four miles), where he "put up at his dear old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Brocklebank's." On the Sabbath he preached Missionary Sermons, and on Monday preached at Grimsby in the afternoon. The Missionary Meeting at night was a very good one. The Mayor (Mr. J. Winteringham) in the chair. Mr. H. Vincent, the popular lecturer, came in after finishing his lecture, and gave a very telling address.

On Friday the 10th he rode seventeen miles to Broughton; and next day to Selby, forty miles. The journey occupied him twelve hours; the day was terribly cold.

March 3rd.—He parted with poor old *Sally*. "I was afflicted to part with her. She did me good service, and I thank God for putting her into my hands. I am now a far stronger man than when I obtained her." He was

pleased that she fell into good hands and was kindly treated.

From the 4th to the 9th we were at a round of Missionary Meetings as co-deputation in Hull First Circuit. The week was very enjoyable, and the services successful.

March 26th.—He preached the opening services of the new chapel at Tadcaster.

It was crowded, and benches had to be put into the gallery at night. Two persons were saved. “It is a beautiful chapel. God bless Lord Londesborough and all his posterity for his kindness to our Connexion!”

April 5th.—He preached at Cliff, where a revival was in progress, and forty persons had been converted.

April 6th.—At Riccall, where he lamented the obstacles placed in the way of our progress by the tyranny of High Church influence. A man at Ellerton said, “I don’t know how it is that some won’t go to hear Primitive preachers. I see no difference, now’t but yan thing, and that is ’ty’an’s poor, and ’tother’s rich.”

January 2nd.—He preached on sanctification. An unconverted farmer who heard him, said:—“What preaching, how shall we get to heaven?”

He did not go to the watch-night service, thinking that rest would do him good, but he could not sleep. When the bells rang out 1865, the sound so affected him that he had to put his finger in his ears, and wait on God. “I think,” said he, “some of the martyrs suffered but little compared with what I have suffered for twenty years, but I have hitherto found His grace sufficient. I judge this is *my* thorn in the flesh.”

Writing to his parents on January 18th, 1866, he says:—

“I am most thankful to say that last night at class, Janey was converted to God. She has been the subject of gracious influences, and has had a great degree of the fear of God. . . . Susan, the servant, too, found peace. This morning at breakfast, Clowes said, ‘If they stick to it, I shall get converted.’ He was excited about it, and exclaimed, ‘Hip! Hip! for God!’”

While at Selby he published a little book, entitled "Chapels and Tobacco; Souls and Smoke; or, How to raise four chapels in London in one year." The idea was suggested by the forming of a fund to erect new chapels in the Metropolis, a scheme in which he took a deep interest. The book is in the form of a dialogue, and displays considerable ability and tact.

CHAPTER XX.

1867—69.

FILE Y.

O for a stronger breeze Divine,
To waft our spirits on
To balmy shores, where angels shine,
And friends in Christ have gone !

We soon shall reach the golden strand,
Beyond time's turbid main,
And in the bright celestial land,
With Christ in glory reign.

We're sailing o'er life's surging sea,
Where clouds and storms arise,
To realms of immortality,
Beneath unclouded skies.

Jehovah's son doth kindly deign
To pilot us to shore ;
And, lo, He rules the raging main,
And stills the tempest's roar !

From rocks of pride on either hand,
And quicksands of despair,
He'll steer us to the tearless land,
His endless joy to share.

As o'er the threatening waves we rise,
Amid the thunder's roar,
The hills of light our faith descries
On yon celestial shore !

Then waft us on, ye heavenly gales,
We're bound for glory's realm,
We're on our course with full-spread sails,
And Jesus at the helm.

—P. MILSON.

THE last entry in Book IX. of his journals is April 15th, 1864. Unfortunately Book X. and XI. are missing. Book XII. contains on the inside of the cover the following :—

"Continuation of the journal of Parkinson Milson, by the grace of God, Prim. Meth. minister. Book XII. commences March 1st, 1868."

On the first page are a number of sayings of his mother when he visited her in that year. They have evidently been entered later on, and are continued on the last page of the volume, which is a very thick one. The following are short extracts:—
" 'I said, you believe Jesus loves you, don't you? Eh.' She had been troubled about poor George, and fretting, and said, 'Shall I meet him in heaven?' 'I am going to have a short walk,' said I, 'We shall meet in heaven some day, shall we not?' 'Eh,' and a nod. 'Oh that day when twice ten thousand thunders roll! Shall I be ready?' 'You will, trusting in Christ. Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness my beauty are, my glorious dress.

' Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ;
Fully absolved though these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.'

'Glory be to God!' she exclaimed, with uplifted hands, and tears."

• I preceded him at Filey, and had received an unanimous invitation to remain, but, finding he was leaving Selby, though I had expected him to remain, I decided while the District Meeting was holding its sittings at Filey, to leave if it appeared likely that he would be stationed there. This was accomplished, and he was put down for Filey, and myself for Pocklington.

He entered upon his work with bright hopes. He was passionately fond of the sea, and hoped that a residence in its neighbourhood would help to recruit his health. He was warmly welcomed by a splendid band of earnest workers, and found a chapel crowded every Sunday, as it had been for many months.

His colleague, the late Rev. S. Oates, with whom I had spent the previous year, though greatly disappointed at my not remaining, entered heartily with him into the work of the station, and in a few months he saw most encouraging signs of continued progress. In his journal he says:—

January 17th.—"We have a revival here. One saved at

Staxton, three at Gristhorpe, eighteen at Hunmanby, ten at Muston, sixteen at Filey.

March 9th.—We have had a number sanctified in this circuit lately, and more than 100 souls have found peace the last quarter. To *Him* be glory for ever.”

On the 18th March, he was at Hunmanby, and found the work moving gloriously. Mr. Glenton, who had been many years in the neighbourhood, stated that he never knew such a work among our people.

“Brother Seth has got sanctified wholly. He had formerly said, respecting others who professed it, ‘If only they *are* sanctified,’ as if he had doubts on the subject. He complained too, about their shouting. On Sunday night he received the blessing. Mr. Oates told me he was like a drunken man, walking about, exclaiming, ‘I have it. Talk about shouting—who can help shouting!’ He was a greater shouter than others. God bless them all with *shining tempers, words, and actions.*”

I knew Seth well. He was a thoughtful and steady man. He lived in the glory to the day of his death, and left a sum of money to our chapel.

Writing to a friend on March 20th, 1868, he said: “We have a good work. A number have got fully sanctified, and we have over 100 converted this last year. We have now 300 members in Filey.

Cheer up; we look for new heavens and a new earth. I am in heaviness. My poor mother is in a dying state. Pray for her, and for us.

Allow me to advise you *not to work* so hard as you have done.”

April 12th.—He preached at Quarry Hill, Leeds, morning, on “Sanctification;” night on, “What wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?” Though he had not his usual liberty, two souls were saved, and two persons promised to meet in class. One said, ‘I have come to this chapel five years, and you are the first man who has asked me if I had a soul!’ “Lord, help me to interrogate persons on soul-matters out of the pulpit, as well as in.

May 2nd.—My dear Jane and I left Filey for Hull about

noon. Beautiful day and ride. Sunday, attended the District Camp Meeting. Glorious morning. Mighty procession, but unharmonious singing. Brother George Shaw preached *the most profitable* sermon to my soul. *Several things* were wanting to make the services more effective. 1st. More of God's presence. 2nd. More preaching on the office, work, and operations of the Holy Ghost, and of a present salvation. 3rd. More attention to the preaching by the persons on the ground. 4th. More prayer and faith. 5th. Less 'How do you do.' 6th. More praying circles, for numbers of good persons could not enter the three which were formed.

The public meeting at Clowes' Chapel on Monday night was a glorious one. The young men did well, but said nothing of entire sanctification. Mr. Lamb delivered a good charge, but said nothing on full salvation. The meeting was however, highly interesting and profitable, and would greatly glorify God.

June 2nd.—Could not preach at Flixton, there being a sale in the street. Engaged to go on Friday night."

Such an arrangement would involve an extra journey of about twelve or fourteen miles.

June 4th.—"MEMORABLE DAY! Twenty-two years ago this morning I left home. My dear mother accompanied me—not to the ship—but to the fly-boat! And, amazing mercy! she is still alive, as are all our family to this day. These matters have been gratefully named to-day before the throne of grace. And in this exercise, and in that of re-dedication of my *increased* all to God, I found heavenly enjoyment. Who would not fear, love, and obey Thee, Thou infinitely gracious Ruler of Heaven and Earth.

This year have seen 40 converted, preached 241 sermons, delivered 41 speeches, and travelled 3,299 miles.

July 26th.—Preached twice at Seamer, and do not remember to have spent a Sabbath with more enjoyment for a long time. *God was very near*, five souls professed to find mercy.

July 27th and 28th.—Preached both evenings in the open air to many more than would have gone to the chapels.

Heard of one drunkard who has become a teetotaler through hearing me preach in the open air.

August 1st, Saturday.—Two trustees' meetings, left the last at eleven o'clock at night. Received tenders for a preacher's house.

What superintendent amongst us would commence to build a chapel but for God? What amount of anxiety, work, suffering, and perhaps persecution, will it sometimes involve him in? What hours of anxiety have I had concerning Filey's intended new chapel. How painful is the strife of tongues. The devil is sure to endeavour to prevent the erection of such commodious premises as we contemplate. Through God, however, we shall proceed to victory.

August 29th, Harvest Holiday.—On the 5th of May last I bought a five pound telescope. This instrument sometimes affords me very pleasant and instructive recreation. To see rabbits, or plover, or crows three or four miles distant is interesting; but it is far more so to view the sun, moon, Venus, Saturn, and Jupiter. Lunar hills and craters are quite distinct, particularly during the first, and the early part of the second, week of lunation. Venus I have seen in both Gibbons and crescent phases—very interesting. Saturn's ring is sometimes distinctly visible. Jupiter and his moons are highly interesting. Two horizontal belts near his equator are clearly recognisable. His moons, sometimes two on each side, or three or four all on one side, are beautiful objects. How this instrument aids my conceptions of the immensity of the works of Him who became Incarnate to die for our redemption.

September 13th.—Preached three times; very weak, but at night had wondrous help from God; what views of heaven I enjoyed in preaching. I uttered sentences which I cannot now re-call. Oh! for more of the inspiration of the Spirit."

He heard an interesting case from an official in Driffeld Circuit, of his calling at his house, and speaking to a woman on the subject of religion; he asked, "Are you religious?" She replied, "I hope so." "Is that all?" he asked, and observed that religion was to be felt. This was a nail in a sure place, for it led to her becoming religious, and joining our

society. He observes, "Many a soul is won doubtless in houses, or in lanes, and in streets and fields. May I be a long-life soul hunter."

May 19th.—Sweet time in preaching at Filey, at six, two souls saved. I went to a fisherman hanging his head in a pew, and asked, 'Are you happy?' he made no reply. I then asked, 'Are you miserable?' He responded, 'I *am miserable*, I have served the devil long enough, now I will serve the Lord,' and at once accompanied me to the communion rails, where he professed to find salvation.

May 19th.—Monday. Attended a public meeting in our Holderness Road Chapel, Hull. Mr. Church, Editor of the Methodist Times, G. Shaw, J. Wood, Mr. Humphries, and I sat conversing until two next morning."

The 24th he spent at Broughton. On Sunday morning he left at 7.30. George and Joseph, his nephews, accompanied him to Ashby, from whence he went to Derrythorpe to dinner. Then to Belton, where he preached at two and six o'clock in the new chapel, Westgate, having walked fifteen miles for the afternoon service. "Full in the afternoon, but crowded at night, and about a hundred outside. Friends from nine or ten places. They *remember me, it seems*, not, thank God, for flashy preaching, but because He, in His mercy, made my plain services a blessing to their souls. May the common people ever hear me gladly.

May 26th.—Walked to Epworth this morning. *I love this place*. When I got upon the hill-top near the church, how I thought of the past! My mind reverted to Wesley, to Luther, and to Christ. I exclaimed, 'Jerusalem, Worms, and Epworth!'

He saw many old friends, among them Mrs. Hannah Ellinor, an aged pilgrim whose religion had been "tried by fire." Her husband once put her on the fire, when he had been drinking, but said she, "Fire could not burn my religion out of me!" She had survived him thirty-three years.

November 14th.—He left home for Louth. At Grimsby was put into a train for Cleethorpes, and found that the last for Louth had gone. Stayed with his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Robinson, who made him as comfortable as

possible. Next morning reached Louth *just in time* for the service. Preached three times. Crowds of friends, who were delighted to see him. "Of course I had great joy in meeting them; but I wonder that the people think so much of me. It actually *pains* me sometimes. But it is of God for His own glory, for He knows that, notwithstanding my numerous imperfections, and all my shortcomings, I have always sought to benefit the people for time and eternity.

November 25th.—At Cayton. Bazaar and tea. Great success. A man went to Flixton, and said they had had a '*Brazer*' at Cayton.

December 13th.—After preaching missionary sermons at Flixton at ten, and Hunmanby at two, heard Brother Maylard preach a good sermon at Filey. What some mighty preachers has poor Primitive Methodism produced. 'The excellency is of the power of God.'

December 14-17.—Missionary meetings. Brothers J. Maylard, T. Whittaker, and J. Stephenson, were the efficient deputation. Brothers G. Shaw and C. G. Honor assisted too.

December 31st.—Watch-night service. Only seventeen persons attended. Got into power in my last prayer."

January 1st, 1869.—He preached at Muston on "Little Faith." John Bayes, who was converted under Oxtoby forty years before, said, "You must have got one of John Oxtoby's sermons."

After preaching at Filey one evening, a sea fisherman, James Haxby, said, while praying, "Lord bless our dear preacher. It has been marrow and fatness. He can hit everybody. It's better than butter and bread."

January 29th.—"Attended and spoke at Temperance Meeting. I seldom *please myself* by a temperance speech."

And yet we have heard him give some very able ones on this subject, his large fund of humour frequently found a field for exercise, and he would tell some very amusing stories about drunken men and his adventures with them.

February 12th.—"A good Temperance Meeting at Staxton. I made a *little better* speech to-night. How much ashamed of myself I often am. Lord, forgive me and help me!"

From the 21st to 25th.—At Missionary Services in Epworth Circuit. When preaching at Crowle, while standing before a crowded congregation, “he felt recompensed for all his trouble and labour in connection with the erection of the beautiful sanctuary there. A soul found Jesus at the close of the service.”

At Thorne he heard of a man who was awakened under his last sermon at that place, and was then a member of society, as was also another man, to whom he had been made a blessing.

At Cayton he met with a Wesleyan, who for nearly twenty years had opposed the doctrine of instantaneous sanctification, and insisted it was a gradual work. He was led to feel his need of it, and received it when at work one Monday. It occurred powerfully to him that he must have family prayer, and proposed to commence on Tuesday morning ; but on that day something occurred to hinder it, and the next day the same. On Thursday he determined he would not be hindered. “Where is the Bible?” he asked his wife. “I thought thou was going to *pray*,” she replied. “Yes ; I am,” said he, “but we will have a portion of God’s word first.” “Read a short psalm,” she responded, for she had an eye to business, though she was professedly religious. “I’ll warrant thee, God will direct me without thou interfering,” said he. Singularly enough the chapter, without his knowledge, contained the identical passage which the Spirit applied to his soul when he obtained full salvation. “It was glorious, and he had a wonderful time.” He soon found he must do something for God, if it were only to teach children their “A B C.” He was made very useful.

June 27th.—He preached the Chapel Anniversary Sermons at Skipworth. “Thank God,” says he, “there is a beautiful little chapel here, and the friends have raised £200 towards its cost. Thank God that I was led to purchase the ground for it.” As he had promised to give one shilling to every pound they raised, he had pleasure in giving them £6, and remembered with grateful joy how one night, while crossing the common to re-mission the place, he had dismounted from his pony, and earnestly besought God “to open an effectual door.”

He stayed over the 11th of July, and preached three times ; and on 12th preached at Muston.

July 15th.—He left Filey on his “pretty pony, and rode to Hull, where he met his dear wife and family about two o’clock.”

On October 1st he wrote as follows :—“On Thursday I arrived at Broughton, parents and brother as usual. Left for Hull Saturday afternoon. Walked to Beverley on Sunday morning from six to eight o’clock. Had a happy day—a mighty prayer-meeting, six converted. Yesterday had a good audience at West Street. *Mr. King*, that *gentlemanly, holy, clever man*, was chairman ; speakers : Milson, Dawson, and Maylard. Excellent meeting. I never before enjoyed one so much at West Street. Spoke so as to *please myself*, which was wonderful ! Gave a new speech.

Had a pleasant ride to Hessle with Mr. Beecroft.

Shaw slept with me last night. This was *pleasant* and *profitable*.

This is a glorious day. I have much business on hand. Medicine to get for my brother, etc.

Goodhams give their love. Crow’s son is dead.

Have had *ninepence* given for the children. Tell them to *look out*. Answer. P. M.”

Again, on October 28th, writing to Mrs. Milson, he says :—“On Saturday I had a comfortable ride to Hull, where Richard and Mary met me.

Mr. Shaw and Mr. Stephenson were at Mr. Robson’s, got to bed on Sunday morning. Mr. Shaw preached a good sermon in Holderness Road Chapel at 10.30. I preached at two to a good audience, on entire sanctification, and felt much of the divine presence before I went. At night, chapel filled, benches had to be got out, about 1000 hearers.

Mr. Shaw is here, and will sleep here to-night.

Mr. Hodge told me a good anecdote about *a man called William Southren*,* whom the milkman asked one day if he were *independent*, and when he asked why, replied, ‘Because whenever I come you are always praying.’ If that were so, I

* Mrs. Milson’s father.

hope all his children will be like him. I did not know, however, that I had married the daughter of an independent gentleman. Well, I like him all the better for it.

Mr. H—— says that he shall put down a grave-stone for Henry Parker, out of respect for his memory. He died gloriously. I am well ; live well ; look well ; *am dressed well* ; and hope to serve God well. God bless thee, and cheer thy heart every moment. . . . P. M.”

The first week in the new year he was in London, from whence he wrote :—

“ MY DEARLY-BELOVED WIFE,

Thou wilt be happy to learn that I arrived in London before six o'clock ! earlier than I expected. I am now at Mr. Phillip's, and have had a cheering cup of tea. If thou were *here* I should be quite right. I thank God that thou are *there*, so that I hope to find thee again. . . .

MY DEAR JANEY,

I had young Mr. Wyvill's company as far as Malton, which was a comfort to me. I ate half a cake and some ham on my journey, and spent some of the time in reading, and some in praying. The insurance ticket *will be of no use*, as I have got here safely. So I paid the money *for nothing*. What a speculation ! I am insured for heaven. God bless thee.

MY DEAR CLOWES,

We were at York about twelve o'clock. We ran from Hitching to London, thirty-two miles, without stopping. I was glad I had taken thy careful mother's advice, and brought *two coats*. I felt my neck and head bad from cold, at York, but *prayed*, took medicine, and buttoned up my coats, and am now, thank God, quite brave ! Here is snow in London. The earth was covered during all the journey with a mantle of snow, and never a sunbeam gilded a landscape, or enlivened a scene ! Be a good lad, and look after Rosa, and thy mother.

My love to thee.

P. MILSON.

MY DEAR LITTLE, SMILING, VIVACIOUS, AMIABLE, PRISCILLA
SOUTHREN MILSON,

The train which brought me here came through say ten tunnels ! And what a noise and screaming and hissing they made. The Lord is the strength of my life . . . I am pleased to think thou hast plenty to eat, a good bed, and a good fire.

My love to Priscilla.

P. MILSON.

P.S.—I took three draughts of cocoa from the bottle, and shall make the best use of what is left. All being well, I shall leave London at 6.30 on Tuesday morning, and shall get home—*when I arrive.*

The Lord bless and keep you all by day and night. P. M.”

Writing later, he says :—“The chapel in which I preached is a neat structure, well situated, and will seat about 700.

Mr. Shaw’s brother from Grimsby came to me after the sermon ; said he was my son Timothy. He is a leader and local preacher.

Many public-houses open yesterday. I scattered in several of them a few hand-bills.”

CHAPTER XXI.

1869—73.

HULL.

“And the secret of their conquest
Let thy kingdom’s records tell ;
'Twas the old Faith once delivered,
Scorn’d so oft, and proved so well.
They adored Thee, God Incarnate ;
They believed in Heaven and Hell.”

THINKING a short rest from the cares and labours of the superintendency would be of service, he accepted an invitation to labour in the Hull Second Circuit as second preacher, under the superintendency of his very dear friend, the Rev. Joseph Wood, and with Revs. H. Clarke and R. Harrison as colleagues.

• The following letter had much to do in leading him to this decision :—

“ Hull.

“ DEAR BROTHER MILSON,

The officials of this Circuit, at a meeting held last night, *unanimously* agreed to invite you to allow yourself to be stationed as second preacher for the Hull Second Circuit. The invitation is cordial and urgent. I hope you will be guided to a right decision. There is a wide door of usefulness for you here. You will be freed from the cares and anxieties of the superintendency, and at liberty to devote your time and energies to the spiritual duties of our office. I think you will decide to come, and you will come in all the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. The District Meeting, if you consent to come here, must place an efficient man as the superintendent of Filey. . . .

By order, etc.,

GEORGE LAMB.”

He entered upon his work in Hull with every prospect of happiness and success. Numerous friends flocked round him, and manifested the utmost readiness to help and encourage him. He saw three souls saved on Monday, August 2nd, after renewing tickets, and felt the power of God resting upon him in all his services. From the 7th to the 12th of August, he was in Pocklington Circuit as missionary deputation. The week was beautifully fine, the neighbourhood was new, and the rides charming. I was superintendent of the circuit at that time, and as he was always fond of congenial company and old friends, this added to his pleasure. Under the heading of August 10th, he says:—"Brother Shaw and I had a charming and extensive view from a hill behind Aclam to-day." I have frequently thought of that walk, and his rapturous expressions of delight at the splendid prospect that lay before us. At the close of the evening meeting at Leavening, a gentleman came to me, and said, "If you think Mr. Milson would like to see Castle Howard, I will drive you there to-morrow morning if you will be at my house to an early breakfast." We accepted the offer, and before eight the next morning we were on our way.

The morning was delightful, and the ride charming. We had a splendid horse, and rode at a tremendous speed, quite safely with our experienced driver. As we approached the seat of the Howards, Mr. Milson's delight was unbounded. The hedges covered with nuts, the beautiful village cottages adorned with ivy, and surrounded with flowers: the splendid avenue of trees, the Hall, the aviary of birds, all contributed to make this a day to be remembered.

He was charmed, too, to visit at Aclam the house of "*Bobby Coultas*" of religious fame, and to see the pond which, in answer to his prayer, was filled with rain, when all around was dry. The services, too, at Buckthorpe, which were held in a barn, crowded with people to hear him preach in the afternoon, and the meetings at night were all more than ordinarily interesting. I never saw him so full of fun and frolic as that week. At Fangfoss, after "a good dinner," at Mr. English's hospitable home, the day being warm, I fell asleep. When I awoke, I saw the preachers and friends were laughing, and on

looking to discover the cause, found that he had placed a long "churchwarden" in such a position that it looked as if I had been smoking, while an empty glass, placed at my right hand, on a table close by, appeared as if I had been indulging in something stronger than water.

Dear old friend! the recollection of that week, and the reading of it in the well-known beautiful hand-writing, affects me to tears. No more shall we enjoy such intercourse on earth. May we renew our fellowship amid the still brighter and unending companionships of the skies!

Since writing the above, I have found a letter to Mrs. Milson, which shows how greatly he enjoyed the visit.

Soon after this, the shadow of a great loss gathered about him, but he was graciously prepared for it. After attending a public meeting at Hunmanby, on the 6th September, he returned to Filey to sleep. During the night he had a "remarkable dream," in which the words, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of *such* is the kingdom of heaven," were deeply impressed upon him. He saw the children to be Christ's, as he had never done before, and felt as if he should say more on this point in future, when baptizing them. In the morning he told Mrs. Haxby of his dream as soon as he came down, and expressed his opinion that it had some special meaning. On his return to Hull next day, he found his "little Ebbe very ill."

8th.—"About twenty minutes past three in the afternoon, my beloved little Ebenezer died on his mother's knee, in the presence of us all, weeping and praying. HE hath done all things well.

12th.—Preached in Jarratt Street Schoolroom. Text, 'To you who are troubled, rest with us,' etc. The same text as I preached from thrice the Sunday before my dear little Harriet died in this town in 1857!"

October 26th.—He preached at Church Street in the morning, on entire sanctification. Changed his subject on the road. "In repeating," says he, "the lines:—

‘Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole;’

the fire began to burn. The lines were repeated over and over again. Shouts of glory broke out, one brother exclaimed, 'Thou does it on a Sunday morning.' The chapel was now full of the Divine presence. I concluded, and began a prayer-meeting. Several persons received the blessing, and were sanctified wholly. One brother watered the floor with his tears, and seemed to be unable to do anything but weep. This was a very remarkable time of grace. I see that we preachers need to aim at bringing down the Holy Spirit's influence upon the people, as well as instructing them in the truth. O for *wisdom*, and for *courage*!

October 30th.—Heard my colleague, H. Clarke, preach a luminous and powerful sermon. Preached at Hedon at two, *could* not be so *serious* and *weighty* as I *wished*. How singular! At Preston at six. Preached as I *like* to preach. Had liberty with solemnity, feeling, and power. Could think clearly, speak perspicuously and keenly. Surely God would use the sermon, though I did not see any converted. Walked home with Brother Archer, a local preacher, who told me of a young man who found salvation at Church Street on the morning of October 26th, while we were singing the last hymn. The organist, too, was so affected, that he could not play, but found liberty at night. Hallelujah!"

He received the following from Filey, containing an account of a terrible storm that had occurred there:—

“November 8th, 1869.

“MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,

I doubt not but that you are very anxious to know how your old friends at Filey have weathered the late storm. Well, I am thankful to say no lives have been lost, but sorry to say that we have lost all our nets, worth about £8000, but more than double that will be lost by the loss of five or six weeks of the best part of the fishing season. Well, so much of the dark side. Thank God it is not all dark. We had our thanksgiving meeting yesterday for our deliverance. We met at Cliff Top at six in the morning, sung up to the chapel, had the vestry about full, and a glorious prayer-meeting; some converted there. Mr. Smith preached an

appropriate sermon in the morning ; at the afternoon classes three or four found mercy. We had a love-feast at night, when those who had been out in the storm had the opportunity of stating their experience, and expressing their gratitude. Richard gave a very affecting statement, to the effect that when the storm was raging the worst he told his son to lash him to the tiller, and another man to be lashed elsewhere, as they were insured for another world, and the rest to go down in the cabin, and make the best of it. Young Richard Haxby, whose vessel was run into by a steamer, and expected every minute to sink, said that in calm serenity he exclaimed :—

‘ If this be death I soon shall be
From every sin and sorrow free ;
I shall the King of Glory see,
All is well.’

Many were affected, and two or three professed to be saved. I think a good many more will have to praise God for the October gale, 1869, through eternity. There is similar loss at Scarbro’ of nets and so forth, but what is worse, a boat is missing, and it is to be feared *has suffered*, so that our loss is light to theirs. I send you these few details hoping you will improve them to the salvation of some poor sinner.

We were about seventy hours in the storm, during which we sung and prayed, and read the bible. God was with us. . . .

MATTHEW HAXBY.”

The writer of the above did not say what we know is true, that he caused himself to be fastened to the tiller, and steered the vessel during most of the seventy hours, saying to the men, “ If a wave comes and washes me overboard, I am all right. I shall go straight to heaven where there is no more sea.”

November 17th.—“Preached in Victoria Street Chapel at Grimsby in the morning. *Middling time*. At night in the same chapel, which was well filled. Text, Rev. i. 17, 18. Could not preach so *good a sermon artistically* as I have done, but God sent pathos, light, and power. I believe it was a precious time to many, *I know it was to me*. My soul was filled unutterably with the love of God. And this, after feeling as if I were one of the weakest and poorest of preachers. O

how much I often suffer before preaching! Nearly all I think and say, and can say, seems so little and mean, and commonplace that I feel burdened with shame, *but our sufficiency is of God*. What a reality is His help. To Him be glory for ever. Two, only two, souls were saved: one an interesting young man, seventeen years old.

I am most interestingly and momentarily connected with Grimsby for eternity! And how often have I felt at Grimsby the *Divineness* of Christianity as certainly as I could have done in the Paradise of God. Hallelujah! The tabernacle of God is with men (who believe), and He dwells with them. My God, save Grimsby."

In returning to Hull by boat he distributed some tracts. On giving one to a sottish-looking man who was in drink, he asked, "Can you read?" "Can I read?" said he, "do you know what a verb is?" I replied, "You are not a verb!" "Can you tell me what a noun is?" asked he. "You are a noun," said I, not with the strictest propriety. Then I added, "Porter is a noun, gin is a noun, brandy is a noun." Several listeners appeared to enjoy this reply. "What is a Methodist?" enquired he. "A noun," replied I, and then asked, "Which is the better, brandy or Methodist?" "Methodist," said he, and expressed his regard for Methodists. I then preached salvation to him.

What a credit to Methodism, that when a person is endeavouring to save a soul, or making a profession of salvation, the world considers him a Methodist. May holiness and earnest soul-seeking effort ever be characteristic of Methodism!

November 24th.—Heard Rev. W. Jones preach an excellent and eloquent sermon. Took dinner and tea with him. He is intellectually an extraordinary man. Preached at Clowes Chapel at six, four persons converted. Others trembled, but resisted the Spirit.

October 26th.—Preached at Paull to about a dozen persons. Invited many at their houses to attend, but it was *very cold*, and could it be expected that perishing men and women would go a few yards to hear the glorious gospel preached? Lord shake Paull. If they won't come in winter, I will go, if spared, to them in the open air in summer!

December 3rd.—Preached at Hedon for four nights. Three or four souls found spiritual life; may they never die. I invited scores of the inhabitants to the meetings, and, with two or three exceptions, they behaved very kindly, even *thanking* me.

December 6th-9th.—Preached four nights at Church Street, six saved."

The following week, being at Filey, I ran over to Scarborough to see him and some other friends. It was a most enjoyable visit. Though not in good health he was in excellent spirits, as the following letter will show :—

"Westboro', Scarboro', December 14th, 1869.

"MY DEAR JANE,

On Saturday I rode with Mr. Whittaker as far as Filey, and then with him and Mr. Kendall. I had led the way into a 'smoking compartment.' *Charles* made remarks about finding *us* in such company as brought upon him some employment for conversation with men who were indulging in cigars. Had a sweet time in prayer before retiring to rest. Had the *unction* in preaching in the morning on the out-pouring of the Spirit. An elderly man exclaimed, 'I have got it' (*sanctification*) whilst I was preaching. At night at Jubilee Chapel, was blest. I left the prayer-meeting before nine, five or six souls had obtained pardon. Next morning I was told that much more was done, and many could not sleep that night.

Last night prepared for a *set* speech, but could not attempt it, spoke off-hand, and had a free and happy time. I go this afternoon to see a man who was sanctified under my first prayer, *years* ago, in Jubilee Chapel. Hallelujah !

Mr. Cheeseman has just written for me to go to tea this afternoon with them. *Whittaker and Shaw* going to be there ! Mr. Shaw is on a visit to Filey. Slept here *with me* last night. Mrs. Shaw presented him with a daughter last Wednesday.

I am happy, eat well, but sleep wretchedly. O dear ! O dear ! drop asleep in the morning, and am half awake when I get up to have a walk to the sea before breakfast. I look well, and shall *try to appear respectable* ! God bless thee, my everlasting shirt-making, stocking-repairing, boot-blackening,

servant-superseding Jane ! I shall give thee something *when I get some money*.

I am very comfortable at Mr. Yule's, have all sorts of books to look at, and the throne of grace to which to apply at any time. I shall try to enjoy my visit, call at Filey on Friday, and be glad to get home. . . ."

On his return he preached a powerful sermon on sanctification at Cottingham, which was heard by a Wesleyan local preacher, and about a dozen Wesleyan members, who caught inspiration from it : others caught it from them, and in a short time the effects were felt throughout the whole Wesleyan Circuit (Beverley).

December 25th, Christmas Day.—Preached at seven in the morning at Holderness Road. Attended tea and public meeting at dear old Thornton Street at night. Good meeting.

December 31st.—Watch-night service at Holderness Road. Large congregation. Middling time.

January 2nd.—Only planned at Hedon at half-past two, and Preston at six, so spent the forenoon in visiting sick persons in Hull.

January 6th.—Conducted the united prayer-meeting at Spring Bank Chapel. Ten souls professed to find peace.

February 1st to 4th.—Revival services at ——. During some of these the class meetings were not given up, and on each side there was singing during part of our services. Is this the way to get the work on? Do we act thus when a *stranger* comes? No ! Then why is a regular preacher to be placed under so great a disadvantage?

February 7th.—Having heard of the serious illness of a friend at Drax, in Selby Circuit, he went to see him. Found him suffering from cancer in the eye. Had had one eye extracted, but the cancerous matter kept spreading. He was gradually passing away, but sweetly resting in Jesus. The journey cost him about six shillings, but a short time after a friend met him, and said 'God told me to give you this!' putting a sovereign into his hand.

February 11th.—"Gave a lecture on the 'Necessity and importance of the Baptism of the Spirit,' to the young men at West Street. A poor lecture, but a *mighty influence*. It was a

kind of little Pentecost. This was all the Divine Mercy and Love.

February 20th to 24th.—At missionary services in Grimsby Circuit. He enjoyed the week on the whole. ‘The Rev. T. Guttery is a wonderful young man. He is very genial, eloquent, and spiritual. God bless and keep him. If God had not helped *me* in a special manner I should never have made my way as a *preacher*.’

Mr. Milson’s admiration for Mr. Guttery, was reciprocated, as appears from the following note, written in reply to an invitation to preach special sermons at Scarborough :—

“March 24th.—I am sincerely glad to get a line from you. There is no man in England whose presence impressed me more profitably than your own. In the short week we spent together, you were made a blessing to me which has lasted for years. I should be very glad to meet you.”

April 3rd.—Heard the Rev. J. Wenn and Rev. Geo. Shaw preach two good sermons in Holderness Road Chapel, on the occasion of Missionary Anniversary. This is the first time I have had a Sunday at liberty the whole of my ministry, except when ill or midsummer holidays. When, however, I am well, a Sunday’s vacation has no charms for me. *Rest is loss!*

April 4th-7th.—Attended Missionary Meetings at Cottingham, Clowes Chapel, Holderness Road, and Church Street. Gave only one short address, but I enjoyed the speeches and services. . . . I learn important lessons when listening to my brethren—lessons to instruct, encourage, correct, and stimulate.”

April 9th. . . At Hornsea with “his dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lyon.” On Sunday Mr. Lyon drove him to Bransburton, to preach chapel opening sermons.

April 11th.—“My dear Janey (his eldest daughter), Mr. Lyon, and I enjoyed a walk in the morning along the beach, northwards from Hornsea. Collected many geological and marine specimens, effects of Divine operations in Nature’s agencies and laws in *far back* ages in the history of our wondrous globe.

It was very interesting to see cropping out, considerably below the beach at Hornsea, a dark stratum of peat or turf, evidently the remains of a long since dissolved vegetation.

The same stratum, I understand, underlies the renowned 'Mere.' In several respects mighty changes have taken place here, the ocean being now several miles nearer to Hornsea than it once was. Its encroachments upon the land now amount to some six feet annually.

April 12th.—Preached at Bilton. Very lame from corns. My feet have been nearly ruined through my boots having been too small. I have not liked to *return* them, and have suffered fearfully as the consequence. Let no one suffer from fear of displeasing shoemakers, as I have done. Experience has taught me a life-long lesson, and I wish I could persuade others not to wear boots or shoes which are at first too small for them.

I have lately been almost unable to walk. If a foot has caught a stone I have been ready to fall, and my very knees have ached. To-night, as I walked towards Bilton, I prayed for a ride, but I did not get one." It was a market day, and he hoped some one might overtake him.

When the service closed and he started for Hull, he found it was raining, and he had to carry his umbrella up. Feeling very exhausted, he prayed again for a ride, and had not proceeded far before he heard the rumbling of wheels, but supposed that the sound proceeded from another road, the Ganstead one. Soon, however, he saw a conveyance approaching, and as the horse shied, he put down his umbrella, and, to his surprise and gratitude, the horse was suddenly turned round and a *carriage* was ready for him to step into. It seems that Alderman H. Hodge had been out with part of his family on Anlaby Road to tea. On returning home, when the groom came to take out the horse, Mr. Hodge said, "No let him stop in! Coachman drive on to Bilton, it strikes me we cannot do better than go and meet Mr. Milson!"

To the above account he adds:—"Reader, dost thou suppose this was *possibly* an answer to prayer? I *believe* it was *really* a Divine answer to the earnest, repeated, and believing petitions of my soul. What a God I serve! He sent one of His human servants with a magnificent horse and beautiful carriage to carry me home to-night. *This* was wonderful; but when I shall have finished my soul-transporting labours in His service, He will send one or more of His

angelic servants—and chariot and horsemen of Israel—to carry me to my Heavenly Home! And what a home! What friends and relatives I hope to meet! What a company! What a place! What glory, knowledge, and happiness in the smile and bosom of the all-glorious Trinity in Unity! In that heaven I shall, I believe, praise God for His goodness to me this night, and thank Henry Hodge for his kindness too. So that God will make the receiver and the giver both the happier for this night's occurrence.

April 15th, Good Friday.—Chapel opening at Scunthorpe. Preached at half-past two to a crowded congregation. Rev. G. Shaw preached to a second congregation in the Wesleyan Chapel. About 700 to tea. After tea, we had crowded meetings in both chapels. I am glad to hear that the condition of the workmen here has greatly improved. Men come from distant places, many of them very wicked. May they here find salvation!

I very much enjoyed my walk to Scunthorpe this morning. Many scenes in this neighbourhood are full of interesting associations. How much I see and feel, comparing and contrasting my present position in life and happiness with past experience, how much God has done for me. How paltry the wealth, and how limited the bliss of men I could name, who occupy, and have occupied, good farms, compared with mine as a Primitive Methodist travelling-preacher. Men, whom I once considered great, now look very little, and the enjoyments of wealthy worldlings appear contemptible. 'Thou hast put gladness into my heart, more than when their corn and wine increased!' Lord preserve me in love and humility for ever!"

April 15th.—He went with Mr. H. Hodge to North Cave, to the stone-laying of a new chapel. With Mr. Hodge's characteristic kindness, he, knowing Mr. Milson's love of nature, offered to drive the most interesting route, and consequently they went by Kirkella and Riplingham. The "scenes were really charming." Mr. W. Sissons rode with them, and his historical and geographical knowledge and remarks on St. Austin's Stone, at Drewton, which they saw at a distance, served to make their journey increasingly interesting. Mr.

Hodge and he had an interesting "perambulation" in the village. The tea and meeting were a great success.

April 28th.—He preached in the open air at St. John's Wood, to *twenty* times as many hearers as he would have had in the house. What contributed to the largeness of it was the opposition of a publican and a sceptic. Their shouts and ravings brought the people out, who sympathised with the preacher. He held a short prayer-meeting in the house after the sermon, and returned home happy and triumphant, having got "honey out of the lion, grace out of the Cross."

June 27th.—"Renewed tickets to fewer than four members out of two classes, and missed preaching at Cottingham to do this! Professors must be pampered in this way! How selfish are many who profess the Christian name?"

May 8th.—Heard Brother Shaw and a local brother from Doncaster Circuit deliver two good sermons at Jarratt Street at ten. I conducted the service, aided by Brother S. Oates and Brother W. Taylor, from Epworth Circuit. Conducted a very powerful love-feast at Church Street. It was surely one of primitive simplicity, life, and power. Six souls found mercy."

July 6th.—He attended the foundation-stone laying of Filey New Chapel. "The scene was magnificent and affecting, 2,500 persons were present." He rejoiced exceedingly at the accomplishment of an object which for a long time he had desired to see. Along with his colleague, the Rev. S. Oates, he had secured the ground, paid for the deed, raised the cost of making nearly 200,000 bricks, and obtained reliable promises to the amount of £130. He had been anxious to build the chapel, but had been hindered, but he rejoiced to see the work begun under his successor, the Rev. C. Kendall.

He stayed a few days, enjoying the hospitality of Mr. H. Hodge. On Wednesday, after tea, he, with several others, including Dr. Lamb, Revs. C. Kendall and C. Ross, accompanied Mr. Hodge on a pleasure excursion on the water. The sea was "very undulating, and struck the prow of the boat with thundering thuds." This stirred up his old enemy, the *bile*, "a quantity of which was soon commingling with the

water." Dr. Lamb laughingly assured him it would do him good, and his friends as well as himself would profit by it, as on the following Sunday he would not preach on a dark subject. "Evidently thinking," says he, "that bile may influence one on the choice of a subject. It may, sometimes, but I know that love and pity for souls will do it sometimes as well."

Notwithstanding his sickness, he caught nearly a score fishes, many of them fine haddocks. The whole party caught about 150! The night became calm, and the sea placid and "under the radiance of the lovely moon, which appeared like a golden ball over the cliffs of Speeton, we rowed our boat to far-famed Filey, which we reached about ten o'clock."

At the September Quarterly Meeting the station was divided, he becoming the superintendent of Hull Third Circuit, with the Rev. R. Harrison as second preacher.

In October, hearing that Mr. and Mrs. Boddy, of Ganstead Hall, were unwell and wishful to see him, being planned at Preston, he took the train at Wilmington for Swine, and walked to Ganstead to see them.

He was very kindly received. After a little conversation, Mrs. Boddy, expressed a strong desire that he should pray with and for her. After having set before her the plan of salvation, he engaged in earnest supplication on her behalf. God gave him much freedom and sweet unction, and he felt something like an assurance of her salvation. When they arose, he asked, "Can you say 'Thou art my Saviour, Thou dost save me *now*?' " She replied with emphasis, "*I cannot.*" He pressed her to believe, and in less than one minute she buried her face in her hands, and cried, "*I do believe,*" and fell upon her knees upon the floor. Mrs. D—— (her mother, a Wesleyan), and he then knelt again, and he prayed, and was rejoiced to hear her say "*I do believe,*" and God gave her peace. "O how sweet was that hour! Shall we not remember it in eternity."

"I left soon after to walk to Preston, three miles or more. It was dark, but my soul was all light, love, and joy! I wonder if any child of Adam ever walked that road so happy as I was that night. I went as on eagle's wings, and if I could not sing well—I could and did say and feel—

'Tis worth living for this,
To administer bliss
And Salvation in Jesus' name !'

December 11th.—He preached opening sermons of Retford Chapel, and saw three souls saved, and on the following evening preached again, and saw two more converted. "These conversions are the joy of my soul."

And now comes an entry which we give just as it stands, leaving the reader to ponder it, and draw his own conclusions from it.

"On Sunday, December 10th, my soul felt unutterably for Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. My soul *clave to him* in sympathy and love, and the royal family seemed inexpressibly dear to me. It seemed as though his end was approaching! I prayed for God to restore him if he could. Monday passed, and the nation was under gloom! I was returning from Mr. Humphrey's at nearly midnight, and asked a policeman if he had heard anything respecting the Prince. 'Nothing new.'

In Dansom Lane overtook a man in conversation with another policeman. Their subject was that of the illness of the Prince. *I* spoke to them on the subject. As we walked along, a woman opened her door and enquired of the policeman concerning the Prince! His danger seemed to be an absorbing subject with all.

After my dear wife had gone to bed, I was led to pray for him in my room, with what result the following lines *copied* verbatim may show (I wrote the lines on a plan):—

'On my knees, twenty-five minutes before one o'clock a.m., December 12th, 1871. Have been wrestling with God on account of the Prince of Wales. Wonderfully led out in prayer for his life; for his dear mother the Queen's sake; for the sake of his dear wife and children; the *nation*, and himself. God was solemnly near! O! how sweet His presence. "The fever owned His touch, and fled,"—sweet,—sweet on my mind. At first felt almost afraid of believing for his life, as though (considering his state) it were impossible for him to live: but the Divine presence *led me on*; till I could sweetly say, in reference to his life, "Thou dost hear! Thou dost hear! Surely, Lord, Thou dost hear!"

To the Eternal Trinity be glory for ever !

I then opened my Bible before me on the chair and opened on the words, Luke xxiv. 11. About quarter to one o'clock.—P. MILSON, December 12th.'

The above is an exact copy of what I wrote on my knees, not a word omitted or added.*

When I went to bed I was wonderfully happy, and throughout the night my mind was full of the subject. I was much awake, and felt a great desire *to write to cheer the Queen!* Thought, however, she might not see a letter, or it might not be believed. Had a mind to write to some public paper, but did not.

When I saw *placards of the 'critical condition* of the Prince of Wales' next day, I felt *above all*. It did not move me. I had an assurance of his recovery, and my feelings were inexplicable.

I told Mr. Humphrey, and named the case in part at a meeting.

To the Everlasting God of Heaven and Earth, who condescends to hear prayer, be glory for ever !

It was feared that he might die on the 14th, the anniversary of his father's death ; but I, through grace, did not expect it. At length he began to improve. See bulletins."

In volume thirteen of his journal there are several entries of interest connected with 1871. In one of these he describes a visit he paid to Broughton for Chapel Anniversary Services, and speaks of the delight he felt in seeing the old scenes and meeting with dear friends. The playing of the harmonium by "Mr. Holt's little daughter" greatly affected him, and the speeches of the Rev. A. Johnson, Mr. Rowbotham, and Mr. Dunham (who was chairman) pleased him. Next morning he sowed turnips, and returned to Hull at night with "a heavy heart," as his parents and brother were still unconverted.

Soon after his return, he heard the Rev. S. Romilly Hall preach in the Kingston Wesleyan Chapel "a sermon full of sound, faithful advice. It was earnest, and one for the times. He spoke strongly against immoral persons being allowed

* The plan was found among his papers.

to sing for pay at sacred concerts, neglect of class meetings, and conformity to the world. The sermon was full of implied fear for Methodism. He expressed his opinion that only pure experimental religion could keep them; stayed the prayer-meeting, and *worked* for the salvation of souls."

The following amused him:—

"Aug. 10, 1871. B. C. W——.

Presented to Fanny, wife of the above, who departed from a life of single blessedness, to another where they marry and are given in marriage, and are *not* as the angels in heaven.

From her brother, who intends at some early date to go and do likewise. Good luck."

December 14th.—"Preached at Newtown, and had a sweet and free time. How precious was the truth delivered. I *felt it*; and my soul enjoyed a triumph, and glory and majesty and royalty of salvation. Text, 'Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins.'

December 20th.—Saw Sister Day dying of cancer. Happy in God.

December 22nd.—Quarterly Meeting. Gave an address at the public meeting. Compliance with the Divine injunction, 'In honour preferring one another,' would have lessened our talk and trouble at this Quarterly Board!

December 25th.—Attended the morning service at seven o'clock at the Road. Thornton Street tea in the afternoon, and gave a short speech at the public meeting at night, which was a very good one.

December 26th.—Took tea at Somerset House with Miss Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. Beecroft. Very pleasant and profitable time. Had *a long and powerful prayer-meeting* before we parted. May we meet in Heaven!

December 31st.—Preached a new sermon at the Road. Text, Revelation xx. 11 to end. Solemn time. Watch-night service at half-past ten. *Not* a very profitable time to me. Large attendance. About 400.

January 1st.—Chapel opening, tea and public meeting at Paull. *Terribly* dark and cold night. Chapel filled. Did well. God has done wonders for us here.

After the fire at Mr. Hodge's mill against his house, he was

at chapel at night. I expressed my pleasure at its escape. He cheerfully said, 'Twenty-five years ago I should not have had one to burn, now I have two.'

The above ends Book XII. of his journals. The next has simply the following on the first page. "Parkinson Milson's journal continued, Volume XIII."

There are no entries in the volume until May 25th, after his return from Paris, where he had been with his friend, Mr. George Hodge. His delight with much that he saw was unbounded, and his pain at other things he was obliged to see was great. He made a considerable number of notes on his visit, and afterwards collected information and illustrations respecting it sufficient to make a large volume. The notes are extensive and precise, and evince much historical and scientific knowledge.

May 26th.—"Preached at West Street in the morning. Good auditory, and at the close of the service the Divine glory was powerfully present, producing joy, shouts, and tears. How different was this service to the popish ones I attended last Sabbath in Paris.

At night at the Road. Four or five souls found peace. A day of celestial sweetness to my soul."

June 2nd.—He records a case of a woman saved during her last illness, and dying in great happiness, and adds, "Here was another case of true conversion and happy death never tabulated."

September 23rd.—The laying of the memorial stone of the Williamson Street Chapel (Primitive) took place by Mr. Hy. Hodge, who gave £1000. Mr. Milson presented him with a handsome tea and coffee service in the name of the trustees, and gave a very appropriate and stirring address.

June 13th.—Being sent for to visit a woman in the small-pox, some of his friends tried to persuade him not to go, as it was dangerous to do so, but of this he took no notice, and went at once. He found her conscious, and knelt to pray in such a position as to avoid the current of her breath. He sang too, "He breaks the power of cancelled sin," and, "Soon as my all I ventured," and to his joy her poor hands began to move to the tune, and she indicated to her husband that she was trusting

in Christ. As he was leaving, her husband said her parents were Primitives in Norfolk.

After a lecture on Paris, he says:—"Hope to serve the cause of God by this means. I do not, nor will I, neglect preaching to lecture. The latter must be wholly extra.

April 24th.—The foundation stone of a new chapel at Hedon was laid by Mrs. H. Hodge. Tea in the Town Hall. Bazaar and Public Meeting."

April 28th.—Being at Manchester for chapel anniversary, he walked to Cheetham Hill Churchyard, of which he had read in an old prize-book at home, his mother having a sister buried in it. He purchased in the village a portion of the best Cheshire cheese, and took it, as he returned, *to his mother*, telling her where he had got it.

May 17th.—"Attended the band-meeting. Several local preachers from different parts present. After the band, Brother Bullock spoke well on 'Pray without ceasing.' His style was easy, and address good. He is really eloquent. And what a *ripe saint*. He was put on the plan in 1820! He once asked old Bobby Coultas how it was he got so many things he prayed for. He said:—"I go into my closet, and wait on God until I get an assurance, and if I find the devil outside when I come out, and he tells me I have been deceived, I knock his head against the cross!"

Having been requested to deliver a lecture on his life and labours, he prepared one entitled, "Twenty-five Years in the Itinerancy," which he delivered at several places. The following extracts are from extensive notes on the subject:—"I have preached the glorious Gospel of the blessed God in 39 stations, and 304 places. I have travelled with 37 different ministers, eleven of whom are dead, two are superannuated, and nine left our ministry. Seventeen are still in active labour. I have travelled 63,000 miles, an average of over 2,400 a year. I rode a mule five years, about 10,000 miles; and a pony five, which I rode about 10,000, and it drew me about 5,000 miles. We fell 21 times, but I never fell off the saddle except the first time we fell. God preserved me.

I have preached on an average 262 sermons, delivered 29 speeches, and 10 open-air addresses a year. I have seen

1,858 souls converted. This gives 74 souls per year. One soul to every three-and-a-half sermons. I have also seen 463 believers fully sanctified; 18 per year. I have preached and delivered 7,298 sermons and addresses, or five-and-a-half per week. Add to this love-feasts, band and class-meetings, and the average for 25 years is nine per week.

If I had been in one place, and preached two sermons per Sunday the year round, I should have been 63 years preaching the number I have. Nor have they been twenty-minute sermons read from a book, or committed to memory, but sermons for which I claim *originality*, and which, so far as their being my own are concerned, I could publish to the world. Many of them have been three-quarter-of-an-hour and one-hour sermons.

For my twenty-five years of labour I have received :—

Salary	£1,183	16	0
Board and Rent	238	9	2
Children	235	12	0
Travelling	22	11	4
Rates	20	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£1,700	8	6

Reckon additional £6 per year for travelling to and from, and for special services, this makes £1,850. These sums give the following facts :—My *bare salary* per week has been 18s. 3¾d. Rents, rates, travelling expenses, collections, and all, a total of £1 8s. 5¼d. per week.

My bare salary has been £47 7s. od. per year. With rates, taxes, rents, travelling expenses, and all other items, £74 per year.

If one soul for every seven die in the Lord, I shall have, through mercy, 265 to gem an undeserved crown. If one of every 20 I have seen saved be now a member with us, there are 92 in our ranks; and if they pay one penny a week, and sixpence for their tickets, on an average they are contributing £38 6s. 8d. a year towards the support of our ministers. And what to missions, chapels, and other funds, I know not.

But what of success untabulated? The day shall declare it!

I have spent over my work, say, for ponies for riding, ten years, £110; given way in visiting the poor and sick, say, £100; loss on books, say, £100."

So if anyone thinks of our ministry as a sphere for obtaining wealth, his ideas may be corrected by the above.

He also gives the particulars of his income while on probation, from which it appears that he received in Hull West Circuit, 1847, salary, £3 10s. od. per quarter, and for board and lodgings, £2 8s. 4½d.; travelling expenses, 15s. 2d., or for the twelve months, £27 13s. 6½d. Hull East, 1848: £8 10s. od. per quarter, £34 os. od. Grimsby: For two years' total salary, £4 10s. od. per quarter, £36 os. od.; lodgings and meat bill, £13 2s. 8½d.; travelling expenses, 4s. 6d.; total, £49 6s. 2½d.

CHAPTER XXII.

1873—77.

GRIMSBY (*Third Time*).

“ I think of Thee, my God, by night,
And talk of Thee by day,
Thy love my treasure and delight,
Thy truth my strength and stay.

The day is dark, the night is long
Unblest with thoughts of Thee,
And dull to me the sweetest song
Unless its theme Thou be.

So all day long, and all the night,
Lord, let Thy presence be
Mine air, my breath, my shade, my light,
Myself absorb'd in Thee.”

—JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

BEFORE he left Hull he had many applications for his services, but a large and influential deputation having waited upon him from Grimsby, requesting him to allow himself to be stationed for that town, he, after much prayerful consideration, consented. Accordingly, the Conference of 1873 stationed him to Grimsby for the third time. It had been the scene of many of his early victories, and he entered upon his work with hope and courage. The first entry in his journal is as follows :—

August 31st.—“Preached in Victoria Street, at 10.30, on Wrestling Prayer. The Holy Ghost helped me. Shall not soon forget the *divine cloud* that rested upon me and, apparently, upon the whole congregation when the last hymn was sung—

‘Then let me on the mountain top
Behold Thy open face.’

I exclaimed in prayer, ‘This is heaven!’ At two, gave a short address to the scholars, but, as usual on such occasions, was

much dissatisfied with myself. At six, preached to a large congregation from Ezek. xxxiii. 11. Truly God again helped me, but—how surprising!—only two young women gave themselves to Christ, and that apparently through my dear wife's *importunity*. They yielded after the conclusion of the prayer-meeting. I was tempted to think that my wife would do (them) harm by her *urgency*, and that she was *too pressing*. The result, however, justified her conduct. May this teach me a lesson!"

September 7th.—He walked along the Humber bank to Stallingbro' Kiln, then across a field or two in the direction of Immingham. Seeing a man in a doorway, he asked if he could direct him the nearest way. "Yes," was the reply, "but you had better come in and have your dinner." He did so, and afterwards went on to his appointment, and preached, "Old Sally Moody" being among his hearers. He was delighted to see her, but affected at the change that years had made in her and others of his old friends. "This impressed me with the importance of working while it is yet day."

At night he preached at Stallingbro', and as he could not obtain a bed, walked home to Grimsby. The "full moon shone in his face," and the Holy Spirit comforted his soul, and he felt surprised at his bodily strength, having walked eighteen miles. He might have shortened the distance if he had taken the train at night, but he could not do so on the Lord's Day.

September 8th.—A Tea and Public Meeting for the New Chapel in Hainton Street. "It is painful," says he, "that we are so much occupied with schemes and operations to obtain money. Religious Zeal and Principle ought to furnish it *at once*, or at least without a tithe of the trouble we have to obtain it."

September 9th.—At Immingham, the night being fearfully dark, he thought it was probable he would have very few hearers, the population being so scattered. To his surprise, he had "*many*." Several had come two miles, and brought lanterns with them.

The next eight days he preached five sermons at Grimsby. Speaking of one of them, he says:—"My Jane said I preached well, and *she* is a judge."

At a Christmas tree for Hainton Street Chapel the sum of £138 16s. was realised. "*Wonderful*," he adds.

September 20th.—"Preached at Stallibro', extra sermon; subject, Entire Sanctification. Not having preached on it lately, I felt almost *disinclined* to do so, and *very different from what I have generally done*. Only a dozen hearers. Had thoughts of deferring the sermon to next Sabbath, but did not. *And what a time!* My soul was filled with *light, love, courage, zeal, revival influence*, and we had a mighty time. O, how the devil hates this doctrine! How momentous to preach it. No matter how we feel, or don't feel—we preachers *must* preach it! God has again taught me a glorious lesson." On Monday and Friday evenings he preached in Grimsby, and saw a conversion each night.

October 3rd.—At Lincoln he was impressed with three things: the steepness of certain streets, the magnificence of the Cathedral, and the happiness of the children, who appeared more playful than any he had seen.

While viewing the Cathedral, he thought of the saying of Mrs. H. B. Stowe, that these places do not seem to have been built, but to be "*petrifications*." He was also enabled to make it a text from which to preach Jesus to two persons.

November 9th.—"Preached at Immingham, after walking from Stallibro' after tea. Walked back three miles each way, and then waited seventy-five minutes in the cold for the last train—was weary when I got home about 10-45 p.m.

November 12th.—Chapel opening tea at Habro'. Public Meeting. Crowded chapel. Beautiful place. May the Divine Glory make it shine.

November 15th.—Prayed with my friend Mr. Joseph Robinson and family, before the corpse of his mother was removed from the house for interment at Tetney."

January 6th.—He went to Habro' Bazaar, and took tea there. "*Walked to Immingham in the dark. Preached in light and glory.*"

April 5th.—Preached at Victoria Street twice. At night, on the Resurrection of Christ. Preached until nearly eight o'clock; did not see the clock. I enjoyed this day at Grimsby. I

seldom have a *barren time* here. Felt a tender love for the Grimsby people. May I see thousands of them saved.

April 9th.—Intended to give a lecture on Paris, at Habro', but the very violent wind and rain prevented many persons from attending. I therefore preached to the *few* persons present, and had a very refreshing time. Lecturing cannot compare with preaching!" During the twelve months from June 4th, 1873, to June 4th, 1874, he saw fifty-six persons converted.



VICTORIA STREET CHAPEL, GRIMSBY.

August 2nd.—At Beverley he had a very sweet time, and great liberty in preaching. Was *pleased* to find that there were two £5 notes in the collection, and more so to see several penitents seeking pardon, and to learn from a visitor that a man who had recently died happy at Welton, had been converted under his labours many years before.

April 8th.—He visited his old friend, Mr. R. Surfleet, at

Tetney. Found he was going home. Mr. Surfleet told his wife to fetch Mr. Milson the two notes for £140 on the Victoria Street Chapel. He gave them to him for the trustees.

August 19th.—Returning from a visit to Tetney, he records that “most majestic clouds of romantic forms darkened the skies south and west. And as vivid lightnings flashed and played in blazing grandeur at different points of the heavens, I was much interested in taking their distances from me by noticing the minute hand of my watch. What sublime and awe-striking phenomena does a thunderstorm present! ‘I cover the heavens with clouds, and make sackcloth their covering.’ The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness and the fertile fields of Britain.

September 9th, Friday.—Begging the last four days, and preaching. Much harrassed. Far too much of this kind of work. May God accept my services for its sake. Severely tempted and tried to-day, especially by an unreasonable, selfish, false backslider. May God save his soul.

September 10th.—Opened the Hainton Street Chapel. Mighty prayer-meeting.”

September 11th.—At Barton he took Rev. H. Knowles’ work. Took supper with a woman who was converted when he preached there many years before.

Returning one day *from Louth in the train*, he met with “an old woman,” who was dressed in very old-fashioned style. She held a bundle upon her knee, as if afraid of losing it. She asked, “Is this train going to Grimsby?” in surprise, as if she did not know that Grimsby was in that direction. As they passed a house on the gentle slope of the hill, she said, “My mother lives yonder.” This, from a woman evidently old enough to be a grandmother, excited his surprise, and he said, “Indeed! How old is your mother, may I ask?” “In her hundredth year,” she replied, and added, “I expect next time I come to see her it will be to her funeral.” “I hope she prays,” said the preacher. “Yes,” said the woman, “she has been religious, and a Methodist, ever since she was sixteen years old.”

He learnt that five of her grown-up children had gone to heaven, and those living, on the way. She was seventy-one,

and had been religious since she was fourteen. "And the old woman was full of holy fire. I felt I was riding with a queen for once. Such women as these do more for England than all her thunder-bearing fleets of war. Here was an illustration of the reality and happiness of early piety.

September 20th.—About 1200 to tea in the Town Hall. Four sittings down. A great rush and crowd. Much excitement, and not much religion in these meetings.



HAINTON STREET CHAPEL, GRIMSBY.

Good public meeting. Proceeds of the day, one hundred guineas. Wonderful!

The dear women at the trays did wonders. How liberally they provided, and how admirably they served. May they and theirs inherit glory!

October 26th.—Tea and public meeting at Kirton Lindsey. Good time in speaking. Stayed at my old friend Mr. Ingram's. Was *very happy* when I got to his house after the meeting.

My soul was at times in a *burning rapture*, almost too ecstatic for this tabernacle. Again and again I repeated the words :—

‘Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God.’

The truth is, I had to cease doing so, feeling that the heavenly wine was almost too strong for the earthly vessel. O when mortality shall be swallowed up of life. I burn for Christ ! ‘This soul I offer, Christ, in flames to thee.’ ‘Joy unspeakable and full of glory.’

Last Monday I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Hollingsworth. He was converted at South Kelsey fifty-five years ago, and what is remarkable, his wife, then single (and a stranger to him), was converted the *same night*, many miles from South Kelsey. The two are now, perhaps, the oldest Primitives in Lincolnshire.

December 31st.—Watch-night service at Victoria Street.”

January 1st.—At the conclusion of the watch-night service, a few minutes after the new year had come in, three persons gave him a pound towards Victoria Street Chapel, and on the same day a person called, and placed on his room table two ten pound notes, and ten sovereigns, as a donation to the same chapel. He would not allow his name to be told, for, said he, “Jesus knows !”

January 2nd.—As a leader had refused to take the quarterly tickets to three persons in a house, a little way from Grimsby, he determined to take them. The father, an old man, said he would go again ; his wife, who was ill and lame, said she would go if she could, the daughter wept much, and another daughter, who had neglected class, took her tickets. So he left four tickets in one house.

January 7th.—“Hainton Street. A heavenly time in the short prayer-meeting, *felt* that we shall have a work of God in the circuit. How sweet, but how unspeakable, the *Divine conviction*. Prayed with seven families.

January 9th, Saturday.—Prayed with, 1st. A woman sinking in consumption. She has found peace. 2nd. A woman in an inflammation. 3rd. A poor old woman whose brain is softening, and is full of doubt of God’s pardoning mercy. 4th. An old lady seventy-three years old, who was a member when I was

here. Still loves Jesus. Has been lost to society! Promised to take a ticket, and rejoiced to do so! 5th. A man who has been ill fourteen weeks, and his mother-in-law, both now love Jesus. Both *once* in our society. Both, I believe, will rejoin."

January 10th.—Though unwell, he preached at Hainton Street, and in the afternoon went by *train* to Stallingbro', and walked to Keelby, where he preached with considerable liberty and power, and much faithfulness, to about 100 people. He was so unwell afterwards that he deemed it necessary to get home if possible, and "set off" for Stallingbro' station. The night was very dark, and he lost his way in a large grass field, but found it after awhile, as he knew the locality well. In the lane leading from it he fell over a stone-heap very heavily, cutting his hands, and two of his fingers bled. Again and again he lost the footpath, and reached home late, and very unwell.

Next day he was worse, and had to be quiet for a few days, though he attended a bazaar, and conducted a prayer-meeting. On Saturday, a young man died who had been drinking for weeks. His father at one time was a member with us at Tetney, but engaged in the drink traffic, and had a "splendid *drunkery* at Grimsby." He drank himself to death. His son followed in his steps, and was drinking for weeks, and ultimately was found on a manure heap. Before he died he was asked where he thought he should go, and replied, "To where the old man's gone, I suppose. That's to hell!"

January 17th, Sunday.—"Heard Rev. R. Harrison preach an excellent sermon at Hainton Street at 10.30. He preached a sweet sermon in my stead at Scartho' at two. I preached at Victoria Street at night. Good liberty. Sermon to professors. Hope it may yield important *after* results in relation to the work of God. One woman was much affected, and *said* she *thought* she would commence to meet in Mr. Hodson's class."

January 24th.—Three souls saved—a man and his wife, and the wife of a local preacher—at Hainton Street after his sermon.

January 25th.—At the public meeting at Victoria Street he had a good time. "Spoke of the sublimity of our religion. Told

the people how it had inspired him with triumphant thoughts and rapturous feelings—even in the cemetery.

January 29th.—Solemn day. Day of the interment of the mortal part of my poor dear mother. She looked in her coffin like herself calmly asleep. My brother placed a few snow-drops upon her brow and cheeks, which seemed to harmonise with the paleness and placidity of her dear countenance. Gone, I trust, to Jesus! Farewell until the sweet immortal morning spreads among the circling spheres."

He had grounds for this hope. During a conversation with her on the 17th of the previous December, she manifested a deep sense of her need of salvation. "You know," said she, "I might have been fastened up in hell for years." Speaking of the affliction of one of the sons of his brother George, she said, "Will poor George see that God is afflicting poor Joe for his sake and all our sakes, to save us if He can. Oh! we're a hardened, wicked set!"

Speaking of a professor of religion, who had been overcome by strong drink, she said, "He was a rare prayer to thy Father, It's the heart, mun! *It's the heart!*"

February 8th, 1875.—He wrote home from Cardigan Villas, Leeds, a beautiful letter, in which he speaks of the joy he felt in the company of his kind host and his family, Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith. Speaking of his recollections of the boyhood and subsequent career of Mr. Beckwith, he rejoices in the evidence his history afforded of the value of true religion. In the public services he was greatly blessed, his "whole being was almost dissolved in love." He met with several old friends, who were delighted to see and hear him. "Tommy Matson," formerly of Hull, was in the meeting, at the close of which he said to Mr. Milson, "I'm glad you stirred 'em up about entire sanctification. I've had it thirty-five years, and am happy as a jay." Six persons professed to find peace, one of them laid hold of Christ during the sermon, and was saved "in a minute."

April 12th.—"Spoke fifteen minutes at the Free Methodist missionary meeting. Felt freedom in so doing. Unwell. Should not have gone, but my dear wife urged me. At 10.20 p.m. went to Mr. N——'s. Saw a number of what were deemed

spiritualistic performances, by means of a table ! Some things very remarkable ; but I consider it dangerous to engage in such performances. Are they not calculated to lead people from the infallible word of God, and from prayer ? Is it not wrong to professedly put questions to the dead by name, respecting their eternal state, and as to whether or not certain persons are in heaven or hell ? Is not the practice calculated to injure weak minds and weak nerves, and greatly to harm young persons ? Is it not insulting to God to inquire as they do *of spirits* ; and to want to know what He has not revealed ?

I use the interrogatory form, as I do not assume that I am infallibly right in all my views on the subject. My advice, however, is *let it alone*. Read your Bible. Live fully sanctified to God. Get all the souls you can converted to God. And *make haste* to your heavenly Home !

April 18th.—Preached at Victoria Street in the morning, a new sermon on ‘I am in a strait betwixt two.’ I had felt on the subject, dared to take it, and was helped in preaching. At three, conducted an open-air service in New Market, Burgess Street. I hope much good was done. At six at Hainton Street. Largest audience I have preached to in the place. A young man sought mercy.

April 19th.—Visiting. At Victoria Street at seven. An hour before the service, while in secret prayer, I felt as if I could preach from ‘Despise not prophesyings.’ *Pencilled a skeleton*. Had middling time in preaching therefrom. I have often thought on the words before. If one *sees through a subject*, and feels it impressed on the mind, I think it best to take it and leave one’s self in the hands of the Holy Spirit.

April 25th.—Began to make a sermon for Sunday. Wished to make it helpful to the (coming) District Meeting. Text, Deut. xvi. 16, 17. My head grew very bad. Had to go to bed. *Sickened* with so much begging, and care about teas, monies, chapels, etc. Never felt so much on the subject. Lord may I be patient and pure. It is God’s work, but we have *not time* to prepare for preaching. A superintendent’s cares in some circuits are a terrible burden.”

April 26th.—Notwithstanding his being ill, and fearful respecting his ability to go through with the service, he

was graciously helped in preaching from "And there were many in the congregation who were not sanctified."

May 23rd.—He preached at Hainton Street at 10.30, but had not a good time. Felt ashamed, could not look his congregation in the face, but felt somewhat refreshed in private prayer. In the afternoon slept a little. Went to chapel "in fear and trembling. Preached to over 600 persons (Victoria Street) from 'And they were filled with the Holy Ghost.' Had a sweet time, and returned home 'filled with the presence of God.' How good He is! 'As thy day so shall thy strength be.' This my soul knows right well. Glory!"

The following account of an *ordinary* day's work may not be uninteresting to our readers, showing as it does the many-sidedness of his life and character.

May 25th.—"Visited Mrs. C. H. Emmerson. She is sinking but *rising*. Nature's strength decays, but the inward man is vigorous. Thank God for a life

' Which pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.'

Visited Mr. Guy in affliction. He wept, and talked freely. I felt much of the Lord's presence in prayer with these two persons.

Went to Immingham at 2.50. How lovely the walk from Stallibro' across the fields. The rich green of the pastures, dotted with daisies and spangled with buttercups, overhung by the cloud-flecked blue of the calm spring heaven; the verdant hedges of thorn, crowned with snow-white blossoms, emitting a brain-invigorating fragrance; with other features of the rural landscape, were delightful, and this was heightened by various songs of the feathered races, especially by the mellifluous warblings of the thrush and the soothing notes of the cuckoo. When returning in the pleasant calm of evening, the voice of the cuckoo seemed to die away into the night, with a cadence somewhat solemnising to the soul, and awakening in it sweet and mournful memories and emotions of incipient melancholy.

At Immingham I prayed with four families far apart; the most needy cases I knew of, for there were aged and afflicted persons in every house.

I had *a mighty time* in preaching from 'And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.' This was a very happy day to my soul."

At Whitsuntide he went to Hull for services in Hull Second Circuit. At the Missionary Meeting held in Clowes' Chapel he had to speak after the "Rev. J. C. Antliffe, M.A., B.D., who made an excellent speech," which moved him so much that, when he was called upon, he half seriously proposed a vote of thanks to him for it. He spoke "in his own way, and had a good time."

The next night, Dr. Lamb being in the chair, Mr. Milson congratulated him in having become a Doctor of Divinity, and wished him success in curing spiritual maladies, such as heart-disease and consumption. At this meeting an instance was afforded of the different manner in which great and good men estimate themselves and others. He almost feared on the Monday night to follow Mr. Antliffe, while on the next night, we have been informed by a person present, Mr. Antliffe said it was difficult to follow him, and he could have wished he was not a superintendent, so that he might be stationed with him, and have the opportunity of sitting at his feet and learning of him the lesson of Christian experience, for his addresses had touched chords which vibrated, and he hoped they would help to make him a better preacher, and more useful when he returned to Sheffield.

June 10th.—"Preached at Hainton Street an extempore sermon on Paul's thorn in the flesh. A very sweet and profitable time. Though I say above extempore, of course I did not preach on the subject without any previous thought, as I have *often thought on the subject for years*; but I did not, when I went to preach, intend to take that subject, and I formed the outline of the discourse as I stood before the people.

June 12th.—Took tea at Mr. Wardle's, Waterworks. Pleasant Place. Pleasant evening.

June 14th.—Quarterly Meeting. Nineteen increase at Hainton Street; ten decrease at Victoria Street. Eighty-two members at the former place, and only about a dozen fewer at Victoria Street the last half-year."

June 20th.—He was appointed for Anniversary Services at Falsgrave Chapel, Scarborough. When the time for the morning service arrived, he was so ill that he feared it was impossible to take the work. He, however, attempted it, and preached with considerable liberty, though “tremblingly weak.” The service did him good, soul and body. “Still better time at 2-30. My God’s presence gave me liberty and energy. O what a grand *nerve* is the Divine Glory! I went home *stronger* for work. At night, the chapel was filled; and I had a mighty time on the Resurrection of the Holy Dead. During the last singing, my soul was full of the Resurrector’s presence! The singers wept and sang! I wept! The glory appeared to fill the place; yet, strange to say, nobody got converted. Surely good will appear in distant time, or more distant Eternity.

June 21st.—With Revs. J. Mules, J. Stephenson, and T. Martindale, had two hours’ walk in this beautiful place. I always seem physically and otherwise better for a visit to Scarborough. Its scenery and air have a good influence on me.”

The next day he was back, and at his work at night as usual, for he preached at Immingham, and had a powerful time, and preached the next night at Habro’. This was uniformly the case, he would hasten home from long distances, rather than miss the smallest place.

On the first of October he was at Broughton, and spent the most of the day “nutting,” walking with his brother, and visiting the sick and dying, old friends and acquaintances.

He was particularly fond of nutting, and having obtained a quantity on the first day of his visit, he did not like to ask to be allowed to go a second time. However, he acted as he did in every affair of life, small or great, prayed about it. He says, “It was a pity to see the fine shellers, fit for dropping from the trees, and not be able to gather them. Having to call on Mr. Metcalf for some dahlias, *I made it a matter of prayer* that he might ask me to have some nuts, and *left it.*” As he was about to leave, Mr. Metcalf said, “Then you will not have any nuts to-day.” He replied, “I shall be glad of the chance.” “You know you cannot get them at Grimsby,” said

the gentleman, "so get what you like." He *thanked him*, but *saw God*, and went "and found beautiful trees exhibiting ripe clusters of *shellers*, in charming loveliness." He filled all his pockets, "and *thanked God and man*, thinking of the promise," 'The meek shall inherit the earth.' "If he had not asked me, I should have thought it better for some reason that he should not."

Let not any of our readers think that this was folly. "In *everything*" he made known his requests unto God.

In the life of Catherine and Crawford Tait, it is said of the lady, "Everything she accepted as coming straight from God."

October 2nd, Saturday, was mostly spent with Mr. G. Porrill, Town Missionary, endeavouring to find a house for him. The last hours of the evening he was busy with plans for a new school, and found it *impossible* to prepare properly for preaching the next day. Nevertheless, he did preach, and with wonderful unction and power, as many remember. He himself says:—"What a season! Both in prayer and preaching I was *carried and clothed*. My soul was set on fire; and God's word and spirit set many hearts aflame. May they hold and spread the fire.

Enjoyed the company of Mrs. Parr, wife of Rev. T. Parr, Fernando Missionary. She has been obliged to leave the island to save her life. Her husband *begged* her to do so, as then she might live, and he might be spared to enjoy her society after the expiration of his two years of service there. She has just had a letter from him saying he is very ill, but he is fully devoted to God and his work. May God preserve him!

November 6th.—Anniversary of my natal day! Am fifty years of age! How solemn the fact. Until a short time ago I used to feel as if I were a young man, but now and for a short time I have felt as if I am an *old man*! Sometimes I fear the view does me harm; it discourages me. I am, however, grateful that I gave myself to Jesus in early life, and that I sought and found full salvation in 1846, and have been able to bear testimony of this hitherto. But I never saw more clearly that my salvation is wholly of divine grace, and that Jesus is my wisdom, righteousness, and sanctification."

November 7th.—He preached in town in the morning, and

Scartho' Missionary Sermons at two and six. His head was bad, and he felt in danger of serious illness. Did not dare to exert himself, and was convinced that a long rest "from anxiety and mental labour would be of immense benefit, and sometimes seems *essential*. But God can do all things."

November 12th.—Missionary meeting at S——. Good congregation, but he expected more. The *intense cold* was against it. "No fire in the stove. When shall we have better sense and more regard to the comfort of the worshippers."

He records how during the day he visited a young man, Jabez Drury, in rheumatic fever, and while praying and singing with him he got hold of God. He also visited a Mrs. A —, who told him that she was converted through his preaching when he was in Grimsby the first time. She had been a wretched wanderer, but professed to have again found peace. He feared for her on account of her love of drink. Warned and encouraged her.

Pinned over the above account is the following scrap cut from a newspaper on which is pencilled, June 26th, 1890:—

"FOUND DROWNED IN THE GRIMSBY DOCKS.

About six o'clock this morning, the dead body of Harriett Asher, married, of No. 58, King Edward Street, was found floating in the Alexandra Dock, at Grimsby, behind Messrs. Marshall and Atkinson's saw mill, by a labourer named John Moody. The woman has been drinking heavily for weeks, and went home last night drunk. She left the house again about four o'clock this morning, and was not seen again till her body was found in the water. The body was conveyed to the hospital mortuary."

'This, it seems, was the woman mentioned above. Is there any wonder that earnest soul-saving ministers of Jesus Christ, unsparingly denounce the drink and the drink traffic, and that he should so steadfastly and constantly set his face against it.

November 13th, Sunday.—"Felt it good to speak in the

band meeting. Brother Snaith said, 'If I had allowed the beautiful drops of rain that fell on my coat and boots to keep me from the meeting, my religion would have been very different to what it was when I first started, for I could almost have gone through a troop of soldiers.' "

The above quotation is the last in Book XIII. Book XIV. has a large number of blank pages, from which it seems that he intended to fill it up from his smaller journals, but pressure of business and increasing weakness evidently prevented him from doing so.

The first entry is that of some lines he composed while riding from Beverley to Hull, where he had been for special sermons. They have no poetic merit, but we give them because they express the longings of his seraphic spirit.

“ While I wander to and fro,
Spirits high or spirits low,
Christ my Saviour may I know.
To the tempter e'er say 'No !'
The will of God each moment do,
In His grace and knowledge grow,
And His full salvation show.
Rescue men from sin and woe ;
Praise Him all my journey through,
Then to realms of glory go !”

In May he attended the District Meeting at Scarborough, as General Committee Delegate. Though no aspirant for connexional honours, he was far from undervaluing this token of confidence and esteem of his brethren, and laboured to discharge the important duties of his office efficiently. Writing home towards the close, he says :—“ After the mental tension I have felt for some time in preparing for this meeting, and my views of myself, I feel deeply grateful to God who has helped me, and I do not think I have *been a great discredit* to my office and work. I have had to be alive, have had heavy duties, but now it is about over, and my brethren speak well of me. I almost wonder if they are perfectly sincere, but perhaps it is well I should have these doubts, as I might be injured by the *wine* of human commendation. If Jesus in his boundless mercy should ever approve *one hundredth* part of what I have done in

His service in about thirty-four years, I hope my resurrection feet will run fast in publishing my gratitude and His grace through the regions beyond—beyond time and death.”

June 4th.—Was to him a most delightful Sabbath, and “a day of spiritual grace.” In the morning, while preaching at Hainton Street camp-meeting, on Rom. iii. 21-26, he had a powerful time, which is remembered to this day. In the evening he conducted the love-feast, and felt “very tender and happy” when speaking of its being the thirtieth anniversary of his leaving home for the ministry. Before him sat his dear wife, two sons, and two daughters, one of whom spoke “*all on fire*.” As he thought of all the help he had received, temporal and spiritual, and of his “two dear ones in heaven,” he was almost lost in adoring wonder and love, and before retiring to rest wrote in his journal, “I love the adorable Trinity with all my heart! May my whole life, yet to be spent, be *seraphically earnest*. Ebenezer!”

He represented the Hull district, as General Committee Delegate, at the Conference at Newcastle.

The district was then very large, and the business exceedingly heavy; nevertheless, he discharged the duties of his office with so much ability that a *special vote* of thanks was awarded him for the able, courteous, and expeditious manner in which the business was conducted.

He was one of those appointed to preach on “the Moor,” at the camp-meeting.

Though ill, he preached with great liberty and unction from —Rev. i. 5, 6—“Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.”

Dr. Alexander Clark, of America, who visited this Conference, says, in his “Summer Rambles in Europe”: —“Without disparaging any of the good sermons I heard that blessed day, the discourse of P. Milson will linger in my memory as a specimen of genuine out-door eloquence.

It was worth a journey across Britain to hear such preaching. He took hold of a thousand hearts at a grasp, and

brought tears and shouts from the masses, as if he touched the very fountain of their emotions, and played at will upon the keys of their hearts. And it was the plain Gospel he preached all the time."

The memory of those tears and shouts of praise from that company, with its hundreds of colliers, was long precious to Mr. Milson.

CHAPTER XXIII.

1877—80.

SCARBOROUGH.

“Glory to God, whose sovereign grace,
Hath animated senseless stones.

Suffice that for the season past,
Hell’s horrid language filled our tongues,
We all Thy words behind us cast,
And lewdly sang the drunkard’s songs.

But O ! the power of Love Divine,
In hymns we now our voices raise,
Loudly in strange hosannas join,
And blasphemies are turned to praise.”

—WESLEY.

BY the Conference of 1877, he was appointed for Scarborough, to which Circuit he had accepted a very cordial invitation. His colleagues were the Revs. B. Fell, and M. B. Stamp. He had not been well for some time, but hoped that the air and neighbourhood of the Queen of Watering Places would restore him. As usual he entered upon his work with much prayer, and an earnest determination to bring souls to the Saviour. Unfortunately his journal contains no entry until the following, dated November 17th :—

“Went to Mexbro’ Circuit. Stayed with a man at Swinton Bridge, who, when he was very wicked, went out one Sunday to thrash a man for killing a pigeon of his, but got into a Wesleyan Chapel, was converted, and *never yet thrashed the man.*”

Mr. Liversedge, a local preacher, told him that some years ago he knew but one man in his business (glass-blower) who was religious. Now there are scores, and the majority of them belong to the Primitive Methodists. Poor boys beginning work with them used to be roughly treated. They used to give them the “glass-house brand, by burning them on the face,

purposely, though they pretended it was accidental." Now everything is altered.

Next morning not being expected to preach until afternoon, he addressed the children in the School at eleven, and hoped that eternity might show a harvest for the voluntary sowing.

In January 1878, he went to a round of Missionary Meetings in Whitby Circuit, as co-deputation with the Rev. P. Clarke. In the chapel he was impressed by the following epitaph, which he copied :—

"William Storr, who was drowned with eleven others by the upsetting of the Life Boat at Whitby, February 9th, 1861, and interred here on the 12th. Aged 45 years. John Storr, Coxswain. Greater love hath no man," etc.

Speaking of his ride to Whitby, he says :—"Beautiful day. The meandering Esk, with turbid face, and at intervals with rushing and sibilant flow.

Nature in some parts presented almost fantastic and romantic inequalities of aspect. Glades, woods, crescents, hills whose acclivities arose afar, and whose variegated features were bathed in sunlight. In some instances they looked almost like beauteous abutments of the sky. Some places seemed to nestle amid scenes of Edenic beauty and repose. In different cuttings, interesting strata appeared, varying in kind, depth, and positions.

From Goatland—patches of gorse, tree-crowned cliffs, or hills speckled with bracken and boulder, slopes and cliffs, ravines and dells in sunshine or shade. In some places bold cliffs, crumbling under the fingers of time. Here and there an interesting farm reclaimed from the somewhat melancholy moor."

After much temptation and depression he received a "rich" baptism in secret prayer. His whole heart was opened in confession to God, his Saviour ; the precious blood believed in, its full efficacy claimed and apprehended, his "verbal consecration" renewed. His dear wife and children pleaded for severally ; his colleagues and theirs, local preachers, leaders, Sunday School teachers, with members and scholars, old friends in Hull, Grimsby, Epworth, Selby, and other places, taken in the arms of prayer to Jesus. As his heart was enlarged and

his soul melted, he was led to pray for his own and other countries, and for men everywhere. His cry seemed to be in spirit, if not in words:—

“ Father let Thy Kingdom come,
Let it come with living power.

.

As it came in days of old,
In the deepest hearts of men ;
When Thy martyrs bled for Thee,
Let it come, O God, again.”

He continued to be favoured with powerful baptisms of the Holy Ghost, and, as a consequence, his preaching was accompanied with great power, and much Divine unction, the effects of which soon began to appear in a general quickening of the societies, and the conversion of sinners on every hand. At Sepulchre Street a great *Revival* took place, in which over two hundred were converted. References to this are scattered through his journals, but instead of giving them in the order in which they occur, we deem it preferable to substitute a connected account of this “wonderful work of God,” taken in part from his journals and letters, in part from other sources. Writing of the causes which led to the revival, he says:—“I judge it was wrought by God through several causes:—1. The faithful preaching of the whole gospel. 2. Increased holiness and prayerfulness amongst some of the members. 3. Holding of special services. 4. Providential events, etc. In January, 1878, I conducted special services. Entire sanctification was preached with earnestness. One brother, a local preacher, fell upon the floor, under the Divine influence. Great concern was felt for the brother’s bodily state, but I regarded it as a ‘sign’ of a special work.

We had a *Sunday’s praying*, instead of preaching. Love-feast at night. Sepulchre Street Chapel-keeper said:—‘This morning, while I was making fires, I heard them praying in the lower room as I thought they never prayed before.’ ‘I’m getting younger,’ said a grey-headed member, ‘because so many young people are giving themselves to God, and joining the Church.’

March 10th.—I preached there at six on the sufferings of Jesus ; and felt special Divine help and blessing. Two souls

were saved ; and I remember I felt so extraordinary a degree of God's presence, that I left the chapel *singing*.

On the Wednesday night, Brother Stamp and I attended a meeting of young men, when I gave an address to them, and six souls professed to find the Lord. The work spread like fire. My good colleagues, Revs. B. Fell and M. B. Stamp, entered into it most earnestly and joyfully ; and were useful to a degree which eternity alone can show. Some local brethren, leaders, and members worked gloriously ; and for a long time, no matter who preached, or what kind of public meeting was held, generally one or more souls were saved.

Friday, March 29th.—I preached, when four persons professed to find liberty.

But Sunday, April 7th, was a day I shall never forget ; and I am glad to find a record of services in my journal, which I copy :—‘This morning I was exceedingly tempted and depressed. When Mr. Fell called at nearly 10.30, I could scarcely converse with him ! Went to Jubilee Chapel a few minutes afterwards. When I got into the pulpit *great grace rested upon me*. Text, “Which in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God.” What a time ! The chapel and *my heart* were full of glory. God, who raiseth the dead, helped me. The age of miracles yet lasts. Glory.’

At two, administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at Sepulchre Street. The brethren and sisters received it at the communion rails in companies. Before three, the chapel body was nearly filled, hundreds attending. I saw the wine would not be sufficient, and sent in time for more. I exhorted penitents to come to the rails for pardon ; when three men, one an elderly backslider, did so ; and soon they were weeping and rejoicing. What a scene for angels and men to witness ! I gave them the elements amidst great gratitude and joy. This was such a sacramental service as, I believe, none of us ever before saw.

At six, preached in the chapel, which was about full. Impressive scene. Text, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labour,’ etc. Have had much better times in preaching. Grand prayer-meeting. About nine o'clock, I asked those who had found Christ that night to lift up a hand—fine sight !—

seventeen persons promptly did so. This produced *excitement*. There is a wonderful work of God amongst the people.

On Sunday night, June 9th, I saw five converted at Sepulchre Street. A leader said, 'They are good cases.' On the Tuesday following, my daughter said :—'One of them, a young woman, was fellow-servant with another young woman, a member with us, Miss C——s. When the new convert got home on Sunday night, she said to Miss C——s 'Are you not surprised?' 'No, not at all!' was the reply, 'I've been expecting it.' She then told my daughter she had been *praying for her at home*. The housemaid prayed for the cook, and had been so excited over her conversion that 'she scarcely slept all Sunday night.'

This spirit of prayer in the hearts of the pious, for unsaved relatives and neighbours, was one *grand secret* of the glorious scenes witnessed in public.

A young man said :—'The beginning of my religion was : A person invited me to a class, and I went, and they began to pray for me, and I began to feel queer ; and I wished I had not gone, but I thank God now that I did go.'

One converted at the sacramental service was one, who, at sea, would 'curse the wind, and curse God.'

Of another, it was said, 'He was an outrageous man, wicked beyond everything, a lazy vagabond—aye, in fact he broke his mother's heart. When she was dead he seemed hardened beyond everything.' Now he speaks every Sunday night !

One said, 'The young men—new converts—are so merry, and go in companies, either singing or whistling.' One of them said :—'One of the devil's agents met me one day, and said, 'Where do you get your whistles at? Has Sellars (a leader, and fish merchant) bought you all your whistles?' The reply was, Christ gave them, and would give him one.

An old member said :—'In the very streets, where oaths and curses were breathed out, now the songs of Zion are heard. In fact,' said he, 'I've many a good cry for joy to witness the change.'

One young fisherman said in a band meeting :—'A young man used to talk to me (about his soul). One night three of us slept in a bed. I thought before they came, Now I shall be in for it. So I went to bed in good time, and tried to get to sleep

before they came, but I could not. They were talking to me an hour before I got to sleep; whether they were talking to me when I was asleep or not, I don't know.' He was then happy in God.

The "young fisherman" mentioned above, wrote Mr. Milson the following letter:—



WESLEYAN STREET, SCARBOROUGH.

"DEAR BROTHER,

In answer to an enquiry about the Scarbro' revival, I must say first, I do not know when it first commenced, but I can inform you what led to my conversion, and the conversion of many others. Many other fishermen and lads, like myself, were far from God. During a storm, I was at sea in a fishing vessel belonging to Mr. J. Wyvill, and on returning from sea, we were making for the harbour, but a short time before we entered, a vessel went in before us. I do not remember her name, but on board of her there was a young man, a mate of

mine, and as his vessel sail'd up alongside the lighthouse pier, he sprang from the vessel on to one of the ledges that are standing out from the side of the pier. In doing so he slipped, and fell between the vessel and the pier. A fisherman caught hold of him, it was found he was seriously injured, he was taken home, lived a short time, and expired. A few fisherboys went to see him. He said to one, 'Did you see us reefing the other day?' The young man answered, 'Yes.' He continued, 'I am going where we reef no more,' he then passed away to be with Jesus, in the great spirit world above. On the day he was buried, a many of us fisherlads went to his funeral, his coffin was brought out and placed upon a chair opposite Mr. Wm. Appleby's, where that grand old hymn was sung:—

'Farewell, dear friends, a long farewell,
For we shall meet no more,
Till we be raised with Christ to dwell
On Zion's happy shore.

While they sang this hymn, tears stole down many cheeks, the corpse was taken to the cemetery, which was followed by a great concourse of people, mainly fishermen and boys, the body was disposed in the grave to wait the call of the Archangel's trump, which will bid him rise to his blest reward. I went to sea next morning, and was away about ten days. When I came home, the first news that burst upon my ears was that many of my companions had got converted, and one came to me to see if I would go to the chapel with him, for he had been, and got saved. I went to St. Sepulchre Street schoolroom, where a service was held. I looked with wonder and amazement when my companions, one after another, got on their feet, and said with smiling faces, they were on their way to glory. They commenced a prayer-meeting. I sat trembling on a form, and Mr. J. Sellars came to me, and put his hand on my shoulder, and asked me if I would give my heart to God. I did not know what to say, I felt so queer. He said, 'You have a mother in heaven. Do you want to meet her there?'

I could make no reply, the tears ran down my cheeks. I sobbed aloud. I had a sainted mother in heaven, and I wanted

to meet her there, and therefore I was quite willing to go to the penitent form, but had not the power to walk, so Mr. Sellars and another carried me to Jesus, where I cried aloud for mercy, on the 26th day of March, 1878. I remember the date well, because it was the last night of my fourteenth year; that night I did not see the plan of salvation clear, but went away with a determination to be a Christian, and under your preaching I was led to see the plain, simple plan of salvation, and to take Christ as my present and eternal Saviour, and through an address I heard you deliver the next year, I was determined to begin to work for God. I commenced the next day in earnest, and I have been wielding the sword ever since.

T. WILSON."

Note.—"This is 'Tom,' who with 'Happy Isaac,' are being made a great blessing to many.

P. MILSON."

A young fisherman, praying (in the Revival), said, "Lord, they're talking to my mate: come and talk to him Thysen. It's all very well them talking to him, but it'll be a deal better for Thou to do it for Thysen."

A person said, "Several have been very wicked, but I believe they're thoroughly converted." "I hope," said one, "they'll be all right when they come back from sea,—they are such drunkards and swearers."

One young man, soon after he had got converted, said, "Jesus Christ has given me a pair of beeats (boots)." He had before spent his money in drink, or tobacco, or both, but he could not buy a pair until he got converted.

One young man said he "spent *five shillings* a week in tobacco."

The following may be interesting. One of the new converts met a company, when one said to him, "What! tha'as join'd Ranters?" "Nay, I ain't," replied he; "I've join'd Primitives." "Why that's not thy place; for they can tell thee nowt, tha' knows that very well. Thy place is St. Martin's-on-the-Hill" (a Ritualistic church). To this he answered, "Ah can tell thee this much; they don't tell us to pray to candles and candlesticks. Ah can tell thee they tell

us to gan reet road ; and if tha likes to gan, they'll point thee to 'th road." "Ay, lad," said one, "we've had a rare meeting ; we did give her some sheet—we gav' her all she could carry."

Some of their companions had called at a house, when a mother spoke as follows, "They need not expect to find non' of oors (ours) here. They've all gotton Primitive fever at our hoose ; and all't row (of houses) has. They're all alike. Ah don't know what they're goin' to mak' 'oot. An' they're 'e such a takking when they gan to meetings, praying for their faythers and mothers, and sich like."

Another mother replied, "Ah can tell thee it's a mighty change 'e my hoose, there's nowt wrang (wrong) at ha does noo ; an' ah nivver did nowt reight afore. Ah was frettened on 'em coming into t' hoose. All ah wish is that they may be able to continue on. My owd chap's nowt like same : they may call him 'at likes. Ah know this, av' nivver hed sich happy days ; for it's nowt but singing and praying noo ; and hoose is like heaven up o'th earth ; and, best of all is, they're all teetotalers."

"Shortly afterwards, I said to a member of our's near the said side, 'Do you perceive any difference in persons who have professed to be converted, in your neighbourhood?' 'Yes,' was the reply ; 'a great difference. A wonderful change in the morals and conduct of the neighbourhood. We see sobriety and praise where there were drunkenness and blasphemy.'

A woman said to me, 'Some of the greatest blackguards have been converted.' 'I hope,' said another, 'they will stand, for the sake of their families.'

'I have been,' said Mr. Appleby, an old leader, to me, 'at most of the processions. They were very strong. Some of them (the young converts, in speaking in the open air) made the people feel.'

A member connected with Mr. Appleby's family had found peace. I said to him, 'How many have you had converted in this revival?' 'All th' lot,' was his reply. 'Seven, and two sons-in-law, that's nine ; that's a mighty rush,' said he. 'The last one,' he remarked, 'which was the youngest and the least,

was a rather particular case. I had been praying, and was walking towards Mr. Sellar's, and I got him (the youngest) before my mind. I went to the meeting, and he went to the penitents' form that night. It seemed as though it was settled in heaven. I look at it myself as being very remarkable.'"

In May, he represented his Circuit at the District Meeting at Bridlington. He had been selected to give the Ordination Charge, which, as his journal shows, caused him considerable anxiety. Pressure of Circuit work hindered him from preparing it as he desired, and it was only during the intervals between business and public services that he could snatch a few brief hours for writing his thoughts upon the subject. He managed, however, to prepare a manuscript of thirty-seven pages, and delivered a charge which roused the enthusiasm of the vast audience to an almost indescribable pitch. Indeed, those of us who were privileged to listen to it, will not soon forget the "power" and "spirit" with which he spoke. The Rev. R. W. Keightley, to whom it was officially addressed on his finishing his probation, has, at our request, kindly furnished the following account of Mr. Milson's services at this memorable assembly :—

"Possibly Mr. Milson was never seen to greater advantage than in the public services associated with the District Meeting held at Bridlington, in the year 1878. Preaching at the Camp Meeting on the Sunday afternoon, and selecting as text Phil. iii. 12-14, he preached for nearly a full hour with surpassing eloquence and apostolic power. Although the hearers had been standing two hours before Mr. Milson commenced, they had no sense of weariness, their only discomfort being the fear that the preacher would cease speaking. On the following evening, in the presence of crowded audience in the Bridlington Quay Wesleyan Chapel, he delivered a most remarkable Ordination Charge to a minister then completing his probation. For an hour and three-quarters the speaker vividly set forth the functions, power, dignity, and responsibility of the Christian ministry. The address evinced wide reading, quick observation, rich humour, lively imagination, wonderful spiritual fervour and power, and

a yearning solicitude for the prosperity of the Church, and the glory of Jesus Christ. Neither he to whom the address was specially directed, nor the vast assemblage of hearers, could soon forget the impressions of that service. Mr. Milson was among us as a man fresh from the Mount of God, whose face shone with an unearthly splendour."

CHAPTER XXIV.

1878—80.

SCARBOROUGH (continued).

“ More and more it spreads and grows
Ever mighty to prevail,
Sin’s strongholds it now o’erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of Hell.”

—C. WESLEY.

AT the following conference he was re-stationed for Scarborough, and his old friend and colleague, the Rev. T. Newsome, was appointed as second preacher. This arrangement was mutually very delightful, as they were men of one heart and one soul. Both preached the doctrine of entire sanctification, and both were earnest in seeking the extension of the Saviour’s kingdom upon earth. The following letter will show their relation to each other :—

“ 13, Town Hall Street, Grimsby,
June 21st, 1878.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I have just received your animated and animating letter. How delighted I am to learn the glorious doings at old Sepulchre Street. Your soul must have been bathed and drenched in the heavenly glory. I am glad that you are so happy and successful.

I heard of the departure of Bro. Beckwith. He was a blessed man, and no doubt has risen high in the heavenly kingdom.

I am glad Brother Fell has been so much esteemed among the friends. Removals, however, are in the order of Primitive Methodism, and I quite think in the order of Divine Providence.

From what I hear of the charge you gave at Bridlington, I am glad you are going to publish it. . . .

We are all well, and enjoying the prospect of joining you in the blessed work at Scarborough. . . .

With love in Christ,
As ever yours,

THOMAS NEWSOME."

On the 28th of July he wrote his brother the following letter : —

"Glad to hear from thee. Wish I could go a-strawberrying with you. I may get over a day or two in harvest, perhaps three or four days, God willing. Sorry thou art not well. God sends affliction, however, in mercy. On Saturday I visited a fine tall man, who was religious when he was young, but, having had a lot of money left him [here a portion of the letter is torn off] at last he gave himself up, all sin as he was, to God's mercy in Jesus; and the Lord had pardoned him. How merciful He is!

'Afflictions though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent,
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And forced him to repent.'

We have had more than 200 converted at Sepulchre Street. Some of the worst of sinners, some drunken blackguards.

Do come and see us, and I will pay thy fare any time. Get a return ticket for a week or ten days at Paragon Street Station, Hull.

We are going to have Mr. Newsome to travel with us. Now come next week.

I send thee a small compass to wear on thy watch. It will always point to Scarborough.

Fill with writing all the blank side of the card I enclose. Do come to see us. Say when, on the card.

Our love to you all. As ever. *Park.*

Pray, and meet me in heaven."

We now resume the Journal.

July 27th.—He went to Bridlington Circuit to missionary services. On Sunday morning he was very unwell, but preached with power in a barn, and afterwards took a "considerable quantity of good food." At two the barn was filled with from

three to four hundred persons. At night at Bridlington Quay he was very unwell, and seriously thought of always staying in his own circuit in future, but in the service he felt "much of the presence of Jesus, who made his word a sweet repast to many, and he was well repaid for his exercise of the martyr's spirit." During the night he was sleepless, but wonderfully happy, and though he could not say that he was refreshed with sleep, yet he could and did say "I have been refreshed with blessing." He thought of Moses and Elijah being sustained under miraculous support, and believed that the God of miracles could support him. After breakfast he left with the Rev. J. A. Noble and C. Ross in a coach, for North Burton, eight miles off. The face of the wolds was all abloom with the beauty of divine goodness. The crops of wheat were luxuriant, and in them he read, "Thou, Lord, of thy goodness hast prepared for the poor." Had a good meeting. Mr. J. Goforth, with whom he stayed, told him that a person near had brought up a young sparrow, which always flew about the house, except in breeding time, and then it went away, and built its nest in the Primitive Chapel. The bird was well known by the name of Jack. For years it continued to do so, always returning to the house for food, and bringing its fledged ones with it. It had two or three broods during the year, and when it brought them all, they were a considerable family. The cock bird would sometimes come, but could never be enticed to enter the house. When the brood had got off, the hen bird returned to the house as usual. A wonderful and well-known fact!

At Haisthorpe he found that about a dozen persons had been converted on Sunday night. They had a good meeting, and obtained £28. Mrs. Walker's *two walnuts* contained sixteen sovereigns! He had a pleasant week, and returned home refreshed, and preached at night.

August 12th.—He heard the Rev. W. Jones deliver a wonderful lecture on "The Press." He learned from him that he suffered from sleeplessness, and was comforted by the thought that he was not alone in suffering, and that no sleep was needed where flesh and blood cannot inherit.

August 18th.—"Preached a Temperance Sermon from Rom.

xiv. 15-21, 1 Cor. viii. 11-13, and 14th verse of chapter ix. Also chapter x. 31-33, and xi. 1. *What a text!* Surely there is teetotalism *in principle* in it. Eight persons signed the pledge, and a young woman promised to meet in class.

Sunday, December 29th, 1878.—'This has been, and now is, a blessed day. Happy time at Jubilee, though towards the beginning of the sermon I was quite confused in my mind for half a minute. God's people felt it refreshing, and testified their joy. Text, 1. Peter: 'That the trial of your faith being much more precious,' etc. At two, delivered a short address to the Sunday scholars and some adults at *Claremont Chapel*. At six, preached on entire sanctification at Sepulchre Street. Very good congregation. *Felt*, in some measure, my *work* and *glory* as a minister. Preached an hour with liberty. How solemn to think that I am saying great things for God, which, by His grace, will have influence when hearers shall have been in their graves for hundreds of years, and, indeed, when the earth shall have dissolved. Head bad in the prayer-meeting. But it is surprising this brain and system bears the burden of thought, labour, and concern, etc., which is experienced! But *God* is the *strength of my life*. In the prayer-meeting, local preachers and others said things that cheered me. One confessed he was far below the standard in his experience; another said, 'O! Lord, Thy Word is very pure, therefore Thy servant loveth it,' and praised God for what he had heard and felt. Two souls found peace. Mr. Sellers went and nursed the baby of one until she returned from the communion rails. Came home very happy. My sweet Jane and I had a joyous interview. Thank God for wife—children—all. O! the thrilling bliss of a heaven-sent minister.

August 30th.—Gave a lecture at Seamer on 'Christian England and the Drink Traffic.' Mr. W. Appleby in the chair. He is an interesting brother.

August 31st.—Conducted the watch-night service at Sepulchre Street. Did not enjoy the service as I commonly enjoy similar services. Held a prayer-meeting for a short time. Clowes and I went to Mr. Snowden's and Mr. Weddle's. Arrived home about half-past-one."

The following communication from his daughter has been received since the above was written :—

“During December, 1878, when Mr. Milson was stationed in Scarbro’, one night a lady, thickly veiled, called at his house, and, refusing to enter, left an envelope, which contained £50 in gold coins, with a note saying that she wished it devoting to the Manchester College Fund. She had been reading about the same, and wished to help. Mr. Milson was out, but after his return, when taking his supper, Mrs. Milson brought it to him to *assist digestion*. He was intensely pleased. The money was sent to Manchester, and the following was forwarded to the *Scarborough Mercury* :—

“SIR,—You would greatly oblige by allowing to appear in your next impression the following note, which I have received in relation to the £50 left at my house by a lady, a short time ago, for the Primitive Methodist Theological Institute in Manchester.

P. MILSON.

17, Clifton Street, December 5th.”

‘41, Meadow Street, Moss-Side, Manchester.

DEAR BROTHER MILSON,

I herewith enclose receipt for £50, which you have received from an unknown lady friend.

Mark the Providence. On Monday a gentleman in London promised me £100, providing I got £400 in hundreds or fifties ; and before the challenge was made known, here comes your cheque for £50. Let it be known that you have got my receipt, and publish also this challenge.

We need £900 by the 27th of December. I will trust in God, and not be afraid. If this great movement is of God, He will sustain it.

I am yours, etc.,

JAMES MACPHERSON.”

Shortly afterwards the same lady left another package containing another £50, to be divided between two of our connexional funds. It was dark when she called, and although Mrs. Milson thanked her, she slipped into the darkness, and was gone almost before the words of thanks were uttered.

This sum was also publicly acknowledged, and gratefully accepted, and forwarded to the secretaries of the two Funds.

January 1st, 1879.—“At home.

January 2nd.—*Heard an interesting lecture from Dr. Angus on the revision of the Scriptures. It would do good. It was a wise and good lecture. Much that he said I had been acquainted with, from reading and study, for years. What a pleasing absence of all attempt at display of learning and rhetorical power and flourish there was in his lecture. Great men are simple and humble.*

January 3rd.—Very cold day. Walked to Cloughton and back, ten miles. Preached with liberty to *nearly a score* persons. Thank God for such a congregation in a village! Felt very cheerful and sprightly when walking. I thanked God for a *happy soul in a healthy body.*

January 4th.—Buried the earthly house of Mr. Bilton. He has finished well, after having been a drunkard and pugilist! Hallelujah! He was a member of ours for a short time.”

June 1st.—He preached at Sepulchre Street in the morning on Family Religion. During the sermon he spoke strongly on drinking and smoking. As he was leaving the chapel one man said to him, in the hearing of Mr. James Sellers, “I was chewing tobacco while you were preaching.” He replied, “Would you advise any person to begin to do what you do?” “No,” said he. Mr. Sellers took him up, and fully dealt with him. “Yes,” said Mr. Sellers, “and I can see it is injuring thy brain now.” This startled the chewer, though he expressed himself as sceptical as to its having any such results, though “his countenance gave indications of the injurious effect of the poisonous weed.” To justify his statement, Mr. Sellers proceeded to furnish him with some particulars from his own experience, from which it appeared that once, when at sea, he had thrown his smoking utensils overboard, in order to persuade a neighbour who was filling his pipe, while he trembled so much that it was with difficulty he succeeded. Mr. Sellers gave it as his opinion that the man would be in an asylum in two years if he continued to smoke as he had done. He would not be persuaded, and was there in twelve months.

The following Sunday evening he preached at Jubilee on the

same subject. "No souls saved, but a service like to-night's may do great things for souls, families, and the Church. Thank God for courage to speak faithfully !

June 10th.—Walked to the top of Sherburn Wold, a fine position for viewing the wolds and skies, and the vale of the Derwent. It was very warm, and magnificent cumulus clouds floated in the south, while thunders rolled beneath. The wolds of fragrant green, the skies of balmy blue, and the variegated vale beneath, were a picture of stirring interest to my soul.

Spent half-an-hour in the old churchyard. Evidently the patched fabric is of old foundation. The gravestones do not number, I should judge, 200, if 180, but fifty-two persons are commemorated on them who died at over seventy years of age, including two at eighty-four, three at eighty-five, three at eighty-seven, and three at eighty-eight.

In Brompton churchyard, twenty-four headstones in memory of persons who died at from seventy-five to seventy-nine years of age, and there are fifty-eight stones of persons who died at from eighty to one hundred years of age. The average age of the fifty-eight was eighty-six years and five months. Alice Mann Tate died January 27th, 1861, aged one hundred years and eight months.

It was refreshing to read of one aged woman, whose last words were, 'It's love ! Eternal love. Love is stronger than death.' In her case love lived and burned through death, and survived it in flaming ardour in the unshaken soul for ever ! 'Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, but the greatest of these is love. Faith changes into sight ; hope dies in the possession of its object ; love *lives* and *increases* eternally.'

He frequently visited Thomas Petch of Scalby during his last illness, and recorded some of the sayings of the quaint and ripe old man, from which we select the following :—"I de'ant care what they say about Christ, Christ for me. Tak Christ frae me, and there's now't to comfort me."

"He'll tak me to heaven. He wants me to see His marcy in showing me, and to appreciate it every way."

"I've hed a wonderful view of His face." "A kind of vision?" I asked. "I de'ant know." "Partly the effect of

imagination, perhaps." "Well, the spirit operates on the imagination. It was what I wanted."

"We get what we want, and then we have no gratitude. There were ten lepers cleansed, and only yan came toddling back, nobbut yan!"

June 29th and 30th.—He preached anniversary sermons at Ebenezer Chapel, Hull, and spent a few days among his friends. "I seem to spend some of my time in *useful idleness*. I am encouraged and grateful to see that my prayers are made a blessing to some. I often wonder how anybody can be pleased to see me!"

July 6th.—He found himself very lame on Sunday morning, "but after bandaging his knee, walked in much pain to the chapel, and preached in much power. At night, had a delightful service, when a young woman professed to find Jesus. Returned home with a very lame leg, and a very happy soul."

July 21st.—It rained incessantly, and when he went for the horse and open conveyance, he was told it was not fit for him to leave home. "But duty looked gloriously important." He faced the storm along with his colleagues, driving through heavy rain, in a cold atmosphere, holding his umbrella with one hand, and the reins in another, and attending to his hat which the tempestuous wind nearly blew off several times. "Brother B —'s umbrella was blown inside out, but God helped us through." On his reaching Snainton, ten miles from Scarborough, he was cheered to hear "that three or four souls had found Jesus on Sunday night." He preached, after praying with a few families, to the largest congregation he had ever preached to on a week night at that place; held a short prayer-meeting, and was well-paid for going. "On arriving at Brompton, he learnt that Mr. Newsome had had a good congregation, and that three souls had found Jesus on Sunday night, such a thing as had not taken place there for years. Arrived home about eleven o'clock.

November 16th.—Preached on Faith. Good service; but if we could have prolonged it ten minutes, we should have had much more glory! How sad that we are so particular to ten minutes, when God the Holy Ghost condescends to come specially near to us as a congregation!

Called at Mr. Winspear's. Learned that he had said 'This is my last Sabbath on earth—next in heaven.' I prayed for him in the public service. Dr. Cross to-day told Mr. Winspear that he had done for him all he could, he must now look to a Higher Power—kissed his hands, and went weeping downstairs.

March 28th, Sunday.—To-night happy in God my Saviour. His Spirit and word fills my soul with consolation. This has been a good day. Preached at Malton twice. Good companies. A woman professed to find Jesus.

March 29th. Left Malton by trap with Rev. J. Keightley—for Duggleby, seven miles. The ride was a very pleasant one, over valley and hill, but I felt pained at times to see that the farms were so large and the population so scanty.

The chapel was about full. How pleasing to see that our people have so much influence in these villages. What a blessing is Methodism to the poor people and their children. They are in many cases instructed, reformed, comforted, and enriched for time and eternity. Their hills and dales have been made to ring with the praises of God, and from scattered villages, numbers of Kings and Queens of Jehovah go unseen to swell the general assembly of holy ones in the skies.

Mr. Keightley spoke on Home Mission work. Why were our fathers so useful in it? This did not, he argued, proceed from 1st, their ignorance, or 2nd, their singularity in dress, nor 3rd, their *noise*. But 1. From their close communion with Jesus. 2. Their whole heartedness and earnestness.

I followed for thirty-five minutes on experience qualifying for the work. Instanced Apostles, Luther, the Wesleys, Bourne, and Clowes. The people were blest; and one might reflect with gratitude and pleasure that much that was said may be corn yielding seed. I had painful pleasure in visiting Mr. Midgley, ill in bed. He was unwell when I was last here. But he has now been in bed twenty weeks—a great sufferer; but his very face seemed to testify of communion with Jesus, and a loud shout of 'Glory!' testified of the gratitude, joy, and prospect of his soul. I had pleasure in giving him a shilling for a mutton chop."

This good old man has begged for Missions some £120 or

£130! After thrashing in a barn all day, he has gone for miles with his box, and arrived home as late as eleven at night. His piety has shined, and his way was open. All who knew admired him, and few refused him. On one occasion, when he visited "a great house," some young ladies tried to get out of his way by running upstairs, but he shouted out that he should follow them, and they came back, and he got from them seven shillings and sixpence. Once some boys coloured some pennies, making them look like half-crowns, and asked him to change them, professing to have no less coins, and wishful to contribute something. He gave them change, talked to them kindly, and assured them the Lord would bless them for their liberality, and left them. When he had got some distance, they relented, followed him, told him what they had done, put matters right, and gave him sixpences for his box.

Once, when his master stated that he was unable to understand how persons could know their sins were forgiven, he replied by asking him if, supposing he were upon his back he would know if he got up, or "*got off it*," as he expressed it. As his master weighed over fourteen stone, he replied, "Of course I should." Then said he, "It's just as good to know—as plain as that would be."

This reminds me of a man I knew at Winterton, who got converted in 1855, at our chapel in that town one Sunday evening. A day or two after, he was engaged in carrying sacks of wheat out of a waggon up a ladder into a granary. Some of his fellow-workmen were "chaffing" him about being converted, and asked him how he knew. "Do you see this sack on my back?" he asked. "Yes," was the reply. "Do you think I know I have it on my back?" "To be sure thou does." Suddenly letting the bag drop down, he, turning round to them, said, "*Do you think I know it's off?*" "Why, to be sure thou does; what's that gettin' to do with it?" "Why, see you, mates," he said, while the tears ran down his face, "I'd a deal heavier load than this sack when I went to the Chapel on Sunday night, but, bless the Lord, before I came away it fell off, like Christian's pack when he saw the Cross; when I looked to Jesus, and asked Him to

forgive all my sins. Blessed be His Holy Name, He did so. What a mercy that He should pardon such a great sinner as me."

There was no more banter. The old man's after-life and happy death gave satisfactory evidence that it was no delusion.

"Good attendance at Malton Missionary Meeting. Tried to interest and profit the people. To-night I spoke with a yellow favour in my coat. Never before did such a thing. At first I felt as if I must take it off, but I considered that our Connexion owes many of its privileges to Liberalism, and, also, how Toryism, tyranny, and beer, work together; and, in gratitude to God, and as a token of my principles and views, respecting political government, I boldly and happily wore the 'colour.'"

He attended the conference at Grimsby. On June 15th, a great meeting was held at Victoria Street Chapel, and was of a wonderfully powerful character. The conference had requested him to take the place of the Rev. W. Rowe, of the Ladies' College. He was pained about it, endeavoured to decline, but the audience would not be quiet until he made his appearance on the platform, which was occupied by the Revs. W. Antliffe, D.D., who conducted the meeting, G. Lamb, G. Warner, D. Sheen, J. Odell, and himself. He felt honoured of God to be in such company, and on such an occasion. "The Divine Glory was in me and others, like fire." Mr. Odell addressed the meeting first in a magnificent speech. Then Mr. Milson followed in a speech, wonderful for point and power and unction, after which the collection was taken. The other speakers were quite *equal to themselves*, and a mighty prayer-meeting followed. "Such seasons," says he, in a letter home, "are precious. Many young ministers present. The influence may go through the Connexion."

CHAPTER XXV.

1880—82.

SHEFFIELD.

VOLUME XVII. of Mr. Milson's journal contains the following, on its first page :—

“PARKINSON MILSON.

Through Divine Mercy, a saint, and preacher of the Gospel, which is the Divine instrumentality for making saints. 62, Andover Street, 1880.”

On the opposite page are the following lines :—

“Jesus instructs his servants here,
Detached from persons and from place,
Their providential course to steer,
And follow Him in all their ways.
To whom they shall dispense the word,
Or when or where extend their line,
They leave entirely to their Lord,
And still adore the choice Divine.”

—C. WESLEY.

“Amen, says P. Milson.”

At the conference of 1879, the “District Barriers” went down. Previously, no circuit could invite a minister from any district other than the one in which it was located. This old custom led to both ministers and circuits having a limited choice. In 1880, the March Quarterly Meetings had the privilege of exercising their hard-won right for the first time, consequently many ministers removed from the districts in which they had spent the whole of their ministry, for new scenes of labour. Mr. Milson was among the number, having accepted an invitation to superintend the Sheffield third circuit, believing that so populous a town would afford him a new and enlarged field of labour.

The first entry in his journal, under date August 12th, is as follows :—“This morning I feel much faith, peace, and love in

Jesus, I see I ought to *believe* more, and *do* more for Him. I have lately felt much weakness, and have suffered from flatulency, and pain in my stomach, which *may* be the effects, in some degree, of the change from Scarbro' to this place. I hope, however, to grow stronger, I feel depressed to experience, compared with past years, a lack of physical and mental energy. I seemed for many years to be nearly always at work. Reading was a special pleasure, but for some time now it has so affected my head that I feel it my *duty* to rest from it as much as I can. I cannot bear anxiety ; my memory becomes confused and oblivious, and I feel pained, and sometimes ashamed. I would not be distressed about these things if *all were* only the result of earnest work for Jesus. But I might have avoided somewhat of this by better management. True I have had my heart in the work of God. I have laboured for Him who shed His blood for me : and now He so blesses His truth to my soul in preaching, and so fills me at times with His Spirit, that labour is rest, I rise above all infirmities, I have great vigour, and His joy is indeed my strength.

August 28th, 5.30 p.m.—Wharncliffe Craggs. Here I sit upon a stone of ages, when made, or how placed upon this elevated ridge, I cannot say ; and am surrounded by many stones of similar kind. And what scenery before and around me. I thank God I have lived to see this magnificent district. Bilberry, birch, and bracken beautifully variegate the scene. Before me, as I look towards the setting sun, is an indescribable sea of green. What a deep, capacious, magnificent, natural basin, with woods, tier above tier, or gracefully sloping up its sides from bottom to ridge. Beyond it, a beautiful island, and beautiful valleys stretching away in the distance ; and a panorama of knolls, undulations, and ridges, intersected by outlines of mountains in the distant horizon. How striking and beautiful !

September 1st.—Again at Wharncliffe Craggs with a few friends. Took tea with them. Walked across to Burncross to preach. I wrote 'Beautiful Wharncliffe, crowned with bilberry, birch, bracken, and boulder.'

As I was leaving to go to preach, one of my friends said to me, 'Duty before pleasure.' 'Yes,' I thought, 'and

duty will give pleasure. I live in pleasure while I live to Thee.'

September 10th, Sunday.—Preached Chapel Anniversary Sermons at Kiverton Park. Blessed day. Three believers professed to find entire sanctification. The brother with whom I stayed, and who collected at night, said he received the *blessing sitting* upon the seat in the vestry, after the collection. This he told to the people. A local brother came four miles, had wanted to hear something on entire sanctification. Told my host before he went home he had heard *all he wanted to hear*. My text, 'Lest Satan get an advantage,' etc. . . . Stayed all night. . . . This morning saw a man, about forty-five years of age, distributing tracts at Kiverton Park. He was a stranger, but I said, 'Old Satan won't like you.' To which he replied, 'He has not for over a year, and I hope he'll never like me no more.' 'Well,' I responded, 'God will help you to overcome him.'

I learned he was a collier, had six or seven children. His wife has been a Primitive about eighteen months. He has been 'a desperate character,' a drinker, and reader of *Reynold's Newspaper* on Sundays. A fortnight ago, at a love-feast in our chapel, he said, 'The devil and me's fell out, and I hope we shall never be friends no more. . . . If you want to know whether religion be a good thing or not, go to our house; ask our *bairns* and my wife.'"

September 24th.—He preached at Petre Street in the morning on sanctification, and felt it to be a good and solemn time. He was very unwell with violent pains in the head, but did not tell the people. Administered the sacrament after the sermon. In the afternoon while renewing tickets he learned that the morning sermon had been made a blessing. Before the love-feast in the evening "felt private prayer good in the preacher's vestry." He was assisted by "Brothers W. S. and W. H., two men of the right stamp." The love-feast greatly cheered him. Several men who had been very wicked spoke of having been converted within a year at Petre Street. One stated that twelve months before he would have been found at the ale-bench; another how he had been arrested and saved, while a third declared that when he was "*under con-*

rection his hair would have made a brush." One of the most active officials stated that after hearing the morning sermon "he went home to plead in secret for entire sanctification, and to offer himself a complete sacrifice to God." "It was an affecting testimony, and I noticed how powerful he was in prayer in the after-meeting."

October 10th.—Writing from Louth, Lincolnshire, he says, "Mr. and Mrs. Simpson are very kind. Mrs. says she was converted when I travelled here, while I was preaching from 'He that believeth shall be saved.' Believing had been a



PETRE STREET PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL.

mystery to her until then. As she was saved during the sermon, the enemy tempted her concerning not going to the penitents' form, she therefore went, confessed Christ, and thoroughly beat him."

October 25th.—"Good revival service at Petre Street. I spoke with liberty on revival work:—1 Necessary; 2 Important; 3 Self-denying and painful; 4 Successful."

October 26th.—He took tea with Mr. C——, who was converted *in part* through hearing him preach while on probation in Hull. He told him some wonderful things which he requested him to furnish him with in writing. After tea he

walked to Osgarthorpe to pray with an old gentleman who was ill, and afterwards had a powerful time in speaking extempore on Christian experience and joy, taking as his "text" the hymn which had been sung (312) and another, also by Doddridge, "God of my life, through all my days." The prayer-meeting which followed was a very powerful one, at the conclusion of which he returned home. Later on his son Clowes came in and stated that they had held a second one, "and believed for entire sanctification, and that most of a score had obtained it."

October 28th.—"Dreadful wind and rain. Preached to over forty persons at Burncross. As I walked towards the chapel, the storm was fearful from the north-east. I did not then know, however, how terribly it was affecting Scarbro', Filey, Grimsby, and other places.

October 29th.—Prayer-meeting. I knelt all the time. Had power to plead with God for souls, and this, after feeling as if I were careless respecting them. I was, I think, Divinely able to cry 'Sheffield for Jesus! Sheffield for Jesus!' I felt, if I mistake not, a Divine conviction; a faith of the operation of God, that He will work a great work throughout the town. Glory! I wept and shook with emotion. My nature seemed melted in a warm furnace of love. My feelings were such that I had to restrain them, as I felt that I would be exhausted. Glory to Jesus! 'In us the Intercessor prays.'

October 30th.—Band-meeting. Glorious time. A number professed to have found entire sanctification since last Sunday. What gratitude and triumph a minister feels under such circumstances :—

'Christ hath given the word of grace,
Jesu's word is glorified.'

October 31st, Sunday.—Preached at St. John's Street at 10.30; dined hastily opposite that chapel. Walked to 62, Andover Street. Mr. Wallis's son took me in a gig to Sheffield Lane top. Thence Mr. Wallis drove me to High Green. Preached to a large congregation on entire sanctification. Powerful time. From chapel into the gig. Mr. Wallis's to tea, little time. He then drove me to John Street. Had a good time there at night. A woman, who when a girl at Keadby,

knew me, was saved, also a youth, brother to a travelling preacher of ours. Weeping at the communion rails, they promised to attend class. Supped with a friend. Mr. Wallis drove me home. This was *a very heavy day*. John Street and High Green are, I believe, twelve miles apart. The sermons at John Street were Missionary, High Green, Chapel Anniversary. I had once before disappointed High Green, and should have had to have done it again, but for the above arrangement. *Thank God I did it*, through the aid given by His Spirit and Providence.

Learn of terrible wrecks and loss of life on the east coast. Great distress at Scarbro' and Filey. Twenty-two lives lost from the latter place. Several gone from both places that we know. Some *good souls* have escaped from the German Ocean to the crystal sea! Fifty-four lost from Grimsby!"

The following letter from a well-known local preacher belonging to Filey, and himself a fisherman and master of a vessel, gives some account of the loss:—

"Filey, November 15th, 1880.

"DEAR BRO. MILSON,

I am sorry to say Susannah's Frank was lost when running to the Humber, and the whole crew had a very narrow escape. Tom Jenkinson, Hope Street, lost a man, and his boat was wrecked near Robin Hood's Bay. Ross Jenkinson, his crew, and yawl, have gone down, and nothing has been found, as also has Tom Cowling with his crew and yawl, and nothing but the cobble has been found yet. J. Shippey, W. Mason, Geo. Edmond, and others were among the crews.

Many have lost *all* their nets, barrels, warps; others have lost part, and the boats have mostly received great damage, the sails of many being blown away.

Robin Jenkinson was driven ashore in Bridlington Bay, but has got off. Castle Jenkinson was wrecked totally in Bridlington Bay, all the men saved. Six of our members here have found a watery grave. We held a meeting for the benefit of the widows and orphans, and have raised a good sum, and several souls were saved. Praise God! . . .

MATTHEW HAXBY."

The following three days he attended Missionary Meetings. Returning by train one night in company with two other ministers, the night was very dark, but they passed through a tunnel without noticing it, on account of the carriage being well lighted. "So," said he, "may it not be with death, the presence of Jesus will make it so light that we shall not see the tunnel."

On the first Saturday in the New Year he went to Bradford for special Sermons, and the next day wrote home on a *postcard*, as follows :—

Bradford, Elizabeth St., January 16th, 1881.—Very cold journey, at times seemed to be sweeping through a cosmos of mist, whitened by the incomparable bleaching of winter's Divinely guided hand. Now a sinuous stream with placid surface, as of silver, mirroring the moon : at other dells and crags, of embankments and cuttings. The unparalleled shawl a warm blessing. Met at Station. Kind friends. *Attended to suggestions*. Now quarter-past nine Sunday morning. Off two miles to preach. Preached Jesus on the road last night. This morning happy in God."

February 6th.—He preached a Missionary Sermon at Peter Street, from the words, "And he brought him to Jesus," and in the afternoon renewed tickets to a class, which contained "some interesting young men," whose testimonies showed the reality of Divine truth and grace, in their minds and hearts. Took dinner and tea with his "kind Circuit Steward." At night preached a Missionary Service at Newhall.

During the singing of the first hymn, "a *special* degree of the Spirit's presence was felt, which led the *discerning* and spiritual singers to repeat over and over again the concluding lines." Such was the unction, that it seemed to him as if preaching "*might* have been dispensed with for a prayer meeting." But just before the sermon, he became the subject of "awful feelings," which sprang from the instantaneous recollection of his brother's death. "My temptations and perhaps my self-accusations were dreadful. I felt as if my reason would be overwhelmed, and that I must give up *the pulpit*. O the sorrow and suffering of that hour ! But, *as*

usual, Jesus sustained me by His presence ! Had a good time, and in the prayer-meeting several dear boys were at the communion rails as penitents ; also two young women, who professed to find peace through believing. These were Miss S——l, and Miss L——t. My soul was encouraged. Dear Clowes came in from Brightside, where he had been preaching a Missionary Sermon, I had therefore *abundant cause* for thanksgiving to God ! These trials, however, bow the soul, yet, thank God, I rejoice, though now for a season I am in *heaviness* through manifold temptations.

February 7th.—Very wet night. Missionary Meeting at Petre Street. About eighty persons. Good meeting ; but my speech was not so good as I intended it to be, nor as good as it ought to have been. One reason was, I had to make it after the collection, and when I considered it was unnecessary from the lateness of the hour.

February 8th.—Missionary Meeting at Carlisle Street, East. Brother G. Smith and I were helped in speaking. Painful thoughts would keep occurring, respecting my poor brother. O what a fight to resist them. If he and my dear parents had been religious, what enjoyment I should now have, instead of distress and melancholy. Yet I see how merciful and good was God to save me at Broughton, to call me to preach His Gospel, and to enable me to pray for them, and to live in some measure for them, as I have done."

His brother George had died somewhat suddenly at Broughton a short time before he wrote the above references to his death.

He tells of Mr. G. S——h, a local preacher, who once promised a sum towards a new chapel, and when it was wanted, said to his wife, "What have we in the house that we can spare?" She thought they could do without the sofa, so it was sold, and the money given. His relatives thought that he was "cracked," but God helped and prospered them. "I honour such a man," says he. "I honour his wife, and respect his family. No wonder that God blesses him and his."

February 9th.—"Very bad weather. With Rev. W. Rose addressed the meeting at Gunisthorpe. Few persons. *Of course* God was with us."

Here follows a number of blank pages, but from the following letter it seems he was at services in Scarbro' Circuit in April :—

“ Falsgrove, April 11th, 1881.

“ MY DEAR JANE,

Was thoroughly starved during Saturday night's journey. Met by Mr. and Mrs. S——. Very glad to see me. Comfortable home. Slept moderately. Sunday morning received the letters. At 10.30, chapel body filled, and some above. In looking through my spectacles (which I afterwards regretted) saw Rev. R. Cheeseman and Mrs. C——. My spirits sank : sufferings acute : *new discourse*. Text, 2 Cor. v. 7-8. *Glorious service*. Won't be forgotten before *Midsummer*. Collection £5 ! Mr. C. Taylor came for me to take tea with his wife, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Lickiss, and her husband. I went. Prayed with them, and was back at 5.10. At six, chapel full below, and many above. Text, Luke xxxiii. 48. Humbling time in preaching. Great power in last prayer. Hymn 102 sweet. Superlatively grand prayer-meeting. Chapel filled below for a long time. Indescribable power and excitement. As *waves* of Divine influence swept over us, I sometimes *shed tears*. Shall not soon forget their singing, 'Now here's my heart and here's my hand,' etc. As Mrs. Darling said to-day, it was almost as if we were *there* ! But we had only *seven* souls saved ! One woman saved was a Mrs. Wilson, a widow, now living here. When knelt, she shook me by the hand, and said, 'I've always remembered you, Mr. Milson,' At end of prayer-meeting, Mr. Weddle spoke five minutes. He was much excited ; but muffled by bronchitis. We must speak for Jesus before we get it. To-day he told me he had not felt such a power in a prayer-meeting since John Oxtoby's time. *The people have been praying for it*. How excited the *young men* and *misses* were about my coming. Some been to enquire ! Mrs. Freear's daughter, sixteen years old, says *she will work for me*, if necessary, when I get older. Slept poorly last night. *A thorn*. To-day off after breakfast. Called at Mr. Harwood's, Mrs. Midgley's, Mrs. Darling's, Mr. Ward's, Mrs. Dove's, etc. Dined at Mr. Weddle's. Prayed with T. Morton (who is

nearly gone), Mrs. Boreman, Mrs. Shaw (Sandside). Collections yesterday, £9 12s. Wonderful! Sixty members from Sepulchre Street last night.

May 10th.—Enjoyed the service at Thorpe. About eight o'clock when I was concluding, Brother C —, a local preacher, exclaimed, 'a bit more.' I continued ten or twelve minutes longer, and the people feasted on the truth God enabled me to speak.

May 12th.—Preached at Burncross. A beautiful day. As I walked, heard the cuckoo. Its notes revived reminiscences of youth and home.

May 13th.—Adjourned Quarterly Meeting. Afterwards went to Rye Bank Chapel where I heard Peter Mackenzie for ten or fifteen minutes. Subject: 'Elijah.' Speaking of the earthquake, he put his body into a rocking motion, and said 'the earth was dancing a jig;' alluding to the storm and fire, he said, 'This might be to teach Elijah that he must not be afraid of a woman. A woman could not *stamp* like that. A woman could not *spit* fire *like that*. Elisha's prayer for a double portion of Elijah's spirit was answered, as he thought, in the great increase of the Evangelical Spirit possessed by Elisha. Elijah's ministry was one of malediction, Elisha's one of benediction. One was John the Baptist, the other, Jesus.' His diction was striking in describing the appearance of the chariot, the waters of Jordan, and trees and landscapes, being golden with the glory. 'Up he went, passing the burning milestones on the road to immortality. We shall not go that way; our bodies will have to go into the grave to be pulverized.'

May 15th.—The conduct of the singers and fiddlers was a source of trial to me. It seems as if more attention were paid to singing scientifically than to waiting on God for converting and sanctifying power to accompany the word. One brother said, when we were walking to dinner, 'I could have shouted, but dare not.' I am sorry that a kind of worldly respectability seems to blight the souls of some of our people. Spurgeon says:—'When a church becomes respectable, you may preach its funeral sermon!' There is a respectability which angels must witness as unutterable disgrace."

Further on he writes:—"The walk from Burncross to

Wadsley Bridge is, at this season of the year, very pleasant. The country is charming: but the wind was very boisterous, and rain fell, so that I had to carry my umbrella against the storm. Took a *second supper* at Mr. P ——'s kind friends. Jehovah bless them. My sensitive heart is deeply impressed by any kindness shown to me as a minister of Jesus. O will He, when the granite foundations of these hills shall have melted, reward those who are kind to me for His sake! Blessed then are they, and infinitely honoured and gratefully humbled am I.

May 17th.—To-day was intensely interested to obtain a copy of the revised New Testament. Scanned its pages under my umbrella in the rain, as I walked towards Brightside. 'Thankful I have lived to see this book.'

May 21st.—When feeling not very well, he wrote:—"Much cheered and strengthened this week by reading portions of my journal at Brigg and Grimsby. It is *like a new book* to me. How good to write: I wish I had written regularly; but I seemed too busy, and too much taxed physically to do so."

A few days afterwards he received the following letter:—"I take the opportunity of tendering you the best thanks I can give for the manly, faithful, and scriptural sermons you gave us at Petre Street on Sunday night, July 3rd. I do devoutly thank God that we have a minister amongst us who has sufficient moral courage to cry aloud and spare not upon this momentous question, and I pray God bless Brother Milson in his attempts to do battle with the drink demon, and I will pray that prayer *again* and *again*, and will also help you to rid the land of this fell foe, both by voice and example.

I hear that some were annoyed and offended, but I know that others, and a goodly number too, were highly pleased, and gave glory to God. But you are in the right, and the Lord God Almighty will be with you, and bless you, if not with the smile and approbation of all the people, yet with His smile and well done, which is far better. Alas, there are too many who should be watchful on the walls of Zion, to whom, I fear, the curse will attach. 'Woe unto you because ye gave not the warning.'

W. P., Local Preacher."

He adds :—"An encouraging epistle. God bless the writer."

July 8th, Friday.—"Went this afternoon with Enoch to the top of Wincobank Hill, Grimesthorpe ; took my barometer. Between the bottom and the top the mercury varied about three and a half tenths of an inch, making the hill about 350 feet in height. The column of mercury stood two and a half tenths higher in my room here than on the hill top, showing a difference of some 250 feet between the height of my house and the crown of the hill, where are the remains of a military camp. To-night have been examining myself in prayer ; spent a considerable time in waiting before the Lord. Weakness and indifference almost distressed me at times. It seemed as if I had no *concern*, or but little, for myself or others. But I have obtained knowledge long ago, respecting bodily conditions, mental moods, and temptation. Perseverance brings blessing, 'they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.' I read a little of my journal for second time at Hull, stirring and cheering to my soul. Knelt again. God came near. I believe He will bless and own my labours for His glory. My soul was suddenly conscious of His presence. *His special presence*. How *satisfying ! how assuring !* To Him be glory for ever !

September 25th.—Petre Street at 10.30 and 6.15. Morning text, Mark xi. 24. Evening, 'The wiles of the devil.' Large audience, this no doubt due in some measure to advertising in the Sheffield Independent my subjects to-day. To-night, 'The Devil's trickery to ruin souls.' . . . A dear boy fourteen years old gave himself to Jesus. He told me that his parents do not go anywhere to worship. He attends Sunday-School at Petre Street, and promised to meet in class. I thought of the following words on the tombstone of the Rev. J. Entwistle, in Tadcaster churchyard, 'He was converted to God at the age of fourteen, and walked in the light of His countenance for upwards of sixty years,' and repeated them in his hearing and a number of brethren when the meeting was concluded.

My wife has been reading to me a little of the well-written memoir of the Rev. J. Petty. I rejoice that I *knew* him, and that he was my friend when I travelled in London. Since I

have learned from the reading that he was converted in his 15th year, I have felt encouraged to hope that the conversion of the dear boy above named *may* be a momentous event relative to many souls, he *may* become a preacher like the holy J. Petty.

October 2nd.—Walked to Burncross to preach. Walked home. A man in drink waiting for me, wished to sign the pledge, and to be saved. I prayed some time with him, till, with changed countenance, he said, on his knees, ‘I do believe.’ Had hope that he *may* continue. When he left I felt very tired after such a hard day, but, in God’s service, *hard work is heavenly*.

November 9th.—Missionary meeting at Thorpe. Tea at Mr. Beard’s, Wadsley Bridge. Met with Mrs. Evison. She lived at Broughton when I was a young man. She has *an eloquent tongue for God*. She may outshine some *doctor-dubbed* preachers in the next world.

Took a *second* tea at Mr. Potts. Was *religious all the while*. Very pleasant and profitable meeting. Was pleased with the chairman’s address (Mr. Potts). Ward and Barrett spoke well.

November 12th.—Very depressed and low the former part of the day. Took *several pilules of Nux. Vom., and prayed considerably in secret*. In the evening felt very well and cheerful. What a change! The body sometimes weighs down the soul, and surely demons exercise their influence, as permitted, to depress the believer, if possible.” He believed in pilules and prayer going together.

December 4th, Sunday.—Walking to Burncross, about six miles, he overtook a poor fellow, who was walking to Penniston from the workhouse. He was ill clad, but intelligent. He seemed “sore” relative to God’s dispensations, and, in reply as to whether he had taken breakfast, said, “as much bread as you could put in your eye corner.” He was evidently hungry, for on seeing a bit of dirty crust lying on the road, he eagerly picked it up, scraped it, and “devoured it like a dog.” The preacher told him he had not had any breakfast at all, but taking some cake and beef from his pockets, which was his own breakfast, he shared it with the poor fellow, telling him that *God* sent it him, and hoped he would have a better opinion of

Him. He also gave him a small sum with which to buy some bread, which he promised he would do.

December 5th.—Quarterly Meeting. “Free speaking to-day. I was pleased with the intelligence, faithfulness, kindness, and religion of a number of the brethren, and glad we got through some difficult business as we did. . . . Twenty increase. I was unanimously invited for a third year, and accepted.

December 10th, Saturday.—Preached an extra sermon at Thorpe. Text, Heb. iv. 9. My soul enjoyed ‘*Sabbath rest*’ this week-night. Very cold. Train an hour and a half behind its time, so that I did not reach home until late.

December 11th.—Blessed service at Petre Street. Subject, Sabbath rest for the soul, in time ; and this consummated in the tranquilities, fruitions, and activities of immortality. The time allowed for the service was too short, and I had to express regret that the clock went too fast. The *glory* gives heavenly taste to a sermon, and rapturous enjoyment in its utterance, and the celestial deliciousness of the service beguiles the flight of the allotted hour.”

During the week he took tea with an old couple over seventy years of age, in an old-fashioned farm-house near a wood. “The master had been a gamekeeper, and narrowly escaped death on more than one occasion. He left because he was too honest for the situation.” When speaking of owls, he said, “that by imitating their cries or screechings he had brought them flying about him from the wood.” The old lady’s talk was amusing and interesting. She remembered tea a guinea a pound, but “you know teaa were teaa then.” There was a cream jug on the table 100 years old, which had been to “merry makings at christenings.” “They used to cover up the faces of the children, and not let them see the light till a month old, but now they let them see the day after they’re born.” They used to have “fumble feasts” when people had been married seven or fourteen years.

CHAPTER XXVI.

1882—84.

SHEFFIELD (continued).

“I’ve heard him preach when God’s almighty word
Entered the souls of many sinful men,
And pierced them sharply as a two-edged sword,
While conscience echoed back his words again,
Till, even as showers of fertilizing rain
Sink through the bosom of the valley clod,
Their hearts they opened to the wholesome pain,
And knelt, confessing that the Lord was God,
And rose, rejoicing, uttering songs of praise,
Which they continued singing all their days.”

—ADAPTED.

I N a letter dated Sept. 24th, he says :—“Last week Priscilla was very unwell. On Monday night, the 17th, when I was praying with her, she began to weep, she asked to pray, did, believed, and became happy. I was surprised, if not astonished, at her utterances. Mother and I were both pleased and thankful. Last week had African missionary meeting. Bethel chapel filled. Maylott and Guttery gave first-rate speeches, and it was a very good meeting. I am treasurer, and Enoch and I rode home in a *cab*, so heavy were the monies that I was afraid the bottom of the bag would rend. £84 altogether. I am preaching much from ‘O Lord revive Thy work,’ and tell them that I mean to do so.”

“November 29th.

“MY DEAR CLOWES,

Glad to hear that you were divinely helped at missionary meetings. Do not speak long. I am going to be *shorter myself*. Do not preach more than thirty-five or forty minutes. Be resolute! I find some aversion to long preaching and late meetings. Mother finds (properly) some fault with me. Ten minutes fewer in earnest speaking will also be of importance to your pulmonary and

cerebral organs. At the same time I know how difficult it may be sometimes, and even improper and impossible, to restrain yourself. Some preachers will never be carried away by their subjects! They never enter chariots of fire. I have got Finlayson's 'Criticism of Drummond's Natural Law on the Spiritual World.' Will read it and sent it on to you. Have had a telegram to-day from Bridlington Quarterly Meeting inviting me. I wrote accepting it. How remarkable that I should leave Scarbro' for here, and now, after four years stay, return into Hull District to so pretty and beautiful a place, and to preach to over 800 members. At my time of life it seems pleasant to go amongst old friends. If I were your age I should not care—*anywhere*, but God is our guide! Praise Him. . . . Read, *as soon as you can*, 'Holiness Manual,' by Dr. George Watson, it is a masterpiece. Preach sometimes in the open air. I have done so lately, and find congregations ten times as many as in the chapels.

They want my likeness for the 'Primitive World.' I name *George Shaw* to write it.

December 11th.—Have had telegrams and letters from ten circuits in six districts. I never dreamed of such when I was bird-nesting in Broughton Woods, nor did my dear mother when I used to try her patience by my boyish freaks, fancies, and faults. Preach in faith that God will bless His word. The wheat the farmer sows does not produce either ears or blade in twenty-four hours. You know what God says about His word. I believe many persons—professors—need to read more, meditate more, be more alone. Many are too much in public; and at too many public services, as if *constant talk* and hearing were the sum of Christianity."

The second Sunday in the new year he was at Grimsby, where he preached the anniversary sermons for Flottergate Sunday School. He always enjoyed a visit to "dear old Grimsby," but this one was more than ordinarily pleasant to him. The beautiful church, which he had taken steps to have built, the large congregations, powerful services, and pleasant society, all contributed to make him happy, as will be seen from the following extract from his journal:—

January 8th.—"I write this at Mr. Barker's, Hull Bank,

Grimsby, dear old Grimsby ! I felt the fire of God's presence in this town in 1849, and it burns in my soul to-night. Have preached at Flottergate Church, school anniversary sermons (2nd year). Morning text, Luke ix. 30, 31. Liberty and tastes of heaven. At 2.15, children's service. Old friend, George Shankster, in the chair. Children spoke well, some extraordinarily so. I delivered a short address, with which I was pleased, as I *tried* to make the children feel the necessity and importance of being washed in the blood of Jesus. At night, the Holy Ghost assisted me. Soul and body were energized for the occasion, and I felt that God was giving me the people. *Love, pity, and power* came into me, and upon me, and I could speak and spare not, entreat and warn and urge, *in God*. O God ! the supernatural, the Divine, is a realizable and essential element in pulpit work. Hundreds attended the prayer-meeting, and great liberty and power were felt by the brethren. A man and his wife found peace, and another man also. It was a grand time, what bliss I felt as I repeated the words, 'neither is he that planteth anything, neither is he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase. When I got to Mr. Barker's, was serenely, rapturously happy ! Such a night's bliss seemed worth a lifetime. I felt an *intense pity for souls* : and I said to them : 'Excuse what I am going to say, but I feel such a love for souls that I could almost go to hell to try to save them : and if we can feel like this, what love does *God* feel.'

Next morning he visited the pontoon, saw cod-fish (dead) sold for £7 the score, and live cod, at eighteen shillings each. He dined with Mr. Noble and family, and afterwards met a man on a noble horse, who, when Mr. Milson was stationed in Grimsby, was a sad drunkard, but got converted under his ministry, and was now rich and prosperous, and gave Mr. Milson £5 for a chapel. Took tea with Mr. Joseph Robinson, who had saved some of his luscious grapes for him, and hoped they would meet in the Celestial Canaan.

Book XVII., dated February 1882, of his journal, is entitled, "A registry of grace-produced experience and works." The first entry is March 17th. "Eleven. Conference at Stanley Street. Provided for Jane and daughter coming from market.

Attended a committee for examining brother J. Lockhart for the ministry. Prayed and read with Mrs. Coley. She is serenely sinking into the arms of death! Peace in Jesus is her portion. To-day was particularly blessed by reading a part of Fairburn's Typology."

With considerable humour, he tells of Jane and Jinny's surprise on their return from town, at nearly eight o'clock, by



FLOTTERGATE CHURCH, GAINSBORO.

the sumptuous provision he had made for their reception. "*Three roasted herrings, tea in pot, bread cut, and cups and other things set.*"

March 29th.—While waiting three-quarters of an hour for a funeral, he spoke on the subject of religion to the grave-digger, and found that he had been recently converted, through having heard a Miss B—— preach. He gave him some directions for fighting and overcoming Satan, and hoped that the time

spent in waiting had not been lost. He noticed that scarcely any of the persons to whom tomb-stones had been erected, had lived to be seventy, and only one over eighty. "How different from these buried in Brompton and Sherburn Churchyards."

April 19th.—Walking in Attercliffe with hand-bills for circulation, a policeman said, "Give me a bill, please. I think some persons take no notice of a poor policeman." He gave him one, and was so impressed with the man's words, that for the rest of his life he never passed a policeman without speaking to him, if he had an opportunity.

A little further on, a workman of some thirty-five years of age, seeing he was a preacher, said, "Can you tell me how to get an idle living?" to which he replied, "You don't want to be a pig, do you?" "What do you mean?" asked the workman, his eyes flashing with anger. "I have heard," said the preacher, "of a foreigner who visited England, remarking that everybody and everything worked but pig, and he led an idle life." He further said, "I am *now* going to preach not far off, and if you will go and preach an hour for me, I'll give you half-a-crown." "What about?" asked the man. "About Jesus." "I know now't about Him." He gave him some "pepper of truth," as he judged he needed it.

Returning one night shortly afterwards along Brightside Lane in the dark, he passed a woman who said, "You're walking fast!" "Yes," said he, "I'm going to heaven." "I'll go with you," she exclaimed, and quickened her pace, as if to overtake him. "I have plenty of company," he replied, and hastened away.

At the District Meeting held at Newark, he was called upon unexpectedly to preach at the Camp-meeting, and had a wonderful time, which was the talk of the neighbourhood long afterwards. In the public meeting, where he was appointed to speak, he felt some difficulty as to the best course to pursue. The place was crowded, and says he, "Brother Fallas spoke well, so did Brother W. Jones. I had been troubled about having to follow him. He spoke with power. When he had been speaking half-an-hour, I felt fired, and as if I could have made a speech. My head and heart were full, but when he

took three-quarters of an hour, and collection had to be made, *poor Milson!* I did not blame him, he did so well, and God made him so great a blessing. I spoke as well as I could for fifteen or twenty minutes, after the people had been enchanted by his rhetorical chimes."

During the month he preached at Newhall, and had an extraordinary time. He had advertised his subjects: Morning, "The Divine deliverance of an old travelling preacher from a lion." Night, "Clouds and darkness around Jehovah." A backslider who had been a local preacher, and whose wife was from Broughton, his native village, saw the advertisement, went to hear him, and got converted. "Glory!" says he, "a soul for a crown. See the influence of the Press." Another man was saved at the same service.

June 25th.—"School Anniversary. Chapel crowded. Collections good. *Souls* don't seem to be expected at such a time. Pained to see the people leaving by scores, and many who remained conducted themselves as if they considered the 'performance' over."

The following letter will explain itself:—

"June 29th, 1882.

Messrs. Tennant Bros., Brewers.

SIRS,

I received your circular respecting ales, porter, etc., with list of prices. I am happy to inform you that I, my wife, and family are total abstainers from the use of all intoxicating drinks as beverages.

The longer I live, the more important I see this to be, and the greater the evil appears of making and offering for sale intoxicating drinks. Those who are engaged in the traffic, incur a tremendous and fearful responsibility, relative to the wants and miseries of many of their neighbours in time, and also their unending woes in eternity.

Believing this, I would respectfully exhort you to give up your business, and cease to offer for sale that which is injurious for time and eternity.

I shall do all I can, by God's help, as long as I live, to injure and exterminate the strong drink traffic.

I respectfully recommend to your notice the fifteenth verse of the second chapter of the Book of Habakkuk :—‘ Woe unto him who giveth his neighbour drink,’ etc. May God shew you the evil of the traffic, and save you, through Christ Jesus,

Yours faithfully in Him,

P. MILSON, Prim. Meth. minister.”

July 27th.—He prayed with seven families, and while talking with the colliers was painfully impressed with the awful ignorance, extensive drunkenness, and heathen wickedness, which abounded among them. One young man with whom he spoke, though he earned over a pound a week, had not clothes fit to go to chapel in. He said he had heard Mr. Milson preach at Thorpe “about somebody being stolen from a sepulchre, but did not know who he was, they called him Jesus, he thought, and he must have been a very clever chap.”

The following letter is to his eldest son :—

“Westboro’, Scarboro’, August 17th, 1883.

“MY DEAR CLOWES,

Your good mother sent me yours, which I was glad to read, on Tuesday last. What encouragements you have from Him who has called you to preach the Gospel of His Son, to improve all your talents joyfully. The consciousness that God has appointed you to preach, and His presence sweetening and blessing your labours will endear to you every scene of nature around you ; so you will enjoy your walks and rides unspeakably more than mere pleasure-seekers. I think no man can enjoy natural scenery and social life so much as a holy preacher. Keep your eye—intention—pure and single : your will always surrendered to the will of God, and then you can receive by faith all God has to give, and you will see God in all things. Frequently read a portion of the memoir of some holy man. You will lose nothing in your studies by so doing.

Walk with God, and commune with the holiest of His children, whose biographies are available for perusal.

Am glad you sometimes peregrinate a bank or lane before breakfast. The exercise will cause augmented inhalation of oxygen and electric fire into your system, which will benefit

you physically and mentally, and indirectly spiritually. Guard well your imagination, that 'fool of the house,' as Lady Maxwell designated hers. Don't be cast down by a poor time, nor think too much of a good one.

Get on with your studies for examination. Neither you nor No. 1 should preach three times to one congregation on the Sabbath! Alter it as soon as you can."

During this month, Dr. Birbeck wrote him, stating that he had seen a hymn published in the "Primitive Methodist World," entitled, "The Celestial Salem," to which he had taken a great liking, and had set music to the words. He would esteem it a great favour if Mr. Milson, the author, would grant him the use of the same to publish in the "Juvenile Chorister." Permission was readily granted, and the hymn subsequently appeared.

August 6th. — "Walked in the hot sun two miles to a camp-meeting. Commenced with five or six to procession the streets. Gave six short addresses. Others (none of whom were planned), gave several. Walked home to dinner, and back again for camp-meeting at two o'clock. Gave an address in the street, and conducted the meeting. Only two brethren attended. We were in a field, and away from the people generally. *The people here will not follow the preachers.* We can do the most in the streets, *shooting* at them wherever we find them."

"16, Wilton Street, Holderness Road, Hull,
November 8th, 1883.

"MY DEAR CLOWES,

This is the anniversary of the glorious day when I was baptised and filled with the Divine Spirit in September, 1846. Glory. I bless God I have not refrained my lips on the subject in the congregation.

We all take tea at Mr. Hodge's, and he goes with us to take chair at Missionary Meeting at Hedon. Mr. Windram and I deputation. Last night had a good meeting. Mr. Windram gave a splendid speech.

In your speeches keep your eye on Christ's glory. Stir up the people to pray and live for souls. Speak of individual effort. Importance of individual salvation. Notice a number

of good anecdotes and facts in the report. Don't be particular about giving a new speech every night just to please preachers. If you have fresh hearers tell the same things. Speak in God, and He will make them useful. Don't shout and strain yourself to death. Don't sing over much. God calls you to preach. Don't exhaust your strength in praying at beginning of services. Don't have windows open on both sides. Stop till they are shut. Don't open your mouth in open air after night meeting until you have been out a few minutes. Preach the Word. Have the martyr spirit. Do not trouble about your station being a poor one. Trust in God.

On Tuesday was fifty-eight years old, same age as Solomon when he died, two years older than Henry VIII. A man's life consisteth not in the things he possesseth. Mrs. Sizer honoured the event by having a party to tea. Revs. G. Bennett, G. Windram, P. Peacock, and wives; Mrs. Spivey, Mr. and Mrs. Slight. At Public Meeting, Williamson Street, we all had a white chrysanthemum in our coats.

Enjoy life in Jesus. Look out for comet; also for shooting stars from tenth to twelfth of this month. Love as ever."

November 19th.—A young married woman went to the communion rail seeking Jesus, and found peace. Unknown to her, her husband went and knelt by her side, in tears, seeking the Saviour. Mr. Milson requested her to speak to him. She did so, and soon they were both in possession of Divine peace. He was exceedingly gladdened, as they were evidently both genuine and thorough.

November 22nd. —"Very good Missionary Meeting at Burncross. Rev. Mr. Henshaw, deputation, gave an eloquent speech, the most alliterative, I think, I ever heard in my life." A few nights after, Mr. Milson was still more interested by him, and wrote several of his sentences on the back of a plan. The following are specimens:—"Christianity has smitten dreadful despotisms into the dust." "Priestly pretensions and powers." "The sins of sires who tusselled and fell." "Mansions of mercy, palaces of pleasure, sanctuaries of song." "Wearing grotesque garbs." "Some limping ditties melted the

multitudes, charmed the children, and sung scores to the Saviour." "Christianity is spinning round to a fuller faith and a fairer future." "Smitten down by fever fires." "Sung in the glens of Greece." "Its grandest epochs and eras are ahead." "Purer piety, larger revenues." "Hearts panting high to be brave." "The deluging of their bosoms with billows of bliss."

He recorded, too, such short sentences as the following :—
"Woman is the angel and ornament of society." "Pencil of supernatural light." "Its victories shall be announced by the belfries of the skies." "The Gospel blows the trumpet of a general jubilee." "When the grand coronation hallelujah shall be lifted."

It is not surprising that he should be struck with the above, for his own writing shows that he was often *unconsciously* alliterative, and naturally fond of it. Even his most unconventional letters to his parents and family illustrate this, and the reader will find several instances in the following entry, which follows immediately those we have just quoted :—

November 24th.—"Went to Manchester by excursion train to attend meeting of shareholders relating to new Primitive Methodist paper. Pleasant journey there. Wharnccliffe Wood, with its sturdy oaks, rises surprisingly steeply from the line of rails. Approaching Stockbridge, the gloomy crags looked like battlements of the sky, or turrets of celestial towers, producing pleasant emotions. As we rode along past Thurgoland, the landscape pleasingly varied by sunshine and cloud, the scenery was spanned by a perfect rainbow, and as one end of it was near the train, its brilliant form seemed to sweep along by our side over hill and dale—with engine speed—a singular phenomenon I never before witnessed when travelling. A beautiful object, woven instantaneously by the Divine hand, by woof of showers and warp of light. At the rate of fifty miles an hour we ran through tunnels, cut by the hand of man through the backbone of England. On emerging, scenery of different kinds appeared. Landscapes bold, bare, gloomy. How landscapes affect the mind with different emotions, they sooth, exhilarate, solemnise, or depress according to their character and feature. Lakes and cataracts now diversify

the scene. Deep valleys, mantled with mist! or capp'd with clouds! One so presented itself with its vapour crown as to look very singular. How soon, however, its crown will vanish! These everlasting hills themselves will melt. I look for a better country. Our train entered tunnel after tunnel, and we seemed to be playing at bo-peep."

As he left the railway station at Manchester, "about fifty pigeons were cycling their aerial gambols at a great height, as free as the air on which they floated, and their white wings reflecting the sunlight, with the heavenly blue above them, rendered them a charming spectacle.

About forty brethren assembled to consult. The new paper to be called Primitive Methodist World." He was "for *Banner*, but lost."

On the road home there was much argument and excitement between four men and six women. He preached Jesus. "One pert woman *cursed* me fearfully, but a blessing may result even to her.

December 2nd.—This has been a very busy week, preparing lecture on 'The Sun' for the Young Men's Mutual Society, Petre Street. I *worked very hard*, and the subject became very interesting. Years ago I thought of preparing a lecture upon it, and made preparations for doing so, but had not time. How our *multifarious* duties hinder us from doing work of this kind. Book parcel monthly, magazines writing out and distributing, persons calling, visiting, preaching, walking, letter writing, etc., but variety of work has its advantages to every part and faculty of our being."

He delivered the lecture the same evening, and it was so well received that he promised them another on the subject.

December 25th.—Christmas Day. As he had preached at Petre Street the two previous Christmas days, he was anxious not to do so on this occasion, and tried to induce his colleague and others to take his place, offering to preach for two other brethren, if either of them would take Petre Street. But "it fell upon" him, and accordingly he preached from "God so loved the world," etc. In the first prayer he had as much freedom and power as he had ever felt in "this, to me,

memorable chapel," this he considered remarkable, as he endeavoured to avoid taking the service. "Unspeakable" was his "pay" for doing so. The people as well as he felt it a great *treat*. "Thanks be to God," says he, "for the banquet of His grace."

December 27th.—He went to Thorpe and gave an address, though not planned. Was "glad" he was able to bear one more testimony for God.

December 28th.—Went where he *was planned*, but found they did not *expect preaching*, as they had a lecture or *entertainment*. "Is this an evidence of spirituality and revivalistic zeal?"

January 14th.—He preached at Flottergate Church, Grimsby, and enjoyed the services immensely. Several found peace. In the night service he was about as happy as his "mortal frame" could bear. The "voice, face, and spirit of several old companions in war" stirred, fired, and cheered his soul in the prayer-meeting.

Met with a "tall man," who, with his wife, was saved the year before, under his sermon. On the following day he met with Mr. Lawson, who had been converted the previous night, who told him how, twenty-one years before, he had passed him and several other young men on a Sunday night, and spoken words of kind reproof, which had a powerful deterrent effect upon him. Another man, Mr. Barker, told him, had come to hear "A little man who used to ride a mule," and had attended the chapel ever since.

At night he attended the tea and public meeting. "The Revs. Mr. Warren and J. Wood preceded me, and did well. I did miserably, and I think shamefully! at least I felt ashamed, and yet could not improve as I proceeded."

He was very much charmed with the company of Mr. and Mrs. Barker and family, and was delighted to hear from Mr. Barker of several cases in which his labours had been rendered a blessing. "Thanks," he adds, "to Thee, my God, for the use Thou hast mercifully made of me at dear old Grimsby. I believe I shall know more of this when Grimsby and the great globe itself shall have passed away."

January 21st.—He was in Rotherham Circuit, and delighted

to hear that the *bailiffs* were in four public-houses in Rotherham that week, as it might keep bailiffs out of many houses of poor people. He heard that there were ten such houses kept by widows, "whose husbands had *shortened their days by taking the drink they sold to get a living.*"

Here is a record of two days' work:—

May 13th, Whit Sunday.—"Walked to Burncross. Thence to High Green. Preached to two hundred children, and about sixty adults. Preached Jesus and His grace to many young men, between my house and the Chapel. All treated me with respect, or at worst a little pleasant banter. At 5.30 held an open air service. Some twelve brethren met me. Wind very strong and cold, but we stood a few minutes at a time in five places, and I spoke with liberty to many precious souls." His throat and head were bad. He then preached in the chapel, and walked home: ten miles for the day.

Next morning he walked in procession to Firth Park, with Petre Street scholars. As he witnessed the crowded streets, and thought of the possibilities which lie hid in those thousands of children, who were England's best hope for the world's emancipation from the fetters of ignorance, superstition, and sin, he with difficulty restrained his emotions. From the Park he walked home, then to the Station for the eleven train to Gainsbro. "Dined with Mr. George Andrew, Botanist, who, with his kind wife, made me welcome. It is pleasant and profitable to become acquainted with such saints. The upright are my delight. Heard Rev. P. Peacock preach on 'Not as though I had already attained,' etc. Was pleased and profited. The Holy Ghost had instructed him, and he gave us, not milk and water, but essence of gospel beef. I then preached on 'Behold I send the promise of my Father,' etc. We had a time of rejoicing in the Spirit. A good tea. Heard Brother Butterick, from Grimsby, speak well in the open air. A friend whom I married at Hull, came to speak with me. Told me of the happy death of her daughter. Felt somewhat exhausted about 6.30. No wonder, for on Saturday night, and after three o'clock on Sunday morning, Enoch was wild with neuralgia, and tossed and screamed so that I was afraid the neighbours would think that we were killing him. Again on

Sunday night he was bad, so that I was deprived of rest. I took a dose of 'composition,' which seemed to give me new life. God is all-sufficient !”

In a letter to Clowes, describing the same services, he adds, “I walked a mile to the train, which was late, and the station-master thought it likely that I should not reach Doncaster in time for the one to Sheffield. I ventured, however, and left at 10.25, twenty-one miles. I said, as the train was going, ‘Lord sweep her along, or stop the other a few minutes.’ I was in time, and got home between twelve and one.”

Writing to his son, he says :—

“Be sure and pray much. John Wesley, writing to John Walton, a preacher of his, who became very mighty and useful, said, ‘Nothing will avail without prayer. Pray whether you can or not. When you are cheerful and when you are heavy, still pray. Pray with many or few words, or with none at all. You will surely find an answer of peace.’ Living fully to God, you will see Him in all things, work, books, places, men, flowers, landscapes, and all things, and be one of the happiest men out of heaven at the age of twenty-three. Of course if you live to be fifty-five you will be much happier in the same work. Live in earnest. ‘We live in deeds not years.’

Have heard the Americans. Macdonald’s text, ‘He is able to save to the uttermost.’ Very good and sweet. Said many things I have been saying for years. Martindale, Fallas, and others, I suppose, got the blessing. . . . No subject stirs half like this. These men can shout and pray and smile and lift up hands. They believe in public seeking of it, not going into private rooms, and in public confession of it. Your wise mother is delighted with them, so you may judge what they are.”

September 9th.—“Preached at Petre Street at 10.30, on the Lord’s Supper. Not with great liberty, but had the satisfaction of knowing that I had read and thought much upon the subject, and prepared extensively, and though my sermon was poor in some respects, it contained much important information on the subject.

6.15.—Preached on ‘O Lord, revive Thy work !’ Had great

liberty, and unintentionally preached fifteen minutes too long—for whom? for what? Was in earnest!”

September 10th.—He gave a lecture on “The Sun,” and though the night was very wet, the congregation was two or three times larger than at a preaching service. The chairman amused him by stating that he did not know the meaning of “V.D.M.” at the end of his name on the bill, but supposed it was “Very Dear Man.” He explained that they signified “Minister of the Word of God,” but he would tell his wife when he got home of the new version, and most likely it would have her approval.”

He preached Jesus to a blind man, nearly mad with rage, who used the most awful oaths. He had been blind nearly twenty years. “What an idea his case gave me of hell, and its depraved and blasphemous population.”

Speaking of a bill for a series of revival meetings, an official said, “It’s no use us sending out an ordinary bill, no one takes any notice of it. I wish you would draw us one up.” He sat down, and with pencil at once drew up the following:—

“WAR WITH HELL!

WHERE? In the P. M. Chapel, Petre St.

How? By using ‘the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God,’ and fervent Prayer and Sacred Song.

UNDER WHOSE GENERALSHIP? ‘*The King of Kings.*’

WITH WHAT OBJECT? ‘To turn men from the Power of Satan unto God.

WHEN WILL THE CAMPAIGN BEGIN?

On Sunday, April 20th, 1884, at 10.30, and be continued at 2.30 and 6.15.

WHAT OFFICERS IN COMMAND?

H. KIRK,	W. C. COLES,
Of Chesterfield, in the	Of South Shields, in the
morning.	afternoon.

And both of them in the evening.

On Sunday 27th, W. C. Coles will take the field at 10.30 and 6.15. In the afternoon at two there will be a

 LOVE-FEAST.

The warriors will speak of their love for their General, and tell how they have been bettered by deserting the devil, and entering His service; and Jesus will warm their hearts for future action.

The fight will be resumed on the Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays in both weeks, as above, each night at 7.30.

Each Thursday night, at 7.30, officers will direct the fire of the guns against

THE BARREL AND BOTTLE TRAFFIC,
which killed last year, in this Christian Country, nearly 100,000 persons.

WANTED a number of the most miserable captives of the Devil for immediate enlistment.

Hail ! listen to the Trumpeters,		Jesus sits on Zion's Hill,
They sound for Volunteers.		He receives poor sinners still.
		<i>Come</i> , enlist, and with me sing—
		I, his soldier sure shall be,
		Happy in Eternity.

The presence and aid of warriors of any Division or Brigade of Immanuel's grand Militant Army will be welcomed.

Collections on Sunday for Transport of Officers, Suitable Quarters and Rations."

Writing to his son-in-law, the Rev. H. Kirk, respecting the services, he says:—"As to the Bill, you need have no fears respecting its character or qualities from an 'educational status' point of view. I assure you it is not at fault, grammatically, rhetorically, or theologically. I will venture to say that whoever made it is no ignoramous or fanatic; and I know persons in this neighbourhood, with heads and hearts equal to many in C—— Circuit, think highly of the Bill, and believe that it will do more good than a thousand ordinary ones.

Already its influence has been great, and so far from its being *un*-Primitive Methodist, it is quite the contrary, as the

lines from the old hymn book sufficiently testify ; and though somewhat Salvation Army like, it is sober, scriptural, and correct. And many Salvation Army people and their friends are quite as good as any Primitive Methodists. This I say without any reference to the constitution of General Booth, which I do not approve in some respects.

You may rest assured that your name is *honoured* by its appearance in so *clever*, and *wise*, and *learned* a Bill, and if you should meet with any who do not believe in 'War with Hell' to be a reality, show them their infidelity and danger. If they be preachers, tell them to go home.

Pray much, and have pleasure in saying :—

‘ Therefore will I take the sword,
Fight for Jesus Christ my Lord.’

Remember Bramwell's saying, ‘ He who wages war with hell must expect hell's rage.’

I shall try to *kill* somebody, by God's help, on Sunday.”

Writing to his son, he says, “ I send you a bill of our ‘ War ’ services. It shocked some. *The first woman* converted had come to the chapel through the reading of the Bill.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

1884—86.

BRIDLINGTON.

“ The God that made my heart is He alone
That of Himself both can and will
Give rest into my thoughts, and fill
Them full of all content and quietness ;
That so I may possess
My soul in patience,
Until He find it time to call me hence.

In Thee, as in my centre, shall
The lines of all my longings fall.
To Thee, as to my anchor, surely tied,
My ship shall safely ride.
On Thee, as on my bed
Of soft repose, I'll rest my weary head.

Thou, Thou alone, shall be my whole divine ;
I'll nothing else require
But Thee, or for Thy sake
In thee I'll sleep secure ; and when I wake,
Thy glorious face shall satisfy
The longing of my looking eye.
I'll roll myself on Thee, as on my rock,
When threatening dangers mock.”

—*School of the Heart.*

ON leaving Sheffield he spent part of the holidays with me at Dewsbury, when he preached chapel anniversary sermons on the 13th of July. His discourses were made a great blessing to the people. In the evening, when preaching from 1 Cor. xv. 50-58, while expounding the passage, “In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump ; for the trumpet shall sound,” the noise caused by a luggage train passing close to the back of the chapel interrupted the almost death-like stillness with which the audience was listening. Raising his voice and right hand simultaneously, he exclaimed, “If that noise disturbs you, how will you feel when Gabriel,

standing with one foot on the sea and another on the land, shall blow one loud, long blast, which will wake all the dead, make the mountains tremble, and the great globe dissolve :—

‘ The great Archangel trump shall sound,
While twice ten thousand thunders roar,
Tear up the graves and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal,
Sinners shall lift their guilty heads,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.’ ”

The effect was electrical, and the feeling was, if possible, increased, as, after a short pause, he replied, with flashing eye and animated countenance, the lines :

“ But we who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus’ righteousness,
Stand as the rock of ages sure.

We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurled,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world ! ”

It was one of the finest efforts of natural and impassioned eloquence I ever listened to.

Referring to the services in his journal, he simply says :
“ Dewsbury, July 13th, 1884.—GLORIOUS ! ”

He returned to Sheffield, and left with his family on the 16th for Hull, and on the following Saturday went to Bridlington. A round of Missionary Meetings was held soon after his arrival. On the Monday, he and Mrs. Milson left for Carnaby, with their daughter Priscilla, who had been unwell. “ Fell, Carden, and Cheeseman met us at the station. We had two miles to walk to it along a lovely road. Pris. took hold of mother’s arm and mine, and we pulled her along grandly. We found the stationmaster to be a local preacher, and an old friend from Hull. I baptised a son of his thirty-six years ago, who is now stationmaster at the Botanic Gardens, Hull.

Another stationmaster in this circuit is a local preacher."

His ministry was soon owned of God. Several conversions took place. One, that of a fine young man from Sheffield, who "jumped for joy." The old members said they were reminded of the days of Oxtoby.

"44, Quay Road, Bridlington, August 7th, 1884.

"By exertion and perseverance we have got most of the things into suitable places, and the house begins to look comfortable. . . . Bridlington and the Quay are much more pleasant even than I anticipated. We are full of visitors, and see friends from Hull, Lincolnshire, Scarbro', Sheffield, and many other places. Our house is beautifully situated. Priscilla has a charming prospect for miles from her bed-room, and the front is very pleasant.

Missionary Meeting at Wold Newton, eight miles from the Wesleyan Chapel. A Wesleyan farmer, called Hay, presided. I told him and the congregation I had spoken a number of years ago at Tetney under the presidency of his father, and that his grandfather made a home for my mule at Covenham.

We had some beautiful fresh herrings to breakfast, and wished you were here, but being in your place as a minister of Jesus at Ipswich is better than being with us at Bridlington, out of God's order, and besides He may give you *salmon* at your post of duty, and if not, when that illustrious *day* shall rise, when all His faithful servants shine in robes of victory, your glory and honour will be unspeakable.

In all things behave as a minister of Christ. Read Paul's letter to Timothy often. Make your superintendent as comfortable as you can. . . .

We have got house painted all round. Doors oak, very pretty. Door-plate on, framed, fresh-polished, 'looks grand.' *May we all shine.* We have sewing meetings. Mother attends, and is treasurer. *The money will be safe.*"

On August 24th he walked six miles to Rudston before dinner. The day was terribly hot, and as he walked, he amused himself with writing a string of verses on the absurdity of preachers wearing black in hot weather. Instead of being clothed in white he was black as a crow :—

"From the soles of his boots to the crown of his hat,
 So to please our neighbour,
 Our flesh we belabour ;
 We tug, and we toil,
 It makes our blood boil,
 We ape one another,
 Till we puff fit to smother,

and all to meet the whims and fancies of foolish people, who should be taught to estimate a preacher by his teaching, and not by his outward appearance."

It may be that some of our grave and serious readers may be disposed to wonder that "*a man like Mr. Milson*" could occupy his mind with such trifling, and much more that he could enter the lines in his journal ; but if such there be, we would venture to remind them that the most grave and reverend men can be merry sometimes. Wesley frequently amused himself with composing playful verses, and indulged in small jokes with his intimate friends to the last, his friends indeed believed that his exceeding playfulness was one cause of his living to such a great age, and performing the vast amount of work he accomplished. Dr. Adam Clark and many other of Wesley's most famous preachers did the same. Nor were they the only ministers who did this. In a volume of poems, now almost forgotten, by the late Frederick William Faber, one of the most ascetic priests of his Church, he describes the way in which he and a friend spent three happy days, in the following amusing lines :—

"We went into each other's heart,
 And rifled all the treasure
 That books and thinking had laid up
 In academic leisure."
 We pulled each other's hair about,
 Peeped in each other's eyes,
 And spoke the first light silly words
 That to our lips did rise.
 A pair of little brothers so
 In thoughtless play might lie—
 Yet could they not less thoughtful be,
 Dear Friend, than you and I."

August 31st, Sunday.—"Preached at the Quay, at 10.30,

from Rev. i. 6-7. Good liberty, and many of my hearers felt the Word. Friends from Beverley and Hull spoke to me afterwards. Dined with Mr. J. Mainprize, after which we visited a poor woman whose husband was drowned yesterday, with his brother and another man, between here and Hornsea.

The woman had sent her husband a telegram, informing him of the death of their child, about seventeen months old, and he was on his way home. He expected to see the corpse of his little one at Bridlington Quay, but has met the spirit in Paradise. He and his wife were members of the Salvation Army. Glad! Prayed with the poor woman, and spoke a few words of consolation. Was glad my friend put some money into her hand."

September 7th.—He preached at Bempton in the morning, and walked after dinner, in a terrific storm of wind and rain to Flambro'. He was drenched to the skin, but "took *some camphor pills, and trusted in God*. Had two good services, and administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper.

October 2nd.—Harvest thanksgiving service at Bempton. About 150 persons crowded into the chapel. The heat was almost suffocating. I was *steamed*; and my head experienced pains that made me feel *uneasy*. Windows were blocked up by vegetables, etc., so that we had to *inhale poison*, and risk health and life. But the meeting will be long remembered for instruction and gracious influence, at least, so I think. In the calm afternoon, I walked alone up to the cliffs (from the village of Bempton). On reaching them, I witnessed a sublime spectacle of hoary cliffs and rolling ocean. From the verge of these rocks of ages it was almost appalling to look down upon the wilderness of waters below. Then, and as I walked back to the village, I penned the following:—

BEMPTON CLIFFS, OCTOBER 2ND.

Prepared beneath the sea's deep bed,
Now high above they show their head;
The hoary bulwarks of our coast,
Uprear'd in ages long since lost.
A solemn awe enchains my soul,
While far below the waters roll,

'Till sky and ocean seem to blend,
 And earth itself appears to end.
 Yet of Thy works, O Lord, how small
 These cliffs, and sea, and earthly ball.
 For wide-spread skies Thine hand doth span,
 And countless worlds unseen by man.'

October 12th.—Felt weak and some pain while walking to John Street Chapel to preach at 10.30, but had a delightful time. The people were blest. Dined with Mr. T. Mainprize, my dear wife taking tea with me there. Preached at six with more energy of body. Felt the latter half of the sermon powerful. We had three penitents, who professed to find peace!

October 13th.—All of us at the Public Tea at the Quay. I did not enjoy my speech at the Public Meeting, but the Revs. R. Cheeseman and Jones (Free Methodist) did well. People enjoyed the meeting, and Mr. Jones was kind enough to say that the speeches of Mr. Cheeseman and Mr. Milson would be very interesting in the public prints. Moneys, £33. Very good."

In a letter dated October 17th, 1884, there is an intimation of the affection of the heart from which he died:—"Preached at Bempton and Flambro' three times—blessed day—walked home. In the night was taken with very severe rheumatic pains in my breast and elbows. Suffered much for many hours. As I have occasionally felt *acute* pain in my right breast for ten or twelve years, was apprehensive of '*Angina pectoris*,' or breast pang. Mother sent for Dr. Brett. He sounded me. Heart and lungs sound. Only muscular! He told mother I should rest awhile. She said, 'It's of no use me talking to him.' He replied, 'O! we have him on his back, and we'll keep him there.' When he came next day, I was dressed and downstairs. On Saturday, I prayed with several families. Sunday, preached twice at Bridlington—good day—*three souls*."

He met at this place with a person from Scarbro', who was a member of his class there, and adds, "Was pleased to meet her. How cheering are old faces! We are *indeed* social creatures. I would not like to be alone upon the earth!

October 18th.—Left home at twelve. Found it interesting, affecting, and profitable to travel along familiar lines, through scenes of former labours, pains, and pleasures to Epworth. Took tea at Crowle station with Mr. Glassby. Stayed with Mr. Smith. Pleased to meet with Mr. Tomlinson, of Sheffield."

After describing the Sabbath services, he says:—"October 20th.—Mr. Tomlinson and I dined with kind Mrs. Hurst. She has been a mother in Israel. Jehovah bless and save her. Took tea in the Old Chapel, built in 1821. Public Meeting well attended. Spoke some forty-five minutes. When I concluded felt much of the Divine Presence. Shall not be surprised to hear of a number being saved here.

October 21st.—Left Epworth 8.40. Dined at Mr. Chamberlain's, Hull, who refused to take pay for my dinner. Saw a dear old friend, Mrs. Briggs. She held my hand as if I had been her son. She is about eighty-five years old. God bless her and her's."

Mrs. Briggs was Mrs. Chamberlain's mother, and the friend so frequently referred to in Mr. Milson's journal for 1849-51, who then lived at Stallingbro', near Grimsby.

October 21st, 1884.—"When I entered the train at Crowle this morning, the stationmaster, Mr. Glassby, said, 'Good morning, Mr. Milson.' When the train started, an aged man said, 'Do they call you Mr. Milson?' 'Yes, sir,' 'I thought so,' said he, 'I thought I knew your voice again. When you rode a mule, I was once driving some beasts, when some of them went down a lane, and you rode to stop them. And I have often said, "*What a difference there is in men.* Some would not have done it.'" I replied, 'I am glad to learn that I was useful,' So that little kindness had been remembered *over twenty years!* There is a lesson in it.

Left the train at Burton Agnes for Thornholme. Beautiful day. Pretty village. The trees, with their rich and varied autumnal tints, were handsome objects. A pond in the village was a theatre of wonderful diving operations on the part of a number of foreign ducks. They and their movements quite interested me. Suddenly one and another plunged beneath the calm surface, leaving behind enlarging

concentric circles of wavelets, and then after the lapse of a few seconds floated to the surface, at a considerable distance from the point of immergence, but the direction the creatures pursued while out of sight, I could trace by large air bubbles appearing on the water."

After a very sweet service at Thornholme, he composed the following lines while walking to Burton Agnes station, the night being "*very dark*":—

"O God, I thank Thee for the fire,
The gracious fire of love Divine :
Which now creates intense desire
That I may in Thy likeness shine.

Thou art my spirit's only rest,
Thy love alone can satisfy ;
And with Thy smile and presence blest,
I love to live, nor fear to die.

Thou dost my spirit purify,
A perfect hate of sin impart ;
I long as much to live as die—
Enfolded in Thine arms and heart.

Thy pardon, free and full bestowed,
And all the power of saving grace :
My trembling, trusting soul has proved—
At every time—in every place.

In all my weakness, Thou my might :
In hours of darkness, Thou my light.
In raging storms my soul's strong tower,
And refuge sure in hell's dark hour.

And now in life's declining days,
My soul besprinkled by Thy blood.
By faith shall on Thy beauties gaze
Till freed from this *beclouding* clod.

I then with rapturous awe shall see
The *unclouded* glories of Thy face.
And spend bright immortality
Singing the wonders of Thy grace."

October 23rd.—"Walked to Haisthorpe. Preached in Mr. Knagg's kitchen to about thirty persons. I had a time of precious liberty. My Merciful Master made duty very

pleasant. May He bless the word! Took home a small mushroom in a sod; planted it in the garden."

October 26th.—He preached twice. In the prayer-meeting he went to a young woman, and said, "Do you live to Christ?" She said, "I *will*," and instantly started to her feet, went to the communion rail, and soon found peace. Before the service was ended, she led in singing, "O happy day! that fixed my choice." "It was delightful."

October 27th.—At Burton. "Large congregation, and a very precious season. Text, 1 John iii. 1-3. Brother Goforth said, 'You will have as many, or more, the next time you come.'"

While visiting, he had an interesting conversation with an old lady and two other friends. "When I prayed I experienced such an opening of the heavens as I do not remember being favoured with in family visiting for a long time. I seemed to see the whole Circuit being blest and rising in prosperity. When we had risen from our knees, one of the women, who was Mrs. K——, of Bridlington Quay, told me how great a blessing to her the sermon was which I preached at the Quay some weeks ago, from 1 Pet. v. 10. This was very *striking* and *memorable*. The season to which she alluded I think I shall never forget. It was a miserable affair! I had no liberty that night. There was no light in my soul. I could not obtain ideas, nor express myself as I wanted. Neither the text or subject opened to me. I was hampered and ashamed from beginning to end. To-night, however, I learned that it was made a great blessing to this sister, and not to her only. What lessons in this fact! I must do my best, disregarding feeling in so doing. Be unsurprised and not discouraged when I have not a sweet season; not judge of the effects upon others by my own experience.

October 30th.—My dear Jane's birthday. She, I, and Priscilla took tea at Mrs. Thompson's. Had some interesting conversation with her mother, who is just upon ninety-four years of age. A fine old queenly woman, who, from the portraits of Queen Elizabeth which I have seen, reminds me of that imperial lady. But she is a thousand times more happy than that queen was.

October 31st.—Entertainment at Bridlington connected with the Mutual Improvement Class. About 300 persons present. I took the chair. Interesting. But such meetings have not my *heartly* approval. There is a better way for eternity, or at least so I think. O for the purity, wisdom, and power of Old Methodism !”

November 1st.—He preached three times. In the evening he was “enabled to preach such a sermon to sinners as I seldom preach, and as I like to preach ; but, I think, every sinner left the place when the service was over. I hope, however, the Spirit’s sword will be in them until they apply for healing to Him that sent it. Walked home, rainy moonlight night. Enjoyed it.”

As he walked by Sewerby along the cliffs, the village clock struck nine, which “stirred” his poetic muse, and led him to compose several stanzas, of which we quote only a few lines :—

“ The bell tolls out the hour of nine,
And thus proclaims the flight of time.
The rising ocean far below
Asserts aloud its tidal flow.

And Flambro’s changing lights appear
The *distant* mariner to cheer.
Full thirty miles he scans the flame,*
And knows his course on trackless main.

From age to age the lighthouse stands
To guard the men of many lands.

So while we walk this life’s dark way,
Our souls need ne’er in danger stray :
The truth of God in numerous lines
With soul-directing splendour shines,
And Providence keeps constant guard
To keep aflame the Sacred Word.”

November 8th to 10th were spent in Hull, where he preached and lectured at Hessle Road Anniversary. He stayed with a man who had been converted under a sermon he preached when the hearer was thirteen years old. He was

* Matthew Haxby told me he had.

also refreshed by fellowship with many old friends. He bought a book in the market, "the 'Life' of Rev. J. Draper, who went down in the *London*, and up higher than he went down. How he magnified his office in his last hours—as the door of eternity was opening to him and all on board the doomed steamer."

After leaving the book-stall, he felt impressed that he ought to speak to the old man (Mr. Cullis) who kept it. He accordingly returned, and "spoke to him for eternity," and as he walked away, "took hold of God on the man's behalf. Good seed may grow, and it may be seen after many days, even days that have seen the end of Hull High Church and of the town itself.

November 16th.—At night four persons were converted at the close of a very powerful service.

November 17th.—Spoke in the Quay Chapel on the hymn beginning, 'Haste again, ye days of grace.' It was a heart-warming time. It is profitable to talk of past scenes of grace one has witnessed. Does not Satan accomplish an important victory when he influences a preacher, from motives of propriety and prudence, to say nothing about such revival scenes as he has witnessed? He (the preacher) has seen them, or he has not. If he have, they were scenes of grace of the Holy Spirit's production, and therefore they are to be spoken of as well as remembered, for God's glory and man's encouragement and stimulus. And in many instances such relation of them produces great and glorious effects. Times of revival confirm and illustrate the word of God and the grace of Jesus.

November 18th.—Begging. Preached at 'Thornholme. Over a score persons. Mr. Boynton, 86 years old, when a young man, took Mrs. Taft from Rudston Parva to Rudston to preach, and back again on horseback. She rode behind him on a pillion. He said 'There were many cries for mercy in some places where she preached, in barns or anywhere, few chapels then.'

When the sea-fight with Paul Jones occurred off Flamborough, in the year 1779, persons, he told me, expected Napoleon had come, and some drove their cattle from Marton

near Flamborough, to Bridlington Green, intending to go inland to escape the invader. Mrs S——, of Marton, had given birth to a son, two or three days before the thunder of the guns was heard at Marton, and from fear of Napoleon all ran away from the house and left her.

In the course of conversation he said, 'Dahlias were nowt, only to look at. Shut yer eeyes and theyre done wi (with), give me a cabbage or a potato.'

November 19th.—Tea at Mr. Knaggs. He is between eighty and ninety years of age. He told me he had heard the singing of Mrs Taft, when he was young, a mile off. A strong worldly man said, 'Old Polly Taft can lift it.'

Preached earnestly to about thirty persons, young and old. This sermon and last night's were specially to sinners. May God use them. Walked with lighted lamp to Carnaby. Rode home.

November 30th.—Preached faithfully at Bempton at 10. Walked to Flamborough in about fifty minutes. Service of Song at two. Subject: 'A Night on the Deep.' Affecting. I know William Ross, and have conversed with him on his marvellous rescue from the jaws of the ocean.

December 1st.—Visited a number of aged afflicted persons. Happy work. What a blessing has Primitive Methodism been to Flamborough. Preached at seven. A good company and a warm time. Met the Leaders. Supped, and walked home."

"December 3rd, 1884.

"MY DEAR CLOWES,

I enclose a letter from Jane, received to-day. She is a good girl, a good wife, and a good Christian. . . . At the Quay about thirty persons have been converted. Two or three at Bridlington. We have had Martinmas sale of work, and Chapel Anniversary. Got some £25. Heavy work. Mr. Heape says 'terrible for a preacher.' We have done well. This is a heavy Circuit, but I get along, and if in one year I can encourage one poor soul, or help one poor lad to believe, or bless one household, or bring one soul to Jesus, it will be grand. O what a work ours will be seen to be at the *last*. What views God gives me sometimes. Heavy conflicts, but

faith always brings victory. I go to Filey Missionary Meetings for December 14th, etc. Parrish with me. Wonderful. I saw him converted at Theddlethorpe, Louth Circuit, thirty years ago. Be encouraged my lad—every soul thou bringest to God, will win some other, or it may be many more. Keep heart. Thou takest eternal life with the Gospel message.

Pater."

"Bridlington, January 24th, 1885.

"DEAR CLOWES,

On Wednesday night saw a man penitent, and find peace at Rudston, and another on Thursday at the same place.

Be in earnest from twenty to sixty, the time for work. A life consecrated to God, with all its *essential* trials, is heavenly. I have had ten thousand tastes of heaven. Preach strongly full salvation. Glorify Jesus. . . . Do not talk nonsense about death. Make it appear what it is to the saint, departure into heaven. Speak of the triumph, the welcome, the blessed society, the glory, the immortality of those who are in heaven, of Jesus, of His immediate presence—the essence of heaven!"

January 8th.—"Went to Hull to attend the funeral of my very kind and dear friend, Mr. Samuel Beecroft. By Mrs. Beecroft's desire I prayed in the room before leaving. What uniform kindness, for most of thirty years, have I received from him, and her who is now his widow. He is, however, with the Lord, with whom we all may also be bye-and-bye."

January 11th.—He preached in the morning on "God is Light." Conducted the covenant service in the afternoon at the Quay. At night, he preached on sanctification. Two saved.

January 12th.—"Enoch with me at Flambro'. Much snow, and very high wind from the north. Walked in the pelting hail. Tea with Mr. Mainprize. Audited the chapel accounts for trustees' meetings. Prayed with five families. Preached to about forty persons. Left after nine. Walked five miles in wind and snow, and found considerable drifts. Enoch will remember the 'outing'.

January 28th.—So indisposed that I returned home, which was a great trial to me. Found Enoch had gone to-day. His mother felt much. Life's necessary changes are, in many cases, painful. After tea, spent some time in private prayer. How refreshing. Soul and body strengthened. . . . Rolled all upon God's word, and arm, and heart. 'This poor man (Milson) cried, and the Lord heard him.' In the day that I cried, He heard, answered, and strengthened me in my soul."

March 8th.—He preached at Holderness Road to a large congregation in the morning, and rode in the rain to Wawne in the afternoon, where he preached to a full chapel. Found Mr. G. Hodge's boy waiting for him with conveyance, in which he went to his mansion to tea, when he was heartily welcomed, and felt very happy. The fragrance of flowers in the conservatory quite exhilarated him physically and mentally, while the memory of past times nearly overwhelmed him. At six he had a very "enjoyable time." Three persons gave themselves to God. The next morning he spent in writing, and after dinner went to see the doctor, who told him "that he had been in a hole, but had not fallen into the pit." He thought he was doing too much work, and warned him against overdoing it, as his heart was not very strong.

He met, "for the first time, with the Rev. J. P. Bellingham. Pleased," said he, "to meet my successor in Sheffield. I think he is physically lower in stature than I am. He is a clever, earnest minister."

He attended the public meeting at Sutton, and felt somewhat ashamed of himself, but on the whole enjoyed the meeting.

He was highly delighted with the company he met afterwards, Revs. C. Spivey, G. Burnett, Mr. Howden, and Mr. Wilson, his son-in-law. He had baptised Mrs. Wilson, afterwards married her and her husband, and baptised their firstborn.

This meeting of old friends refreshed him, while the singing and music made it feel like a little heaven.

During the day he had visited and prayed with Mrs. Pinder, "suffering from cancer. She was delightfully resigned and happy in God, wondering at His sustaining grace and comforting love!"

Towards the end of the month he was very unwell.

On the 29th he preached twice in great weakness, but was "wonderfully blessed at night. A young woman sought and found mercy."

On Good Friday he preached in the afternoon at Driffeld, and spoke in the public meeting. The company of Revs. R. Harrison and B. Fell, with others, cheered him.

April 10th.—"Spent part of the day begging for May breakfast.

I have earned my salary, and now have to go begging for Tea to pay it. Went to Filey to pay Mr. C — 's annuity on account of preachers' houses. At 8.15 held a trustees' meeting. Weary enough!

Sunday, wet morning. Rode Mr. Seath's pony (first time) to Haisthorpe to preach at ten. Full house. A heavenly time. Good pay for days of trial. Dined with dear old folk, Mr. and Mrs. Walker." He afterwards rode to Rudston, preached twice, and rode home.

The meeting of the Ministerial Association was appointed to be held at Gainsborough. He very much enjoyed a discussion on Professor Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. When the Chairman called for a resolution, he rose and good-humouredly asked if the following would be in place:—"The Rev. Professor Drummond, having written a soundly scientific and profoundly philosophical book, entitled '*Natural Law in the Spiritual World*,' to show that Natural Law and Spiritual Law are identical, we hereby request him to write, for the edification of ministers, a supplementary volume, shewing that the natural world is the spiritual world, and that matter is spirit, and spirit is matter." He preached in the market-place, to hundreds of people, a powerful sermon on "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

April 28th, Tuesday.—"Thirty-nine years ago this day I escaped death in Broughton Wood. The fact was on my mind all the day. It was on a Tuesday too, the same day of the week as this year. What changes in me and at Broughton since then. Dare not think about it too much. Leave all with God.

April 30th.—Preached at Bempton. Good service. Subject,

‘Preciousness of Faith.’ Before tea, walked a mile towards Flambro’ to witness five men digging in a tumulus in a ploughed field. • They were under the direction of Canon Greenwell, who was present. They found, in the centre of the hill, at not a great depth, the remains of one body, and two pitchers or bowls, in which had been placed food or drink, or both, for the buried person. I felt thankful for the change produced by the Gospel, which brings life and immortality to light, and spoke to the workmen and others about it. A man told us that one hundred and fifty cart-loads of earth had been led from the hill into different parts of the field some time before, so that the hill formerly had quite a conical shape. At what labour had all this vast mass been thrown up ages ago, by men to distinguish in death some important person amongst them?”

In May he visited Grimsby, from whence he wrote :—

“Hull Bank, Grimsby, May 25th, 1885.

Pleased with the speeches of Guttery and Price. Odell is a splendid fellow. Every one in his own order. Had large congregations yesterday. Blessed time in the morning; at six church about full. Mr. Barker told me he was much profited by my morning prayer at chapel, and said, ‘They do not want a history of England, or any other country in prayer! One woman was saved. You would have rejoiced under the power at night. The great mass of people seemed covered with the Shekinah as we sang the whole of the 113th hymn. I think I shall never forget it. Saturday night and yesterday I walked with Mr. B. to his garden, a mile on the road to Great Coates. Cuckoos singing; it was very pleasant. Remembrance of old days, sweet thought of mother, you, and all, and God’s blessing upon us. Open doors of usefulness, honour from Him since in 1849 I came by railway, a stranger, with two or three boxes.

‘With my staff and my crook
I came over the brook,
And behold I am spread into bands.’

To-day we have been to Wardles Waterworks, beautiful. Found a nest (missel thrush) with two eggs. Then by tram down the

front street, round fish docks, up Freeman Street ; wondrous changes. Back to dinner, over which we had some humour. Hungry, now I write this, then off to Cleethorpes by train,—lecture to-night, Mr. B. takes chair. Go on with a journal. The Lord be with you. Enjoy life in Him. As ever, PATER.'

Goole, August 3rd, 1885.—Preached from 'Verily there is a reward for the righteous.' An hour's service of liberty and glory. What a time! Immortality seemed begun as they sang. I seemed on the other side of the grave—

'We feel the Resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed ;
And with His glorious Presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.'

Grand prayer-meeting for a short time. I then called for experiences, and *at it they went*. Grand! None saved, but a memorable time. One said he had often heard of Parkinson Milson, but had not seen and heard him before, etc. After a while I said, 'I know Parkinson Milson well, and would humbly and reverently tell you what kind of a man he is,—a *sinner* washed ; weak as water, but divinely upheld. Sometimes terribly tempted, but through grace believing, fighting, conquering.'"

Writing to his daughter, he says :—

"August 31st.

MY DEAR JANE,

Since I left you I have suffered very intensely—awfully occasionally. Went to Dr. Fraser's, he not in. Thence to Dr. Lamb's. *He was very kind*. Laughed at me, and said he had heard me say 'Glory,' or 'Hallelujah,' in *sea sickness* (at Filey), and believed I should to the last. He saw I was very low. Indeed an hour before getting to his house I suffered dreadfully. He gave me medicine, and through God's blessing it has given me sleep, but I had most awful sufferings after. God is merciful and almighty."

The next week he wrote :—

"I went to chapel at 10.30, and preached a new sermon from thoughts I got on my way home on Saturday night.

'Text, 'Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.' Nearly distracted, but before I finished felt power from God, which was very refreshing. Funeral at 2.30. How I attended to it, I do not know ; but in reading and praying in the chapel (cemetery) had refreshing views of God's Word and another life. Death seemed desirable after suffering as I had done. After tea at Mrs. Foster's, felt as if I could not go to preach. Went into their front room, and sat to pray, when, in a few minutes, the words, 'Go, stand and speak unto the people the words of this life,' were applied by God to my poor soul. Oh ! what assurance, and sweetness, and strength I enjoyed. It seemed a *renewal* of my preaching commission. Went downstairs. They had seen me in my *deep depression before*, and saw *me now so changed*. I prayed with power. Mrs. Foster said, 'You will have a good time to-night.' And so I had. . . . I feel that God will yet bless and comfort me."

This incessant suffering, however, became more and more acute. From this time his health, which, as our readers will have seen, had long being in an unsatisfactory state, rapidly declined. He suffered fearfully from insomania. Indeed he had seldom had a full night's sleep for years, but his sleeplessness increased, accompanied by nervous weakness and loss of both mental and physical power. The heavy chapel debt at Bridlington oppressed him, and, in order to secure help, he arranged to supply the pulpits of different ministers from a distance during the season, which took him a great deal from home. "He was," says Mrs. Milson, in a note to me, "six successive Sundays from home, and the doctor had to give him medicine to make him sleep. He began to look careworn and sad. Dr. Lamb said his nervous system was completely exhausted, he became very low-spirited and unwell, and the doctor had to be called in, who ordered him to get away from all his work into fresh scenery and amongst new friends." He got worse and worse, until his mental powers seemed completely gone, and his mind quite disordered. The best medical advice was sought, and Mrs. Milson has told me that she shall never forget her feelings when she was informed that it was almost absolutely impossible

for him to recover. They went to Leicester to his eldest daughter's, the wife of the Rev. H. Kirk, who was stationed there, where a very clever doctor was called in, and after a few weeks rest he began slowly to regain strength.

The news of his dangerous illness created great sympathy and concern in every part of the country. Letters of inquiry poured in from every quarter. His old friends, colleagues, and spiritual children were deeply moved. Hundreds of prayers were offered on his behalf, and in some places his recovery was prayed for in public. Several ministers and others united in earnest supplication for him daily.

Amongst those who wrote Mrs. Milson, was the Rev. B. Fell, who says :—

October 1st. —“I cannot tell you how much your letter affected me. I will say this, however, that ever since I read it I have felt the burden of a pressing duty upon me, viz., to comply with its request as far as is in my power.

Mr. Brown, Mr. Stephenson, Mr. Harrison, and others will join me in earnest united supplication to God our Father, and trust that it may please Him in His great mercy to spare and restore our beloved brother. I believe the promise in James OUR inheritance. The prayer of faith shall save him that is sick, and the Lord shall raise him up (Rev. Ver.) I have felt much blessed in prayer for this object, and expect to hear good news from you soon. Give our united love to Mr. Milson, and tell him I shall have to thank God for ever for the good I have received through his ministry, and the stimulus to a holy life his preaching and example have been to me. It is not at all surprising that he should need a few months rest, and unwilling as he may feel to seek retirement from active service, it may be the Lord's way of preparing him for further success.

With a nature so emotional, and not physically robust, the wonder is not that he should have succumbed to the pressure of his incessant toil, but that he should have borne up so long.”

When he was at the worst, prayer was offered on his behalf at the meeting of the friends belonging the Faith Healing place of worship at Grimsby. One of the persons present at once wrote him as follows :—

"DEAR MR. MILSON,

We unitedly join in praise and thanksgiving unto the Lord for your deliverance. Hallelujah. Yesterday afternoon about half-past four, as we bowed in prayer for your deliverance, the Lord answered in such a wonderful manner, it seemed as if all heaven had come to your deliverance, and the deliverance is certain and complete. All praise be given to our Lord.

Yours in Christ,

C. GOOSEMAN,

170, Church Street, Grimsby."

The letter is without date, but is endorsed, received October 10th, 1885, in Mr. Milson's handwriting.

Three days after its reception, he himself wrote to his youngest son.

"Leicester, October 13th, 1885.

"MY DEAR ENOCH,

I am somewhat improved since you left, have been several times in the town, and four times to chapel, I eat well, and sleep middling, and am comforted from above. Many friends in different places have prayed much for my recovery, and some say it is certain. Sometimes I feel much better. . . . I trust you have, my dear lad, given yourself to Jesus. He *bought* you. He *claims* you, give up your will and all to Him, read His word, and always aim at pleasing Him. Read any lives of good men you can. Go to class. Attend to private prayer. Always speak the truth. We all send our love."

He and Mrs. Milson returned to Bridlington on the 28th of October. During November he rested and waited patiently on God. He continued to be cheered by letters from many friends. The Rev. M. Smit, Baptist Minister, wrote :—

"Argyll Villa, Bridlington Quay, 5th November, 1885.

"MY DEAR MR. MILSON,

It grieved me more than I can express to hear of your illness. Just as you were leaving, I left for London to get a little rest, and the aid of a *specialist*, in London too, for I was suffering from congestion of the lungs, brought on by overstrain, and thus it has been that my intention to write and assure you of my Christian sympathy has been delayed.

I am glad to say I am better, and glad indeed should I be to hear that rest,—rest of body and the rest of faith combined, are bringing to you relief from over-taxed energies. What can I say, what can I do, to comfort you? All I can say is, that I have committed you to the care of Him who makes all things, even things seemingly adverse, ‘to work together for good to them that love God.’ Be very sure, brave warrior, of the Cross, good soldier of Jesus Christ, that your great Captain will not forsake you now. He is near you, with you, by you, for you; what then, who then, can be against you?

Then ‘rest a while,’ as did our Divine Lord when He was weary, not of the work, but in the work: yes rest, and be refreshed, physically, mentally, spiritually! The Lord be with you, and with all dear to you, and lift upon you the light of His countenance, and give you peace evermore. This is the desire, this the prayer, of yours in Christian affection,

MARTEN SMIT.”

He also received the following:—

“170, Church Street, Grimsby.

“VERY DEAR BROTHER MILSON,

The Lord has drawn me out for you in prayer. I have had to get down on my knees, and cry mightily to God on your behalf, and the Lord has given me assurance that He has delivered you at once. Let us praise the Lord together, and rejoice in such a mighty Saviour, who always gives us the victory. O what a salvation!

The Lord is saving at Grimsby. May He enlarge our expectations, that we may ask more largely. Hitherto ye have asked nothing. March 8th, the Holy Spirit detained me in prayer until God filled the room, and filled my whole being; what a time, it was glorious. O the sweetness of purity, the sweet sense of a cleansed soul is so beautiful. It is heaven begun below. Glory. Then the Holy Spirit directed my mind to many matters to pray for, faith rose, while the realization of all asked for was so vivid and real, and the Spirit answered distinctly that every request was granted, every request was answered separately and distinct, so that there was no possibility of a doubt. About half-past two in the morning I was led out

in prayer for you personally, Mrs. Milson, and family. There came answers of victory at every point.

You have already received an earnest of it no doubt, and also the promise that the Lord will pour out the Holy Spirit on the large congregation, and you shall have hundreds of souls.

Dear Brother, follow on in prayer, fully expecting the realization of the whole. God will make you a greater power for good than ever. It is impossible for me to put my experience in words, and the longing of my heart for you. The glorious seed you have sown in years gone by has taken root in my heart, and there is a prospect of a grand harvest. I am spreading it broadcast in my humble way; watered by the Spirit we shall prove the increase.

Do encourage the people to work for souls, then they shall become fat and flourishing.

Yours in the Lord,

C. GOOSEMAN."

December 1st, 1885, he wrote to Clowes as follows:—"I am at Mrs. Foster's, where I take dinner and tea. We duly receive your pretty frequent and very welcome communications, which cause us to feel gratitude to God for your filial sympathy, love, and care. Feed your people with bread from heaven and honey out of the rock. Aim at nothing except pleasing and honouring God.

Over a week ago I was filled with God's presence in prayer at Mr. Waddington's. No such baptism had I previously received during my affliction. And it seemed as if I should again go to war in and under Jesus. Mr. and Mrs. Waddington and Priscilla (who was with me) will not soon forget the 'glory' of that season. When we got home, I found that dear mother had been praying that God would send help in some way. How often have I been touched by God in answer to your mother's prayers!

Last Sunday afternoon Priscilla and I went to Bridlington Chapel Service of Song. Nearly at the close the Divine presence filled me, so that I said repeatedly, in a whisper, 'I'm sealed, I'm sealed to the day of redemption.' How

strengthening to soul and body! I often feel the glory in prayer, but pray only seldom vocally.

A holy Wesleyan sister at Thwing has sent word I shall preach again. God has shown her it in some way.

Last night, mother, Priscilla, and I were at Public Meeting at Bridlington Chapel Anniversary. Mr. John V. Mainprize in chair. Baptist and Congregational preachers there. I spoke five minutes or more. The friends were delighted. Mother was glad. It did me much good. Praise God. How delighted I was to have been able to do even so little in public. Hallelujah!"

"Bridlington, December, 13th, 1885.

"MY DEAR JINNIE,

Your long letter to hand. It cheered me. I think God will yet cheer you *by* and *through* me more than He has done lately. Though Holy (Sunday) Evening I write you a little letter You would be surprised to see my ruddy cheeks and improved appearance. Last Tuesday I was at Hull at eight or nine places. How surprised Anne and others were to see me 'like myself.' I and Priscilla went to Sewerby to tea last Thursday. Walked along the cliff there; rode back; enjoyed it. Last Sunday night I prayed in Quay prayer-meeting. To-day went to Quay Chapel, though suffering from cold and neuralgic pains; when the preacher had done, I went upon the platform, and spoke to five hundred people with unusual liberty, influence, and strength for over ten minutes. Prayed and concluded. Hallelujah! I thanked the people for their prayers, and begged their continuance. *I shall soon* (D.V.) be at my work, I hope."

Writing to her again on the 23rd, he says:—"We all wish you and Henry a happy Christmas. Herewith cards. A week since yesterday I spoke some sentences at Filey Missionary Meeting. Hundreds of persons there; and last Sunday night ten minutes in Bridlington Chapel. I was very happy after. A young woman in the prayer-meeting professed to find Jesus."

He rode with the ministers into the country a few times, and in January took the train to Bempton, where he preached, and felt much of heaven. Dr. Brett was surprised to see

him *so well so soon*, and told him he might begin to preach sometimes, avoiding over-excitement and heated places.

Towards the end of January he was able to attend Revival Services at Bridlington Chapel, which were conducted by a female. He read a chapter for her on two or three occasions, prayed a few times; and at one meeting spoke for about twenty minutes with liberty to some 300 persons. On the Sunday evening he preached to over 600 persons with great calmness and collectedness. "Mother glad! Mrs. Foster cried, and was delighted and richly blessed." A young woman was converted. He also visited Driffield and Scarborough, and begged considerable sums for the chapel.

He was pleased with the public services of Mrs. H——, who "aimed to get people converted;" but sorry to hear her use such expressions as "fresh as paint." God would "bring sinners to the scratch." "The devil will follow to the last, but heaven's door will be slammed in his dirty face." He questions, too, whether it was the devil who was "affecting her chest," or she was suffering from over-exertion? "Of course," says he, "if John Wesley be right, she might be right, for he somewhere says, 'Do not please the Devil by preaching either too loud or too long.'"

Notwithstanding these little drawbacks, he considered her work excellent, and rejoiced in the success that attended it, from thirty to forty persons having professed to find Christ. He visited and prayed with a great many families, and was made a very great blessing to the keeper of an eating-house, who was ill with cancer in the stomach.

February 15th.—Writing his daughter, he says, "On Thursday, February 4th, I had an extraordinary time at family prayer in the evening, the power was wonderful. I was, *above all*, in God. I did not need to enquire of doctors, nor of any other party. Glory! On Saturday night I took supper with the Rev. R. W. Keightley. Had to be at Haithorpe, four miles off, to preach at ten o'clock on Sunday morning. Did not get to sleep until after six o'clock. I walked there, and preached to a full house. Every farmer, except one, and his wife, hearing me. Walked to Mrs. F.'s to tea, heavy roads. Preached, good influence, but head weak, and pained me at

times. During the week attended Missionary Meetings at Flamborough, Bampton, Quay, and Rudston. Enjoyed the meetings. Slept at Flamborough, had a precious time in speaking there. Dear mother praying for me, and was richly blessed as she and Pris. sat in a meeting at Bridlington. The company of the preachers, Keightley and Jefferson, did me good. Held a circuit committee-meeting on the Wednesday night, and read Dr. Brett's certificate as to my convalescence and fitness to take my 'regular duties.' All right. *I was again a travelling preacher*, you understand. Of course my feelings varied much, but might expect it.

Rev. T. Newsome came to John Mainprize's on Saturday night for services on Sunday, Mrs. N. with him. He was not well. Took supper with him. Yesterday preached at Sewerby at two, Bridlington at six, and administered the Sacrament at Sewerby. I felt much of God's presence, and my head at both services was almost new. I could ring out sentences without inconvenience. Oh how thankful I felt. So did *Ma*. *You* praise God for it. Rev. G. Lamb died on Saturday morning at three o'clock. I go, D.V., to his funeral to-morrow. Will send you a paper if possible. To-day we are at Benevolent tea at the Quay, I shall have to be a speaker. PATER.

P.S.—Have promised Petre Street, April, third Sunday. Glory!"

Writing on the following day, he says, "I went direct to Clowes Chapel, Joseph Wood giving a thoughtful and beautiful address. Whitby gave out a hymn, Stephenson prayed and concluded. He is much affected, looks very unwell. I walked in the long, long procession. Ministers preceded the corpse four abreast, I was in the first line. Thousands saw me with interest, and many with gratitude. Spring Bank, both sides and middle, thousands and thousands. Honoured man of God! A gloomy day! I said to Stephenson, Cooke, and Harrison, if he be at his funeral we look a gloomy lot compared with him. They wished me to be one of his eight bearers, but I dare not. Mr. Mitchell spoke well at the grave, did not go into the cemetery chapel. Went to Dr. Fraser. He had been at service at Clowes Chapel. *Says I am not to be superannuated*. Better at work, but not to study hard. He says I am to get

from the sea-side, and thought Mr. Lamb's place would do for me. Remarkable, as I hear they want me to go to succeed him. Mr. Parr, African Missionary deputation, wants me to speak at Thornton Street to-night, and I shall go, D.V."

February 23rd.—Mrs. Milson writing to Jinnie says:—"Father preached at the Quay yesterday morning, grand time, dined here, and preached at Bempton at night, walked home, and was wonderfully well, and remains so to-day. Is it not marvellous? He has strengthened in head, mind, and nerves. I feel we cannot be thankful enough. What a mysterious experience is ours; our confidence in prayer is increased, and we humbly adore our prayer-answering God. Father has written to Hull to-day to say he accepts their invitation."

March 9th.—He wrote his daughter in reply to her stating she was going to send her sister certain things for her birthday, "If you persist in sending anything, can you send a boddice? Of course I do not know the meaning of certain words I have used, but you will. I am only amanuensis. The old prophets did not always truly understand all they wrote."

He preached twice at Bridlington and the Quay, and "enjoyed it. Acted as chairman at Quarterly Meeting from half-past one until nine o'clock. Thank God I *stood* it. You understand rhetoric."

On the Monday there was an "awful" snowstorm. He rode in a gig thirteen miles to North Burton, and wisely stayed all night. His colleague and the driver returned, and nearly perished. They had to loose the horse and leave the conveyance two or three miles from Bridlington. "Mr. Cheeseman dropped—fainted—in the drifts, and the driver had to fetch him up, and both got home with difficulty." Mr. Milson attempted the next day to walk to Hunmanby Station, three miles distant. When he had got a mile and a half through the snow with difficulty, he found the lane so full of drifts that he was obliged to give up the attempt. He prayed, turned back, and amid mist and falling snow reached the village again. He engaged a man to drive him to Bridlington, but after going some miles they found the drifts four or five feet deep, nearly a score men digging a road, and could ride no further. He "plodded home." "What a *privilege!* I mean

what I write. Do you remember my distress? This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his troubles. Therefore to Him my feet shall run. I am very thankful that I have been able to preach five Sundays!"

From April 3rd to 7th, he preached five sermons, prayed in ten houses, walked ten miles, rode by rail sixteen, conducted two prayer-meetings, held a trustees' and a leaders' meeting, and baptised a child. "You see the age of miracles yet lasts."

"At Flambro', the large room was crowded on the week-night. So many adults had not been seen before. An old man was there who had not been to chapel for a year or two.

On Monday night after preaching, a marvellous scene! The old man named above, a fine old man in his seventieth year, went first to the penitents' form: then followed a fine fellow, forty-five years of age, *his son*. O what a glorious 'row' we had: surpassing all I have seen for years! Then went up another man. Then followed a policeman's wife! All saved! Wonderful! The men are all persons of influence. Two leading business men. Week before two young men were converted one night under a local preacher. And a number were saved when Mrs. Hutchinson was there.

Three fine young men were drowned one Saturday, a month or five weeks ago. Two of them have since appeared (it is said) in daylight to a half brother of theirs. He is deeply affected. He says at night his hair stands on end, he is afraid of seeing them again.

April 19th.—He was in Sheffield. The sight of a great crowd at Petre Street, and the hand-shaking of old friends deeply affected him. Mr. Holden prayed for him in the pulpit, and he preached with great freedom and power, and "returned home full of glory."

He was able to attend the District Meeting held at the Quay, and perform the duties of delegate for his circuit, and continued to take his appointments and attend to the affairs of the station until the time arrived for his removal to Hull.

"His recovery," says Mrs. Milson, "was wonderful, and all acquainted with the case considered it miraculous. Glory to God."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1886—90.

HULL (SECOND CIRCUIT).

“Oh, in this wintry world be it our part
To keep the fire of heavenly love aglow ;
And day by day to make our grateful heart
A little sanctuary ‘mid the snow.”

—R. WILTON.

AFTER the serious illness described in the last chapter, Mr. Milson, feeling the necessity of once more seeking relief from the cares of the superintendency, accepted an invitation to take the place of the Rev. George Lamb, who had been suddenly called to his reward. Accordingly he was stationed, by the Conference of 1886, for Hull Jarratt Street Circuit as second preacher, with the Revs. T. Newell and J. Goldthorpe as colleagues.

It was comforting to him, in his jaded state, to return to his “much beloved Hull,” and to find such agreeable colleagues and many old and endeared friends.

His ordinary record of “daily tasks” was regularly kept, but the “Journal” has many blank pages. It is evident that the once ready hand had lost much of its cunning, and that the facile pen did not move as swiftly and easily as before. The entries are few and far between, and the handwriting, though still beautiful, is somewhat jagged and irregular.

Writing to his daughter in September, 1886, he says:—
“Last year at this time my severe affliction was beginning. I am reminded thereof in a manner that causes me humiliation and joy. How good and merciful HE has been to bring me into this Garden, and to make me to delight in its scenes, pastures, and fellowships.”

“November 23rd, 1886.

Dudley Street, Grimsby.

Your beautiful *Ma* and I arrived at about eight

o'clock on Saturday night. Mr. Robinson met us. This is a beautiful place, and we have beautiful weather. So remarkably fine that it is not impossible we might have an earthquake! You must understand *I* am a philosopher, and could give you some reasons for such apprehension.

Mr. Robinson's grapes are spoiling in an unprecedented manner, shrivel and become mouldy in a little time. We have therefore endeavoured to prevent such effects to a number of the purple beauties. This Lincolnshire we find to be a good land of brooks of water, a land of wheat and barley, and vines and honey; a land wherein bread is eaten without scarceness.—Deut. viii. 7-9. It affords butter of *kine* and milk, and the 'pure blood of the grape.' Hallelujah for a ride on the high places of the earth."

February 6th, 1887.—He preached at the Sixty-eighth Anniversary of old Mill Street Chapel. There was a mighty influence and the largest collections for ten years. A few days afterwards he took tea, along with Rev. R. Harrison and Mrs. Locking, sister of the author of "The Better Land," at Mr. Brown's; after which he and Mr. R—— spent an hour with Mr. H. Hodge, who was confined to his bedroom by illness. He prayed with them, and felt sweet fellowship with the Eternal Trinity.

The Circuit Committee appointed him to present Mr. Hodge with a testimonial on the following Monday. He dare not refuse the honour, and had great pleasure and "help from heaven" in performing the duty.

"Hull, March 18th, 1887.

"DEAR CLOWES,

Last Sunday morning I had a good time at Stone Ferry. Dear old Mr. Brown sent pony and trap to fetch me from Chapel to his house, where I dined and tea'd, and whence I went to preach at H. Road. Full chapel, and a mighty time. A young woman at rails. Monday a grand meeting at Sutton. Rev. C. Spivey my co-deputation."

After describing the other meetings, he says:—"I am grateful and surprised that I could think and speak as I did. I have engaged for Williamson Street Round next October. Am now

full for the year. Hope you keep well, and a single eye to Jesus and His Kingdom."

"March 30th.

"MY DEAR JINNIE,

Ma is delighted, and therefore excited. She says, 'Thou art one of the best girls she ever knew.' The blessing of God will surely be upon you. I should think you will live long upon earth. I was middling kind to my dear mother and father, and have lived sixty-one years and five months.

If you had seen *Ma* taking out the caps! What a spectacle! Putting on one, and then another! All different shapes and colours. Her honest face, which by-the-bye is ornamented with a black eye (which she got by hitting her brow against something, and has had an eye as black as ink, but it is 'agoing away'). Her honest face was wreathed with smiles, and her sweet lips exclaimed, 'She has set me up! she *has* set me up!' May she never be set down again. God is very good to us. I am looking for more of Jesu's presence. I speak at the Holiness Convention on Saturday night before going to Grimsby. My home will be with Joseph Robinson. Glad!

I thank you, as I shall see your dear mother to the best advantage. She shall change them now and then, and we will have variety of head-dress. A *crown* at last. *Pater*."

Two days after he wrote Clowes:—

". . . We are all about as usual in health. Divine mercy is herein very evident. I have this afternoon had a very calm, sweet softening view of the privilege of entire devotedness to God, and a tear-yielding consciousness of such heaven being mine.

The first thing is to be sure all is right and bright between God and one's own soul. Then *all* for God, and in Him goes well. Nothing to be distressed about, nothing to painfully care about, nobody to fear. To live is Christ, and to die is gain!

Had seventeen fine fresh eggs given for *mother* a few days ago. These things are part of the 'manifold more in this present time,' the unspeakable and inconceivable '*everlasting life*' is beyond the veil."

Writing May 23rd, he says :—"I must not write much, have been working hard.

Yesterday five hours in the streets! Lincoln Street camp-meeting. Blessed Day. Twenty-four stands in streets! *Miles* of singing and preaching. Good love-feast.

You will be deeply sorry to learn that our dear old friend, Mrs. S. Beecroft, died last Friday morning. To-day I have been at her funeral. She was ripening for heaven since dear Mr. B.'s death. Gone there. We shall meet her again. Carbuncle in the neck killed her. Only about fortnight ill. I did not know until Wednesday night last. Went on Thursday only to see her dying. I spoke to her of Jesus, and sang a verse or two. She said, 'Yes! yes!' I fetched Ma to see her. Left about ten at night. I went on Friday after breakfast, she was gone. We have been much distressed. Hundreds at her funeral. She is on the bill for tea at Bourne Chapel to-night! In heaven instead of there!

Work away, my lad! We are doing a grand work in cheering saints, and in bringing a few to Jesus. The presentation day comes on. Glory!"

In June the conference was held in Scarborough, and he went over for a few days. His dear old friends, Horners, though entertaining two delegates, were delighted for him to stay with them. At the great public-meeting at Jubilee Chapel, Mr. Hartley, who was in the chair, seeing him in a pew, requested him to go on the platform. At the close he was asked to second the vote of thanks to the chairman. When he rose for the purpose the repeated rounds of applause hindered him for a few minutes from doing so. A delegate said to him, "They have seen you before." Another, "You might have been President of the Conference!" The reception overwhelmed him, and when he reached his home he wrote :—"I esteemed it as a wreath of blood-bought, mercy-bestowed honour—from God, which, in solemn prayer, I hung upon the Cross of Jesus, for his glory! How often have I preached Him, and felt Him in that chapel during the last twenty years? What will the Great Day and heaven be? Shall present us with you, 'the crown of our rejoicing.' What an honour to find a grave in the hearts of our hearers. This is highest honour from heaven,

and God will give the brightest honour to men who honour Him.

August 24th.—Have had a sweet time at Cottingham on entire sanctification. O blessed service of God, how it makes me to enjoy life."

The same day he committed to the grave the body of Mr. Bell, butcher. Previous to doing so, he gave an address at Clowes Chapel to about 800 persons, the Revs. J. Goldthorpe, M. B. Stamp, R. W. Keightley, and J. Stephenson, took part in the service. The previous Sunday night but one, Mr. Bell attentively heard Mr. Milson preach a "solemn sermon in the same chapel from 'Let me die the death of the righteous.' The next Sunday night he was with Jesus."

September 18th.—"Preached at Jarratt. Before commencing the sermon, I felt a most heavenly influence which softened and awed my soul. I cannot describe it. At 2.30 at Fountain Road, had a fine visitation from God. Had felt grieved that I was appointed to preach just to get a collection for Chapel Anniversary. But I was *comforted*. At night was again much blest, even to tears, just before the sermon. So does God *indulge* and cheer me Large congregation. Glorious sacrament. *Much of heaven. No mistakes. Saints rejoice.* The following words were full of heavenly power :—

' Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before.'

Returned home energised by the abounding love of God. Like a bee laden with honey, returning from a flower district to its hive."

On September 25th, he attended the Harvest Thanksgiving services at Howden, and was pleased to meet with a number of old friends, who reminded him of the past, such as the "Glews and Powells." His visit, too, was cheered by the presence of Mr. Geo. Shankster, of Grimsby. He had a happy time in speaking, and returned home by train. Whether he was suffering from his old enemy, the "bile," or not, we cannot say, but his meditations on the way home were not of the brightest character respecting the effects of the changes he had witnessed in Howden, for he writes, "What a pity the selfishness

of *places*, *officials*, and *preachers*, have made Howden the head of a station. This sort of thing should not be allowed by a *Primitive Methodist* Conference. Our itinerant system is threatened, and if it cease, I fear the Connexion will lose much of its glory! We even now talk of this preacher having such a chapel, and that preacher having such a chapel! One says, '*You are our super*,' and another says, '*He is our preacher*.' *Places* and *men* become divided in too many cases, and self and sin too often prevail! One preacher in his station and salary has a Goshen; another has almost a desert! In some, the *preacher* is *pastor* and all; the people expect him to be their proxy. Pastors, organs, choirs, entertainments, bazaars! managers of clubs, and anything to obtain money, increase congregations to increase collections! And 'esquires' for chairman, to increase funds. Is this *the best* way to save souls, and do credit to our *Primitive Methodist* form and name of Christianity? Chapels *too large* by almost half in some cases; burdened with debt; making all kinds of operations necessary, in the judgment of trustees, officials, and members, to obtain money! Preachers and they unable seemingly to *get up* a Revival. A Revivalist needed to kindle a fire to *keep up the heat of holiness!*"

In September the Ministers' Mutual Improvement Association for the Hull and Lincoln District, held its Autumnal Session at Great Thornton Street, Hull. The Public Meeting was presided over by Mr. J. Blow, of Cleethorpes, and was very enthusiastic and successful.

The printed report of the proceedings says:—"The Rev. P. Milson followed with one of the raciest and most happily conceived speeches that we ever heard him deliver, his subject being, 'How to retain our Converts.' It would be impossible to reproduce the speech in this report. Mr. Milson himself, when asked if he could supply a brief outline replied: 'I cannot give you what you require. I intended to say much I did not say, and what I did say I cannot now recollect. Say that if there was anything good or suitable, God gave it.' We may say, however, that Mr. Milson told us in his speech, the question, 'How to retain our Converts?' implied that we lose many; this brought us face to face with one of the

saddest facts in our Church life. Comparatively few converts become enrolled on our Church Register, and few thus enrolled remain with us. He asked, 'Are our conversions real?' and expressed his fear that the explanation of the many who fall away from the ranks of the Church is to be found in the fact that few experience a true renewal, and receive the witness of the spirit. Conversions were not so numerous as formerly, and not of the same type as formerly. We ought to be willing to face the question, 'Is the preaching of this day as plain, pointed, and heart-searching as formerly? Do we aim as definitely at results? Are we as faithful in warning men to flee from the wrath to come?' The question used to be asked at the Quarterly Meeting, concerning every minister, 'Is he successful in the conversion of sinners?' We have not the question put before us in the same form; but our Mission is still, and as much as ever, to save men. Failing in this, we fail entirely. Nothing less than the conversion of souls must satisfy us. The question 'How to retain our Converts,' was of great importance. They should be urged to join the Church at once. They should be suitably instructed in the life of faith, put on their guard against the wiles of the wicked one, encouraged to confess their faith in Christ, begin to work in the Church, go on to perfection, etc. He expressed fears that class leaders and old members, were not always sufficiently in sympathy with young converts; and gave some wholesome counsel to both, which we greatly desire to see printed and circulated broadcast. The address closed with a suggestion which ought to bear practical fruit, viz.:—The desirability of a suitable guide to young converts being issued forthwith, and a copy placed in the hands of every convert. We deem such a guide a desideratum, which we hope some one of our many authors will shortly supply."

He did not speak, as indeed, he rarely did on such occasions, without having made considerable preparation. We have found among his papers the rough notes of the address, which cover eight quarto pages, and deal extensively with the subject. To the writer, who, like others, was charmed with the address when delivered, it has been interesting and profitable to peruse the germs from which it

sprang. His modesty alone could have hindered him from furnishing them to the secretary for publication.

October 12th, Sunday.—“Glory be to Jesus. To-night, when I returned home, tempted and depressed, I found my dear Janey and Priscilla in tears (and the parrot sobbing in mimicry). Priscilla said, ‘*Clowes has gotten converted.*’ How grateful I felt to the Eternal Trinity, who had answered my prayers on his behalf, for that very afternoon I had been praying not lengthily, but earnestly, for his return to God. Last week I worked hard. Had much harassing begging. How much I should enjoy reading and study, if my work would allow me to do so. But in our community, if preachers do not attend to secular matters, they must remain undone. Few of our officials can be at liberty from their duties to serve the cause by giving to it their time ; and some who should do it, will not.”

I called upon him in November of this year, having heard that he had been seriously ill. I found him considerably better, though still suffering from the effects of “a stroke.” He told me that he had been lying upon the couch reading for a little while after Mrs. Milson had retired, and that on attempting to get off it to go upstairs, he found that he had almost lost the use of one side and foot. It was with the greatest difficulty he managed to crawl to the stairs, and make Mrs. Milson hear.

The following letter is endorsed by Mrs. Kirk :—“First letter after dear father’s first stroke.”

“ 21, Reed Street, Hull,
Nov. 10th, 1887.

“ MY DEAR JINNIE,

To Him be glory for ever and ever! I am wonderfully improved! You *see* I can write now. I have much comfort. God bless you and Henry. Cheer up! Don’t come! No need.

YOUR LOVING PATER.”

Mrs. Kirk’s brother added to the above :—

“ DEAR JINNIE,

You need not come home unless you receive a telegram. Neither are you to alarm yourself about father, he

is improving steadily, doctor confirms this. He comes down and lies on the couch two or three hours every day, sleeps nicely at nights, eats chicken, jellies, and takes beef tea."

He ultimately resumed his work, for on Sunday, June 2nd, 1888, he writes:—"Glory to Jesus! How He has helped me in preaching at Jarratt Street to-night. What love for Him, what mental and spiritual power I had. Text, 'Christ suffered—being put to death in the flesh.' Words seemed to be given me! and a *good judge* says I did not use a superfluous one. The Holy Spirit made me happy, free, pathetic, compassionate. A young woman came to the rails *alone*, and professed to find peace.

July 1st.—At Lincoln Street this morning. Text, 'As I live—no pleasure in the death,' etc. A solemn, earnest time. God helped me—I felt a holy heedlessness respecting men's views of my preaching, as I felt it was for God—souls—eternity. Before preaching at night felt much langour of mind, often had to say '*Master!*' But at Jarratt Street, was blessedly helped by the Holy Spirit. Had a free, solemn, searching time. Prayer-meeting was a sort of *olden-time one*. The spirit of prayer was in many, and it was delightful to *hear* and *feel* them. I was physically stronger than ever, and my grateful heart said, Hallelujah!"

One day he met old "Jimmy Lidget," and quietly put a shilling into his hand, saying, "I shall get something this week." As Mr. Newell had gone to conference, he voluntarily took his appointment one evening. The congregation was small, but was suddenly "increased by six Mas, six nurses, and six infants, a most unusual number. So I sprinkled the latter, and took the interest (6/-) of Jimmy's shilling to Ma.

July 2nd.—Led class. Tea at Hessle Road Chapel. Public Meeting. Spoke half an hour. Afterwards pained by a sense of many imperfections. How little I seem to do *for God*. A number of His children seem glad to see me, and to hear me: which sometimes almost surprises me. *Anything—anywhere, anyhow, any enjoyment, any suffering—for God my Saviour.*

July 3rd.—Spent a comfortable hour at Mr. J. Brown's to tea. Preached at Jarratt Street, on men ought always to pray,

and not to faint. Wish I had the sermon I delivered extemporaneously. God helped me and blest me and the people—I think.

Walked at least three miles to-day. Glory to Him who nerves my limbs, *lower limbs, and higher!* Thank God, who upraises, when He will, those who have been struck down by PARALYSIS.

July 6th.—Spoke to two old men in the street, about eternal things. One, I was glad to find, was a Wesleyan, the other, I fear, was not religious. He was sixty-eight years of age. Sitting upon a stone wall, he showed me how he could put his boot toe to his mouth, more than I can do at my age, sixty-two. He was bad in bronchitis. Said men ought not to live to be very old; for when their masters saw they were becoming aged, they turned them away for younger men. He worked in one shop sixteen years: got his affliction pushing his master's work under a contract, and saved him a £20 fine. And when his master died his son turned him off like a dog. He had some tools with him, and had been making a table without a nail in it: had offered the gentleman sixpence for every joint in it he could see; but he could not find one. O that all our mechanics knew Jesus, who never forsakes!

July 8th.—A blessed day. Felt unspeakable love for souls. How sweet—but how enervating to my system—such labour is after feeling the *gracious strain* at times for over forty years. What recompense of bliss one has in those Holy-Spirit produced emotions and solitudes! Hallelujah!

July 13th.—Tea with Mr. H. Hodge. Some interesting talk with him and H. Evans on good things; particularly on glorified friends, and their probable nearness to us, and even ministrations to us at times. Prayed with them. Had a delightful interview with Mrs. E. Lamb—blind—or nearly so, with age (94). She related to me her conversion through Wm. Clowes at Hull in 1819."

July 15th.—After preaching at Lincoln Street in the morning, and renewing tickets in the afternoon to two classes, he walked over two miles to visit Mr. F. Beckworth, who was thought to be dying, and was anxious to see him. He found him "very penitent, getting hold of faith, and crying for the

witness of the spirit. Spent some time conversing, praying, and singing with him. Forty years ago he was healed of a cerebral affection in answer to prayer. I then was enabled to believe for him. When I spoke to him of his father, now in Paradise, he said with emphasis, 'He was a good man.'

November 1st.—At Thorngumbald Harvest Festival. It was on the 1st of November last I was at Hedon Missionary Meeting. At six next morning, was struck down. On the 2nd could not come to Thorngumbald as advertised! So was there to-day! What a Providence. Glory!"

"January 21st, 1889.

Rev. J. T. Parr, of Leeds, has been at Jarratt Street from January 7th to 17th. Some eighty have professed to find Christ. Grand times, and some remarkable cases of conversion. I think they have spent some £16 in advertising. A portrait of Mr. Parr was on the bills announcing his services.

I preached on the night of the 6th before the mission began, and we had a glorious night, three saved, and four others promised to meet in class. Rev. Mr. Griffin, of Grimsby, and Rev. Mr. Bird, of Leeds, are coming a week each to Fountain Road. Griffin begins to-night. I was there last night, and we had a *glorious time*, five at the rails, and a woman saved in her pew. You would have enjoyed it.

Depend upon it, Jinney, God helping me, I shall still strike for souls whenever I have an opportunity. I am a far better fellow this 21st of January, than I was the last, and have been preaching a full year. Glory! Next Monday night, D.V., I am at a Holiness Meeting at Williamson Street.

January 7th, 1889.—Rev. G. Shaw at St. John's Wood. Tea and supper with him at Mr. B. Smith's.

January 11th.—Cottingham. Band of Hope. 200 hearers. Blessedly happy and strong returning home. In the train found two cards (part of a pack). I spit upon them, put my heels upon them, and when I got home took them by the tongs and put them into the fire.

February 13th.—Great work. Slain of the Lord many.

February 15th.—Man saved.

February 20th.—North Cave. Good time, about a hundred hearers. Tea at Mr. Simpson's. Johnny Oxtoby, when here once, lifted up his hands, and exclaimed, 'Bless the Lord, this is the place God has chosen for his ark to rest in.'

February 24th.—Sunday. Morning Jarratt Street. Not well. Night a young woman saved.

March 3rd.—Sunday. Lincoln Street. Good. Three souls! Glorious at Jarratt Street. Heaven. Two young men saved.

March 5th.—God is going to send a revival at Jarratt Street.

March 15th.—Baptized a child in a house. Prayed with a family. Preached a little gospel to Mrs. W.'s sister (a church woman) at tea-table. Prayed with Mrs. Barley, ill. Felt well in asking for her health and other blessings. Mr. B. and I begging till nearly nine for Chapel Anniversary. Weary. Glory!

March 24th.—Sunday. At 10.30 Jarratt Street. Large congregation. Voice good. Hymns and prayer sweet. *Poor sermon*, could not *perceive* and *speak* as I wished. Much tempted and painfully humbled. Yet the Holy Spirit was present to bless the people.

Night, good congregation at Lincoln Street. Fair time, but *power* lacking! Only about twenty stayed the prayer-meeting. O for a breaking of hearts!"

In the middle of April he went to Grimsby. On turning to his text, Mark xvi. 16, he found to his surprise that it was marked in his hand, "April 4, 1860," so that I preached from it twenty-nine years ago. But that made no difference to me, nor, I suppose, to others. The singing was excellent, mighty! Chant, morning and evening, 'The voice of free grace,' old tune. The glory was on the people. I was strong, free, and sympathetic at night. Did not see any souls saved, but am not without hope that the Master affixed His seal to the work He enabled me to do."

A Wesleyan class-leader from Brocklesby, staying at Mr. Robinson's, spent the day at Victoria Chapel. He told Mr. M. that when —— was steward, he, the leader, spoke to him respecting a class-meeting being allowed to be held at Brocklesby,

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and the steward told him he would ask his lordship about it. He afterwards said they could not have it. The leader believed the steward never received such an answer from the Earl. At length, the steward having died suddenly, his successor was asked, and never objected. He saw a boy who belonged to the class tenting cows, which had to be driven up to be milked one Sabbath later on, and on his saying he would like to get to the meeting, expecting, however, that he would not get his consent, to the boy's surprise the steward said: "Take them at once, or you won't get there."

In June he paid a visit to his son-in-law and daughter at Bradford, while the conference was holding its sittings in that town. His letters are full of information, and written in an amusing and charming manner. He tells, with much humour, of a delegate complaining of the dinners provided for the members of conference, and how, at the close of the afternoon's sitting, the Rev. J. F. Parrish announced that "the Managing Committee would meet to arrange for Mr. P—— (the complainer) to have a good dinner to-morrow. Excitement!"

On his return he received a letter, dated "Genoa," from the chief engineer of a large steamer, thanking him for his brotherly and tender kindness shown to the writer on the night he obtained peace with God, and stating that he was still seeking to live a higher and holier life than he had done previously.

October 6th, 1889.—"Morning at Jarratt Street. School Anniversary sermons. 'Little children' was my text. Hope I was made a blessing. Prayed much at home concerning night service, but felt listless and harassed.

At 6.30, Lincoln Street. Moderate time on the Last Harvest. Only thirty stayed prayer-meeting, in which I was much refreshed.

October 7th.—Interred the remains of Mrs. Andrews. Before death she praised God aloud in her sufferings. I committed her to the grave whilst a terrible storm was raging. Pressure to-day fifteen pounds to a square foot, fifty-five miles an hour. Took tea at Lincoln Street. Conducted the public-meeting. Mr. Sharrah gave his 'Prison Visit,' good audience. He showed us a long letter of the late executioner, Marwood, addressed from 'Crown Office, Horncastle,' in which he states

that three out of four he executed came to the gallows through strong drink. He seemed to believe he was engaged in a *good work*. Mr. S., who knew him, described him as appearing—phrenologically and physiognomically—a man of cruel propensities and instincts. He himself liked drink, and would take it at the expense of others. He had no family. His money did no good. His wife, Mr. S., told us, was never sober from the time her husband died, until she was called hence. For each execution Marwood received £10, and third-class railway fare. Sin and crime cost much money in executions. O God, blight into nonentity the strong drink traffic, the principal source of murders !”

December 6th.—Writing his daughter, he speaks of some work she had sent for a bazaar, and adds :—“ Delighted that you have so blessed a work at Horton. May the leaven spread to the glory of God, the welfare of thousands of souls, and the destruction of the Kingdom of Apollyon.

Pray for the house of Milson.

Rev. J. Toulson preaches at Ebenezer next Sunday and Monday. He will have a ‘reception’ on Monday. Poor Pater has to address him (D.V.) on behalf of all the brethren. I am the oldest minister in the town by ten years.”

We were privileged to hear the address. It was simply unique !

December 31st.—“ To-day endured much plausible temptation. Fought against it. Tea and prayer at Brother T. Medds’. A very cold journey to Plane Street. A memorable time preaching at Jarratt Street. Text, ‘ In due season we shall reap, if we faint not.’ Had done so much to-day, and the night was so exceptionally cold, that I felt it my duty to remain at home instead of going to watch-night service at Lincoln Street.

January 1st, 1890.—Now twenty-five minutes past twelve. I have had a very precious time in secret prayer. How serenely satisfactory and joyous my consciousness of fellowship with God. Visions of glory brightened and beautified my triumphant spirit. The year began in further possessions in Immanuel’s land. After leaving my ‘ Peniel ’ I embraced my wife and Priscilla, and we all rejoiced in Christ our Head !

Went to Cottingham. They had given up the service, but

did not inform me. Poor Mrs. S——, ninety-one years of age, an old Primitive, rejoicing in Jesus. Prayed with Mrs. Hardy, eighty-six years of age, and her sister, some ten years younger, both in Christ, and both ill. Prayed with two other families. Disappointed that I had not to preach.

January 2nd.—Preached at Almshouses to fourteen persons. One old woman warmed my heart by saying ‘Thank you for your sermon.’ Dreadfully cold night! I felt the cold in the stone pulpit—stone!—stone!! Feet cold! Hands cold! Heart, and I hope words, were warm!

January 3rd.—Ministers’ tea at Brother Parker’s. Pleasant gathering.

Jan 26th.—Dear old friend Brown’s to tea. He is greatly changed in appearance. Lying on the couch he took my hand, saying, ‘I am going to heaven.’ To Mrs. H. Hodge, he said, ‘O so bright the better land.’ He exultingly sang:—

‘But O when that last conflict’s o’er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the *music* of the skies.’

At the tea-table I felt the Divine touch, and said, ‘The Lord will bless Mrs. Brown, I believe.’

I prayed with him, and left him asleep.”

In February, 1890, a great African Missionary Meeting was held in Jarratt Street, which was filled. The meeting was “grand and enthusiastic. Mr. Hands, of London, made an excellent chairman, and Toulson and Travis did well.”

He was called upon to second a vote of thanks, when such a welcome was accorded him as had been rarely witnessed in that sanctuary. It was a scene never to be forgotten, says one who was present. “The vast congregation cheered and clapped.” When he attempted to speak he was obliged to stop. The noise was a sort of thunder. When Mr. Travis rose to reply, he said, “I consider the most creditable feature of this meeting has been the reception you have given to an aged minister on his own ground. He might have been a King, but,” he added, “he is one.” The reception surprised him, and led him to offer grateful thanks to God when he reached home.

March 25th.—“Very weak to-day, but able to stroll leisurely through the streets and market, in the warm and invigorating sunshine. Have had a refreshing time to-night in prayer. A sweet prospect of living in everlasting light. Prayer still opens heaven, and now, as of yore, ‘makes the darkest clouds withdraw.’ Thank God for ‘the experimental science’ of His religion, personal Christianity.”

In the middle of March he was very unwell, and rested from preaching “because he was obliged.” Dr. Fraser tried to keep him in bed for two days, “but,” says he, “I got up for a few hours when he was somewhere! I now come down and eat and drink like a farmer. I am pleased with my prospect of rest from full work; however, I yet hope to do a good deal for the Master.”

Cheerful as he was, Dr. Fraser told Mrs. Milson, that he feared Mr. Milson would have another stroke, he was so very weak, as the result of an attack of influenza. “But,” says Mrs. Milson, in a letter to her daughter, “he would keep taking his work, even in the open air. He took medicine, felt a little better, and then threw himself back again. I wish the men would take advice, and be guided by us sometimes. Mr. Toulson’s death was a great shock to father, who was in correspondence with him. Indeed he left a letter for father upon his desk, which has been forwarded to us. His death was indeed solemnly sudden, but it was glorious. Our ministers here wanted father to go to the funeral, as representative of the Hull and District, but he dare not attempt it.

Messrs. Fell, Stamp, and Goldthorpe, visited him when he was so ill, and he was very much cheered and blessed. One day he talked to them until he felt so weak that he had to tell them, so Mr. Fell prayed with, and for him, and they left. I have not allowed more than three persons to see him since, and they just a few minutes, but so many come that it is quite a task to receive them. Many have brought flowers, and numbers have sent him all sorts of things.” Dr. Fraser’s fears were but too well grounded, for soon afterwards he had a *second stroke*, and finding his strength rapidly failing, he was compelled to seek superannuation. This

was granted him, with what feelings will be seen from the following letters :—

“ May 9th, 1890.

The Adjourned Quarterly Meeting of the Hull 2nd Circuit.
To Brother P. Milson.

Dear Brother,

We are desired by the brethren assembled, to write assuring you of the deep sympathy they have with you in your affliction.

In offering you their brotherly condolence, they need not remind you of the sustaining and comforting influence to be derived from the many great and precious promises of our common Lord and Saviour, which you have frequently urged others to trust in, and the supporting character of which you have experienced again and again in your life.

These, with the conscious presence of your Lord, will bring light and strength to you now.

They have cheerfully supplied your appointments until Quarterly Meeting among themselves, and fervently pray that the great Head of the Church may grant you for many years to come the joy of ministering from the pulpits of our loved denomination, the precious truths of the Gospel.

Trusting that the days of your retirement from the active work of the ministry may be a long and beautiful Sabbath to your life.

J. GOLDTHORPE.

M. B. STAMP.”

The Conference at Sunderland passed, and forwarded to him, the following resolution :—

“That the Conference receives with deep regret the application of Rev. P. Milson for superannuation, and in granting his request, places on record its high appreciation of the great service he has rendered to the Connexion during his ministry of over forty years. The Conference recognised with pleasure the fact that Mr. Milson’s ministry has been of extraordinary success in the conversion of sinners to God and the edification of believers.

Mr. Milson was thoroughly conversant with Methodist

doctrines, which he held most faithfully, and preached with great clearness and force, especially that old-fashioned, but exceedingly important one, of entire sanctification, a doctrine held most tenaciously by the Wesleys, and their early associates in the ministry, and which our own founders ever kept to the front. Mr. Milson was a fine type of an old Methodist Preacher, his strong individuality, quaintness of speech, fervour in devotion, and intense spirituality rendered his preaching exceedingly interesting, and more than ordinarily profitable. His retirement will cause a vacancy in our ministry it will be very difficult to fill. The Conference prays that Mr. Milson may be supported in his retirement by the consolation of the Holy Spirit, and if it please our Heavenly Father, that he may be spared to us for some years to come to render occasional but valuable service to the Connexion."

His enforced retirement was deeply regretted by thousands, and he received numerous proofs of sympathy and respect. In his own circuit an appropriate presentation was made to him in a manner which deeply affected him, as the following report shows :—

"PRESENTATION TO REV. PARKINSON MILSON.

Fountain Road Chapel, Hull Second Circuit.

A very interesting meeting was held on Tuesday, October 21st, in connection with a presentation to the Rev. P. Milson, who laboured in the circuit up to July last, and is now superannuated. A few friends were wishful to show their respect in some way to a minister who has rendered such long and distinguished service to the connexion. Thinking an armchair would be acceptable and appropriate, they collected funds and purchased one they deemed suitable. A public meeting was called to present it. The Rev. J. Griffin presided, and having expressed his pleasure in making the acquaintance of Mr. Milson, called upon the Rev. W. Smith to make the presentation.

In referring to his ministerial career, Mr. Smith stated that Mr. Milson was called into the regular ministry over forty years ago by one of the Hull Circuits, then known as the

‘Home Branch, West.’ The name of William Clowes stood at the head of the circuit, but he was superannuated. The regular ministers were J. Bywater, C. Jones, and J. M. Ashley. Since then, Brother Milson had seen great changes. During his probation, the aggregate connexional increases were 22,000. The same year as that in which he finished his probation William Clowes died. Two years later Hugh Bourne died. Then came a connexional decrease for three years in succession, as though the death of our founders were to preclude further success. During his ministry, Brother Milson had seen ten connexional decreases, making a total loss of 19,871, but he had also witnessed a marvellous growth in every branch of our Zion. At the time he entered the ministry, we reported 500 ministers, 7,000 local preachers, 1,400 connexional chapels, 83,000 Sunday school scholars, and 86,000 members. *Now* we have 1,000 ministers, 16,000 local preachers, 4,400 connexional chapels, 431,000 Sunday school scholars, and 193,000 members. What hath God wrought by his blessing on the labours of such men as our esteemed brother. We have pleasure in claiming Brother Milson as a Hull District minister. He has been born, converted, and married in our midst, and, with the exception of four years at Sheffield, has spent all his ministerial life in the Hull District. Mr. Smith spoke of Mr. Milson’s powerful denunciation of intemperance, smoking, gambling, and popery, and of his successful preaching of the doctrine of sanctification, and expressed a strong hope that he would remain in Hull till called to heaven.

. In presenting the easy chair, for which a few friends had subscribed, Mr. Smith requested Brother Milson not to estimate it by its intrinsic value, but to think of the kindly motives which had prompted the gift. He then addressed him in the following lines :—

‘Thou servant of the King Divine,
True Herald of the word of Life,
Who doth with heavenly graces shine,
And triumph in the holy strife,
We view the path which thou hast trod,
And bless and praise the living God.

Seeking for four-and-forty years,
 With consecrated mind and voice,
 With fervent zeal and pleading tears,
 To preach that penitence and choice—
 That living faith which saves from sin,
 And doth the life of love begin.

In teaching men God's holy law,
 Thy faithful, melting, mighty speech,
 Inspired by God-enkindled awe,
 Did oft the sinner's conscience reach,
 And vilest rebels knelt to pray
 While Jesus washed their sins away.

Many have blest the hallow'd hour
 They heard thee preach of perfect love,
 And felt the sanctifying power
 Come streaming from the throne above,
 Imparting purity and might
 To walk in God's unclouded light.

Oft in our great Immanuel's name,
 Against the cursed traffic, "drink"
 Thou dost a holy war proclaim,
 Dost bid us flee each dangerous brink—
 The race, the pipe, the gambler's gin,
 The Pope, the Devil, and all sin.

And now that threescore years are run,
 Full many symptoms strongly say
 That lighter labour must be done
 In this the evening of thy day ;
 As years increase may grace abound
 To bless thy toil to all around.

May providence, all-wise and kind,
 Prolong thy life long years to come,
 Sustain thy health and force of mind,
 To visit oft our church and home,
 To aid us with thy counsels wise,
 To win and wear life's noblest prize.

Grant we may thy best wishes share
 When resting in thy easy chair ;
 Remember us in prayer and praise,
 May perfect peace crown all thy days ;
 May richest blessings fill thy breast,
 Sweet prelude of eternal rest.'

The Rev. P. Milson, who appeared greatly moved by the

kindness of the speakers and friends, then addressed the meeting. He thanked them for their thoughtful sympathy. Spoke at length of the Divine helps he had experienced in his ministry, of some of the trials through which he had passed, and the pain he at times felt through not being able to work as vigorously as in former years. He hoped to live for some years to come, that he might still labour on as health might permit, and then he desired to go 'from Hull to Heaven.'"

On the back of a plan I have found, scribbled in pencil, some rough notes for his reply, written while he was sitting in the meeting. The following are a few of them :—"A pleasant duty. A perfect surprise to me for several reasons :—

1. Not common. This is only the fourth time in forty-four years. In Hull 3rd, Scarbro', and Bridlington.

2. Sometimes to persons who have rendered special service to a Circuit by special successful acts, or special length of time. But I have not done that here, I am afraid. I have lived to the time when town circuits are worked in sections, I have been regarded as the Lincoln Street preacher.

Indeed, I supposed that some might be inclined to blame rather than praise me, for I have been in places where I have heard others blamed, who had lost a great deal of the fire of their younger days through increasing infirmities. I knew that much of mine was gone ; but I could trust in God, and hope for His mercy in the great day.

When, therefore, I was informed of your intention, it came as a very grateful surprise, and though I desired no gift, nor expected any, yet your kind present will be a pleasure and comfort to me.

Your gift recognises the fact that I am compelled to '*sit down*,'* and no doubt you *desire me to do so at once, and I will speedily comply with your wish*. I may, however, remark that I finish my public work where I began it, in dear old Hull, and hope to go from *Hull to Heaven*."

* When a minister is superannuated, he is generally spoken of as having "sat down."

CHAPTER XXIX.

1890—92.

THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

“Faith, perseverance, zeal,
Language of light and power,
Love prompt to act, and quick to feel,
Mark'd thee to life's last hour.”

—MONTGOMERY.

SOON after his superannuation, Mr. Milson secured a very comfortable house in Sandringham Street, with a small garden, which occupied him occasionally. His health gradually improved, and he took special services in several of his old circuits. In September he was at Victoria Street Chapel, Grimsby, where, writing from Mr. Robinson's, he says :—

“MY DEAR LASS,—

Hope thou art alive, and able to bear the sight of things at home. Cheer up, every hour will enable thee to put something in its place, and ministering angels, visible and invisible, will help!

Slept a little on Saturday night. Very weak. Indescribably exercised in mind about my work. Good audience at 10.30. Text, 1 Thess. i. last verse. ‘And to wait for his Son from heaven, even Jesus who delivered us from the wrath to come.’ Very weak, almost upset. Shaw and Keightley there, very humbling. Thought all the folk were feeling pity and shame for me. Yet I believed the text was given me. Before I finished felt great power from heaven, and there was much holy excitement among the saints. God blessed a poor discourse.

Little appetite for dinner. Depressed. After dinner laid on couch. Got a little sleep. Woke with much nervous weakness. Felt as if I could not preach at night! Slept again, strengthened. Night. Great congregation. What a scene for a poor fellow like me. Stood amongst fruit and flowers.

Hundreds of old friends from various places. Text, Ps. cxlvii 12-20, Deut. xxxii. 13-15, and Ps. lxxxii. 13-16. Had a good voice, sufficient strength, sweet liberty; I occupied a throne of freedom and power! As sure as God is, He helped me for most of an hour. Keightley said, 'It has been a splendid service.' So said Mr. Robinson, and Mrs. Robinson seemed delighted. I came home feeling much stronger, and younger, and happier, and as a child of Zion rejoicing in our King. O the peace and triumph of my soul!

Slept better last night. Shall try to get home to-night. If not, to-morrow."

On the first Sunday in October he preached at Barton harvest festival, and spoke the following night. His son, Clowes, preceded him, and referred to vegetables and flowers. He told the audience that Clowes had improved in his knowledge of such matters since he asked for shrimps, when he said, "Please can I have some more spiders," and since the day when riding with his father to Haxey he exclaimed, on seeing a chestnut tree, "Oh father, see, a cauliflower tree!"

Though retired from active duties he continued to preach, when able, and indeed often when unable, but the visits to scenes of previous toil and glorious victories, and intercourse with old friends cheered and animated him. He frequently preached in Grimsby, and when at liberty I took the preliminaries for him. The last time I heard him was at "Old Victoria Street," where he preached in the morning on Peter's deliverance from prison, a marvellous sermon, full of geographical and scientific illustrations of the profoundest truths, delivered in the simplest words, but withal so chaste and beautiful that rich and poor were alike entranced and profited. At night his subject was a favourite one, founded on the words, "This then is the message we have heard of Him, and declare unto you, that God is light," etc. "If we walk in the light, the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanse us from all sin." What a night it was. We felt as if we were in heaven. His face shone, his eyes sparkled, his musical, tender voice trembled with emotion; tears and smiles alternated, and all felt that God was in the midst of us in truth. When the service closed, he said to me, "I will sit here a while, and you commence the

prayer-meeting." When I got below I was called to the door, and found several friends from Tetney, who had driven over to hear him, and were anxious to have a word with him. When I told him, he said quite plaintively, "I cannot see them or anybody yet. I have no strength left. I cannot walk off the platform till the use has returned to my legs. Tell them they must excuse me."

During my last few interviews with him in Hull, I could not fail to perceive how close and uninterrupted was his communion with the skies. When I first knew him I was impressed with his spiritual-mindedness. His thoughts and affections were so "set" upon heavenly things that his simplest utterances showed what manner of conversation was his. Once as we were leaving my home in company, my mother said, "Be sure and come to tea on Tuesday, as I have invited a few friends." "I shall be here if *I am not in heaven*," was his reply, which from his lips sounded quite natural. Now, however, I felt that his spirituality had deepened and broadened so as to remind me of what I have read somewhere of explorers who, when they come near to certain coasts, can tell from the fragrance-laden breezes that spring from the land that they are approaching a fruitful country, where, as Milton says :—

"Purer air
Meets their approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy. And gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense
Nature's perfumes, and whisper where they stole those balmy spoils."

He was so filled with peace, and hope, and joy, "breathed from Paradise upon his soul," as gave one to feel that he was getting nearer and nearer the celestial Canaan.

He was not without trials and sorrow, but these disturbed not the deep peace of his soul, and he rose as on eagle wings above the weakness of the flesh, and the trials of earth. His conversation was quiet and subdued, he spoke with "soft bright utterance, like the voice of very silence musing."

While these pages were passing through the press, I received a thick volume found among his books, which contains a few entries for 1891-92, headed 25, Sandringham Street (Ebenezer House), 1891.

June 4th.—“Superannuated! Yet able to walk and talk. Feet and tongue, through Divine grace, devoted to Jesus. Hallelujah in my heart—flowing into my pen, and producing some dampness in my eyes. My dear Jane with me, Clowes a minister! Jinnie, a holy widow of a preacher entered into Paradise! Priscilla, the Lord’s, rich as one of his daughters. Enoch at work, and here to-day, ‘well.’ . . . Surely God gave me, ‘I will cause him to ride upon the high places of the earth,’ etc.

To-night have been to class at Bourne, and led it. God, of course, was there. I hope to do something for my God and Saviour this year!

Forty-five years since, this day, came to Hull to begin work. Marvellous that I have been stationed all round the town, and now have my abode in this memorable place. May rivers of holy water flow from us here.

August 3rd.—Glory to Jesus! He shall reign! My soul is full of His love. Have been praying for His kingdom to come. How sweet the words:—

‘For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head,’ etc.

But I cannot write much. My head is not strong. I preached for Jesus last night at Anlaby Road Chapel. Helped through the service. Glory! No souls saved. My soul felt on account of what seemed a lack of zeal in the prayer-meeting. Lord sanctify us wholly! I fear my strength for preaching does not improve, but I look better. God’s will in me for life or death—for work or suffering—be done. Amen.

September 13th.—Sunday night, 9-30. Glory to God and the Lamb! Here I am with a soul and body energisingly tranquilized by the presence, peace, and word of God. My dearest Jane met me with bottle of milk at Spring Bank (Jubilee). I preached to a good audience at 6-30. Text Ps. lviii. 11. God helped me. Sweet! Believe He used me for His glory. Felt stronger than after my work at Holderness Road Chapel, where we had a full place. Lord reward my good Jane.

October 10th, 8 p.m.—Happy hour! I write in my *Patmos Room*! My hands and arms are partially paralysed, but my heart rejoices. On this *red* letter, or *gold*, or *glory-letter* day of my life, I rejoice that I gave myself under Divine light and influence to my Father, Redeemer, and Sanctifier for the work of the ministry at Wistow, near Selby, on the 10th October, 1846! It was on the same day of the week (Saturday) as this year. Also a very dull, wet day, as this has been. It was a day of bright things for my soul, and I will presume *for God*, to say, for a number of souls on earth and in heaven! But my enfeebled system will not bear the views I could take of Jehovah's goodness, love, mercy, and faithfulness. . . .

In looking at forty-five years of ministerial life and work, I feel I have had thousands of infirmities, but :—

'I look into my Saviour's breast, and sing :
 Away sad doubt and anxious fear,
 Mercy is all that's written there.'

This year, weak as I have been—I have been able to preach, lecture, and give speeches—and sometimes to large audiences—forty-six times! I feel gratitude, and I write, *Hallelujah!*"

October 24th.—He preached morning and night at Horsforth Street Chapel, Leeds, and was delighted with the company of Mr. and Mrs. Ringrose, who entertained him, and with the services. Several were saved, and he was "as full of love, as an egg of meat." "Judge then how I felt when a lady, speaking of the converts, said, 'Three of these are sisters!'"

November 23rd.—He was in Sheffield. The wind roared like thunder, and he could not sleep. During his walk to the Chapel, he was driven along by the wind until his umbrella turned inside out, and he "rounded" a corner for shelter. His chest, arms, and hands were affected, but the Lord gave him strength and help.

The following extracts have been furnished by his daughter, Mrs. Kirk, from among the last letters written to her. They show the habitual state of his mind.

"Hull, December 18th, 1891.

MY DEAR JINNIE,

Christmas is nearly here! But the *shortest* day before. I am pleased when days begin to lengthen. I hope to live some time longer and to be useful. May this be the case, D.V., with us all. Now don't bother about us this Christmas. *Ma* requests you will not send us anything. She does not wish you to be anxious about us. Last Monday night I spoke at Williamson Street with the Filey Fishermen. Took tea with them at Mr. Sizer's on Tuesday. I spoke last night at Selby Street, and *Pris* gave a *good* reading. I am much blessed and cheered. So is *Ma*.

Our love as ever,

PATER."

"Hull, Saturday night, 9.50.

Jan. 16th, 1892.

The weather is very trying to aged persons, but God, *who rules*, preserves me and your dear mother. I have been called to pray with an aged lady in this street to-night. She is, I think, near to the invisible world: but seems to be looking to *Jesus*, who died for us all, and who lives to receive unto Himself all penitent souls. We have had a weeping season over the sad affair at Sandringham House! How remarkable, marriage preparing for—death preventing! *Poor Princess May*, and parents! I hope *he* is with God. Great Britain should bow to Christ. God sees all things. Sees events in all their bearings, and relations, and does all things well. We pray for *you*. God will bless *and help you*. You have *sorrow*, but some have greater. Henry has been promoted a year; to die is gain. He is most happily active in the higher service of *our* Saviour. Ye believe in God, believe also in me, etc. Now is the time for you, my dear girl, to believe in the words of Jesus! Look at *spirit*, not dust. *Paradise*, not a cemetery. The Paradise where Paul's soul was fourteen years before he wrote to the Corinthians. (II., letter).

Ma says 'bundles of love from us.'

Pater."

“February 6th.

Yours to hand. You refer to the great and striking mortality in the country: aye! it is very affecting: and we feel we are pilgrims: thanks be to God for a title to a heavenly inheritance. What a number of old friends are meeting in Paradise.

I interred Mrs. Beckworth last Saturday. Died sweetly.”

“Hull, Monday, April 11th, 1892.

I am somewhat improved since last Monday. Preachers' association meeting last week at Fountain Road. Ma and Priscilla there one night. I at Mrs. Leadley's with Clowes and Emma. I prayed in meeting, and spoke ten minutes on family religion.

P.S. —So, according to the hymn you speak of (565), you have your finger on the sneck of heaven's door!

Pooh! Child, it will be *wide* open for you when you're a mile off! Hallelujah! No more weeping nor heartache. We are always confident (courageous), knowing that while we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord.

PATER.

Bloodwashed.”

“Feb. 23rd, 1892.

Ma has begun writing, but company has hindered. Bless her! I mean *God* bless her! Do you know? Of course you don't—but LOOK. Our heavenly Father enabled me to preach four of the last five Sunday nights. Had Jubilee Chapel about full last Sunday night. Glorious time! Better than for many a day. They sent me home in a cab.

Sunday night before, at *Willerby*. Dark, wet, and cold; warm (heart), bright soul.

Is not that fine for a man who once had a hand paralysed! I could not write? Glory! I lifted up a *great Bible* last Sunday night in pulpit with this *one hand*, and told them it was a long *time since* I had done it before. Hallelujah!

March 19th.—I had an unusually free and blessed time at Bourne Chapel last Sunday night, and the prayer-meeting was very lively, and God's presence powerfully felt. One woman seeking pardon, and two entire sanctification. O! I was

happy. It was like old times. Felt wonderfully happy when I got home, and the house seemed to be happy with me. Text, Isa. lv. 12."

During April he was very unwell, and wrote Mrs. Kirk, saying that he felt he must have her at home for his sake, and for her mother's sake, who worked till he feared she would drop. "She pooh! pooh's! I am weak in nerve, and feel as if something would happen. Perhaps I am silly or sillier than usual. The Lord direct us all."

"Hull, April 4th, 1892.

Very glad to receive yours. Priscilla very *pleased* with your *present*. She will be writing you soon. She is only delicate. I am giving her and Ma china to strengthen them. Aunt Mary had a fit on Friday night, and was, it is supposed, unconscious most of the time after. I had a remarkable time praying for her in a tram-car, and felt as if God was saving her. I told your Ma of my remarkable experience. When Ma went she learned with great sorrow that she had passed away.

I preached at Barton for Clowes last Thursday.

PATER."

April 17th, Sunday.—"Lived to see this blessed day, Easter Sunday. The intense cold this evening prevents me going to chapel. My dear Jane and Priscilla gone. God bless them. I had many years of active work, for which I pray to feel properly thankful and humble. I am pleased and grateful that I have the prospect of doing a little pulpit work when warmer weather shall come, and I hope every discourse I may deliver will be in demonstration of the Spirit. I see I am not sufficiently *energetic in believing*. I must not yield to depression, and be hindered by sufferings from my extreme nervous sensibility. I must resolutely fight, watch, and believe, to prevent my spirit from creating for itself a region of melancholy. May my grateful resignation to my Father's will be perfect. I emphatically and persistently believe the blood of Jesus cleanses me from all sin, and sometimes I have very blessed emotions. My frequent prayer is the hymn of four verses, commencing:—

'O thou who comest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart.'

The whole hymn I love to recite, and my God knows it is from my heart.

April 25th.—Prayed with Mrs. Raynor, and also with Mr. and Mrs. Norman. This morning foretold lightning to Jane and Mrs. R. Had thunder before dinner, and heavy thunder and showers during the afternoon. One flash almost instantaneously followed by rattling, crashing thunder peals. Face of sun remarkably spotted.

April 26th.—Prayed with Mrs. Harrison. Felt it good. She is trusting in Jesus, and evidently a peaceful penitent believer.

Spoke with interest pointedly for a few minutes to-day to a bookseller in the market, a policeman on duty on the Boulevard, and an elderly gentleman on Hessle Road. The last man had wet-shod eyes, said he had known God, was brought up in our Sunday School, Jarratt Street; said he ‘You are the only man who has spoken to me about my soul except a clergyman once. He asked my address, and I invited him to call and see me, as he expressed a desire so to do.’

In May, 1892, he and Mr. M. Denton of Beverley were crossing the Humber from Hull to New Holland when a somewhat comical, but what might have been a very serious accident, occurred to them. Mr. Denton thus describes it:—
“We were in the cabin, and, on the boat nearing the other side, proceeded up the steps, when, just as I reached the top step, the packet struck the jetty; the concussion was tremendous. I lost my balance, fell backwards, carrying Mr. Milson with me. I wrote Mr. Milson about it, and the following letter, dated May 15th, is in answer to mine:—

‘MY DEAR BROTHER,

I am sorry to have kept you waiting. I have little energy for writing, and have purposed to do so for some days, but was unable. I cannot get to chapel this morning, therefore write you a line.

Thanks for your kind enquiry. Your preservation from death, or most serious injury, seems miraculous. So also does my own preservation. For some time after it pained me to meditate upon the occurrence, our danger seemed so great. My nerves were thrilled by the thought of our position and

peril. My pulse was ninety or more afterwards, yet we were both preserved. I had neither hurt nor bruise! Nor do you seem to have received either. Of course you could not prevent your own fall, nor could I prevent mine. The concussion caused by the packet striking the jetty was tremendous. It tossed you over, and you fell upon me, and down we both went *backwards* to the bottom of the steps. I cannot give you any particulars except that as we were falling backwards I apprehended or thought of our great danger from the edges of the steps, and the seat below, but it seems my fears were groundless, we both escaped all peril. A woman at the bottom said to me that my head just touched her foot. I remember that you and I were both upon the floor together, and I was pulling and lifting, trying to relieve you from your position, lying flat upon your back, your feet partly upwards. Some of the folk at the top and below looked awe-struck at our accident. As you walked up the steps before me, I said to a woman, "That gentleman is eighty-two years of age." She was surprised. "In their hands they shall bear thee up." We must have been objects of angelic ministrations! Our Saviour's Sovereign had fenced us with a flaming guard. Yet they are invisible. The affair will be a fine subject for illustration, and theme, and song, when mortality shall be swallowed up of life. May we be wholly the Lord's, always and ever.

P.S.—Twenty-one or twenty-two stones of flesh and blood fell. Our united ages one hundred and forty-eight years.

What a spectacle for angels and men. A member of the Deed Poll of the glorious Prim. Meth. Connexion, and a superannuated preacher of the same honoured community, tumbling down the gangway of a packet! What a different spectacle we shall appear before the throne of Him we love and delight to serve. Hallelujah!

My love to you in Him,

PARKINSON MILSON.'"

"Some years since," says Mr. Denton, "my first wife was in great trouble on account of her daughter, and she requested Mr. Kendall and Mr. Milson to unite with her in prayer on the girl's behalf, at a certain hour each day. She had to be

confined in the union workhouse to keep her from going to ruin, as she had left her home more than once, and when other people were asleep in bed I have tramped the streets of Hull in search of our lost one. She died during the last year. I saw her before her departure, and found her a true penitent. She confessed that she had been a great sinner, and I requested Mr. Milson to go and see her. I believe the Lord answered prayer on her behalf. I have hope."

In reply to the above request by *Mrs.* Denton, the Rev. C. Kendall, whose letter is lying before me, wrote :—

"Filey, Feb. 10th, 1872.

"DEAR FRIENDS,

Yours is duly to hand. I deeply sympathise with you in your domestic affliction, which I consider is of the most painful kind. It is one which perhaps prayer and faith alone can reach ; at least prayer has, we have evidence, prevailed where every other instrumentality has failed.

I shall be willing to try and join you in a covenant of prayer as far as is practicable. From eleven to twelve of the forenoon would suit me as well or better than any other time. Suppose we spend a quarter of an hour in intercession at that time if possible, and a little extra time or special prayer once a week—say on the Friday . . ."

Mr. Milson also replied in answer to the same request :—

"DEAR SISTER DENTON,

I sympathise with you in your severe trial concerning your daughter. She is, however, an object of the Divine compassion, and I hope God may make her morally and spiritually whole.

In naming her case at the throne of grace, and in pleading on her account and on yours, I have been encouraged by the degree of Divine influence which I have experienced, and have endeavoured to believe that God would hear and *answer* our prayer. We must continue to bear her up at the throne of grace.

Allow me to say that while you feel anxious on her account do not distress yourself. 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee.' It will occasion you deep heaviness, but trust in God, and hope in His mercy. Be not discouraged

at not receiving an answer visibly in a day or two. Plead on, God will hear, I am sure He will. It is God's work, wait believingly, and see His salvation. The trial will only keep you nearer to Jesus—increase your religion here, and your future glory. Mr. Brown, a local preacher of ours, has a retreat in Marfield Lane. His wife is a fine and kind woman, and I would advise you to see him about her case. She would be where prayer is offered, and I and others could see her at times, and she could attend our chapel at the road. Fear not, only believe . . .”

Mr. Denton took the advice. She was sent to Mr. Brown's, it appears. Twenty years afterwards, Mr. Milson wrote as follows :—

“September 6th, 1892.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,

On the day following receipt of yours, I went to the house, and learned with regret that your dear daughter had died about midnight of the day before. I felt sympathy for you, and was also glad to hope that through the prayers of yourself, dear mother, and friends, she was received by Him who will not have one sinner die—to Paradise. How wonderfully God answers prayer! John Wesley says, ‘God sometimes gives in a moment what for wise reasons he has withheld for years,’ and also says, we should never give up praying for our relatives. He who heard Moses, Daniel, and Job of old, hears His *Priests* now. May God comfort your hearts. I have to-day heard *more on her case from Mr. Brown*, which has cheered me. To God be the praise.

“Hull, October 1st, 1892.

MY DEAR JINNIE,

Pleased by your's to Pris. *Ma* is *specially* so, as she wants you to be happy, and enjoy yourself in the Lord—to the utmost your friends' kindness :—which looks like *loving* kindness. Great as it is, however, it is only infinitesimal compared with that of our heavenly Father towards us all. May you live in Hallelujah land, now and evermore. I have been much refreshed in soul at times lately, while meditating on and reading Hebrews xii. 22-24. I wonder I have not

preached on the subject. If I be spared, I purpose doing so. Preachers' Tea yesterday at Griffin's. *Fifteen of us.* I was asked to pray, and God was powerfully present. Rev. J. R. Parkinson, Worksop, has gone to glory. *I feel* it—an old friend he was in early life:—seventy-three years old. A good soul: did much work for Christ. I spoke at Lincoln Street Harvest Festival last Monday night. Pris. with me. Mrs. Day's to tea. Helped at George's Road Harvest Festival on Tuesday night. Hope to preach at Holderness Road to-morrow night. Mr. Brown's to tea. Drop them a line if convenient. Bourne Harvest Festival next Monday. I am announced as a speaker. *Had the pain in the chest very bad last night*, but am about better. Mercy!

Our love as ever,

PATER."

The following brief notes are taken from Allen's Time Table, in which he entered short records for almost every day:—

April 24th, Sunday.—"Anlaby Road. Large congregation. Acts ii. 4. Heavenly experience. Spoke with energy three-quarters of an hour. Rode both ways. *Forced.* Pulse after supper, ninety-one.

May 8th.—Full room Selby Street. Good time.

May 17th.—Brother Nassau's to tea. So weak after could not go to George's Road.

May 20th.—Preacher's tea at Mr. Aston's. So weak turned back. A few more times and then *home.*"

"Do you overcome the *devil always?*" "Yes, and for the best of reasons. The devil's master is my best friend."

May 22nd.—"Filey brethren at *Road.* Pulpit with them. 1500 hearers. *Enjoyed it.*

May 29th.—At Elloughton at 10-30 and 6. Sanctification at night. Grand prayer-meeting. No souls.

May 30th.—Elloughton. Good public meeting. Told of Armstrong's conversion. Denton and packet. Scarbro, Sheffield, etc.

This year to May 17th, have preached three Sunday nights at Anlaby Road, three at George's Road, three at Selby Street, one Jubilee, one Willerby.

September 25th.—Wrote outline on Rest, Heb. iv. Heard Mr. Nume with much pleasure and profit. How sweet the word of God, and fellowship of saints. Letter from dear Jinnie.

September 30th.—Brother Griffin's. Preacher's tea. Fifteen there. Prayed. Good time. Enjoyed company of preachers. *Bad pain.*

October 9th.—Very stormy and cold. Attempted to walk to George's Road: failed. Enoch went to inform chapel-keeper. Very weak and sleepy for two hours.

October 12th.—New Holland. Harvest Festival. Stayed at Mr. Lindup's. Spoke twenty-five minutes. Pain severe when walking. Took cab from Pier, home at 10-20. Great crowds in streets. Hull Fair. Very weary and very weak.

October 15th, Saturday.—Raining all day till between nine and ten at night. Praying for to-morrow's sermons, etc. Rain for thirty-six hours. Three hundred tons an acre!

October 16th, Sunday.—Cottingham. Mr. Hull drove me. God favoured us. Preached on 'Little Children.' Night. 'Clouds and darkness are round about Him.' Memorable time. Pleasant ride home. Mercy.

October 21st.—At home. Rainy. Jupiter beautiful. Kind letter from Morley.

October 22nd.—At home. Reading with interest Bishop Wilson's India, and Taylor's Election of Grace. Very windy and cold. Did not venture out.

October 25th.—Barton till 5-12. Prayed with Mrs. Harland. Eighty-three years old. My Jane with me. Found all well at home. Laus Deo!

'How little I am, and how little I do.'

October 26th.—George's Road. Bazaar opening. Called on to pray. Lord helped me! Took tea. Left at seven. Rode home.

October 27th.—Very wet day. To Mr. Brown's. Humble and free in prayer. Mrs. weak. I judge she is on the verge. God bless her and him, *and all of them.*

October 28th.—Preacher's tea at Mr. Foster's. Grand

paper by Jefferson. Just suited me. I wept to hear it. Pleasant Meeting.

October 29th.—Glory! Glory! Glory! A powerful baptism sitting by the fire in Mr. Ringrose's room, with testament open at Acts xxvi. 18. God will use me here. Enoch remembered.

October 30th, Sunday.—Preached on sanctification. Liberty. Could not sleep.

Clouds, etc. *Broke down* twenty-five minutes. Great weakness and trial.

October 31st, Monday.—Rose at noon. Tea by myself. *Weak*. Spoke ten minutes seated. Congregation glad. Myself too, and grateful."

The Last Entry.

November 8th, 1892.—"Red letter day! Forty-six years ago God sealed me His! Glory!

Took tea with Mrs. Jackson, Charter House. Mrs. Ray was there also. Mrs. J. was richly blessed! She had been thinking nobody visited her to cheer her, after she had gone about to cheer others. *Now God* uplifted her. Her conversation was most refreshing. What a witness of the full salvation! But how *unwise* are some preachers in opposing the old Methodist (Scriptural) doctrine.

Prayed, and foretasted heaven!

Prayed with Mrs. Raynor in another room."

How characteristic the above entry, and how appropriate for the *last*! Holiness is the keynote, as it had been of his life for nearly fifty years.

The following letter, dated November 11th, 1892, was written to the Rev. H. B. Kendall, Connexional Editor:—"Am sorry I have kept you in suspense so long. I have been unwell, and my nervous weakness is such that writing is a great trouble to me.

A fortnight ago I was unable to *finish* a Sunday night sermon. I have not been so well since.

I am glad God has done such great things for you since the days to which you kindly refer. May your work be very efficient in promoting the interests of our blessed Saviour's

Kingdom, and in hastening the time when the 'Prince of this world shall be cast out.'

Thanks for your kind request, but much as I would like to comply, I dare not, as the idea only of having the work to do would, I fear, unfit me for it; but I *do hope* to write you something when I can, without being under any promise or obligation.

One matter already sadly troubles me at times. Mrs. H. Hodge *would have* me write a short memoir of her dear husband. I began, and I want to finish it as soon as I can, D.V., but I dare not overtax myself. Two *slight* paralytic affections have been experienced, in my hands and arms only, and thus I am warned to be careful. Thank God for brain and spine untouched, as doctor said 'twigs only' affected.

I sometimes preach, and I thank God for an *unparalysed tongue*, but weakness warns and checks.

With love in Christ to yourself and Mrs. K., etc.,

As ever in Him,

P. MILSON."

The following is from the pen of Mrs. Kirk:—

"General Observations and 'Latter Moments.'

He felt he must be about his Master's business, hence he preached Christ wherever he went. In all places, in all company, under all circumstances, he would, at least, put a word or two in for eternity.

In the street, if he met a poor, poverty-pinched, and ill-clad child, he would stop him, tell him about Jesus, give him a copper, and tell him 'to say his prayers.'

For years he has made a practice of talking on spiritual matters to the policemen on their beats, who heard him with respect, and thanked him for his concern for their welfare, saying that 'most people seem to consider us not worth their ministering to.'

He would speak of Christ to men at work on the streets, persons in tram-cars, and the conductors, and seldom let an opportunity pass without some word for his Master. We have, since his death, found a list in his pocket of unsaved friends to

be prayed for by name, and for whose conversion he was very anxious.

He seemed to be constantly in communion with Jesus, and would very frequently, for years, break out into audible praise and prayer, and passages of scripture, and favourite hymns, evidencing how close a walk he had with his Lord and Saviour, from whom flashes of Divine glory seemed to fill his soul, and illumine his face.

A few days before he was ill, father remarked to us, 'I feel as though I had done with my garden.'

Another day he came downstairs, and said, 'I've had such a powerful time in prayer for you all, especially for Enoch, and I have had the assurance renewed for him.' He seemed much affected and moved at the time.

One day during the week previous to his death, as he sat at the dinner-table, gazing out the window, he burst into tears of joy, and with a radiant countenance, quoted from the hymnal No. 989 :—

' Fuller joys ordained to know,
Waiting for the general doom,
When the Archangel's trump shall blow,
Rise, ye dead, to judgment come !'

He often repeated, from the same hymn, which was a *much-treasured* and beloved one :—

' Angels catch the approving sound,
Bow and bless the just award ;
Hail the heir with glory crowned,
Now rejoicing with his Lord.'

He used to say, 'I hope I shall *die* in harness,' 'I want to go when my work is done,' 'I *don't care about dying* ; it is you folks—meaning his family—that I think about. *What you will feel,*' etc. etc."

On Saturday, November 19th, I left for Hull, to preach in St. George's Road on the following day. I had been very unwell for some time, and on arriving at my home mentioned to my hostess, Mrs. Cowley, that I felt a very sharp pain in my left chest, and had done for some time. "O," she replied, "it will go off I hope. Mr. Milson has had just the same kind of

pain for some time now." The mention of his name led to further conversation, when I learned that he was frequently in the habit of calling in, and having tea. On finding that we were old friends, she said, "I will send on for him to come and spend to-morrow with you. I have invited Mr. and Mrs. Parker to tea, and it will be pleasant for you all to meet. Mr. Parker has called already to know when I expected you, and they will be looking in soon." Presently, they called, and as we were old colleagues and friends, the meeting was mutually pleasant. I noticed, however, that both were very grave, and after a while, Mrs. C., having left the room for a moment, Mr. Parker said, "I have heard that our old friend Mr. Milson has passed away." "Passed away?" I asked, "what do you mean, you don't mean that he is dead?" He nodded assent, for just then my hostess returned, and he was afraid of her learning the news abruptly, as she was subject to heart disease. After a while Mrs. Parker left for the purpose of visiting Mrs. Milson, and learning if the report were true. In a short time she returning, and confirmed it. Our dear friend had died only an hour or two before.

I got no sleep that night, and on Sunday I found the sense of loss almost unbearable, but was graciously assisted in preaching by the Divine Spirit, Mr. Parker taking part in the services. On Monday morning I called to see the widow and family, and learned the following particulars :—

Mr. Milson had felt considerable pain in the chest for some time which was occasionally so severe as to compel him to stand in the street, and cling to the nearest object that would afford support. In November he went to Leeds, accompanied by Mrs. Milson, for services at Holdforth Street, New Wortley. He preached on Sunday morning on entire sanctification, and had good liberty. In the evening he commenced "very well," but had not proceeded far with his subject before he suddenly turned ill (he thought through the oppressive heat), his memory failed, and, after making several attempts to continue, he had to give up. That morning sermon was his last. On Monday night he was so much better that he was able to address the people, and those who heard him declare it was a rich spiritual treat.

The following Sunday afternoon the Clowes Street people had a service of song, entitled, "Early Primitive Methodism," and he was requested to go. Both Mrs. Milson and his daughter begged him not to do so, as he was very unwell, but he felt so much interest, both in the place and subject, that he went and gave a short address full of point and power, but he was very weak afterwards. The next afternoon he and Mrs. Milson went to the tea, after which he conversed with several friends until, feeling very weary, they retired into the chapel for rest.

The Rev. W. Smith, who presided over the meeting which followed, seeing him in the chapel, invited him to the platform. The request was received in such a manner by the audience that he felt it impossible to refuse. While sitting upon the platform he turned very cold, but delivered an address, his theme being, "The Rev. W. Clowes, and his power in prayer." He was exceedingly eloquent, and many elderly persons in the audience were reminded of his early days of power and glory. Among other things, he said, "I SHOULD LIKE TO DIE BLAZING," and finished by stating that Mr. Clowes was once on a platform with a Baptist minister, and when Mr. C. prayed, the former was so frightened that he suddenly left the platform, and disappeared. "And I'm going too," said Mr. Milson, and sat down. He little thought that he was leaving the platform for ever, but so it was. When he had proceeded a few yards from the chapel towards home, he was suddenly seized with the old pain in his chest, which nearly overpowered him, and he had to stand till a conveyance was obtained, and after a while the pain disappeared. He took his supper as usual, and retired to rest. About two o'clock, however, in the morning, it suddenly returned. Restoratives were applied, and partial relief obtained. Medical advice was secured, and during the next few days he gradually grew stronger, indeed on Saturday morning he was so much better that he thought of going out for a short walk, but was induced to postpone the attempt to Monday. During the afternoon he spoke long and earnestly to his doctor on spiritual things. As he spoke, he grew quite warm and eloquent, and exclaimed, "They talk about getting ready for a dying hour, I have been getting ready fifty years."

Referring to the funeral of Lord Tennyson, and to a copy of

Shakespeare being put on his coffin, he said, "I shall want the Bible, the Bible for me. Give me the Bible!" He felt the truth of

•

"The teaching he had long years taught,
That the true crown for any soul when dying
Is Christ, not genius, and is faith, not thought."

Speaking of Popery and its adherents, he said, "If only they would stick to the Bible."

Referring to Newman's hymn, "Lead Kindly light," he said, "Doctor, I have had a better light than that. I got the light of the Spirit many years ago, when God fully sanctified my soul."

He was referring, I suppose, to what I heard him refer to some time before, the phrase, "Amid the encircling gloom." "Thank God," he exclaimed, "I have been out of the gloom for years. No fog for me. If ye walk in the light as He is in the light," etc.

"The above sayings," says his daughter, "were not uttered by the expectancy of dying then, as neither he nor any of us had the least idea of danger, but out of that fulness of heart which led him to speak at all times to all who came into his society about Christ and His salvation."

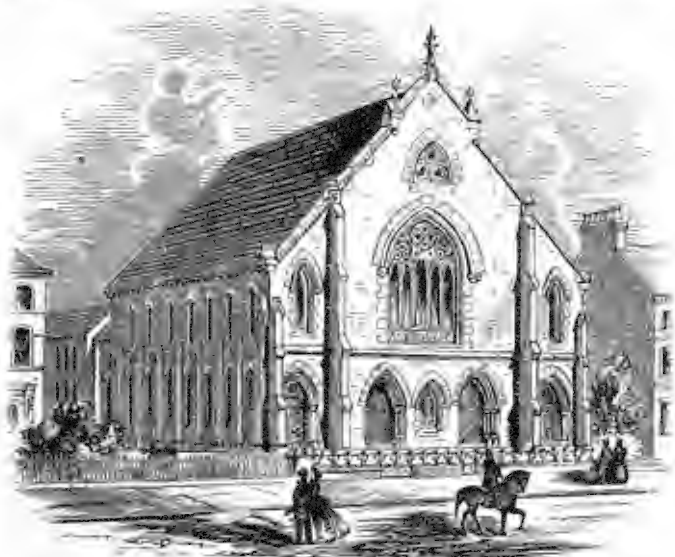
During the afternoon he drank a cup of milk and soda water, and then lay back to rest. Mrs. Milson had gone downstairs. Presently, he knocked loudly, and she hastened up. "The pain," said he, "has returned. *It is very bad, Jane.*"

She saw a sudden change in his face, his lips quivered—she lifted his head slightly, but he took no notice—there was an earnest upward look upon his face, a smile passed over it, his head fell back, his eyes closed, and the seraphic spirit of the saintly Parkinson Milson was in heaven.

"They said he died—it seems to me,
That after years of pain and strife,
He slept that evening peacefully,
And woke in everlasting life."

The funeral took place on Wednesday, November 23rd, and was attended by thousands—literally—who loved and honoured the departed for his devoted Christly life, and unceasing

labours. Prior to leaving the house, crowds of friends availed themselves of the opportunity of taking a last look of him who had endeared himself to them, thereby causing some delay, it being difficult to clear the way for the departure of the cortege. The coffin, which was made of polished pine, with brass mountings, and a glass panel in the lid, bore the following on the engraved plate—"In loving memory of Rev. Parkinson Milson, who fell asleep in Jesus, November 19th, 1892, aged 67 years."



JOHN CHAPEL, HULL.

The coffin, which was covered with wreaths, having been placed in an open hearse, drawn by two fine greys, which took the place of the usual horses (the latter being much disliked by the deceased) the Rev. C. Spivey announced hymn 311, "Rock of ages," and as the strains of that glorious song, to the tune "Rousseau," swelled from the lips of the gathered hundreds, the Invisible seemed very near.

A large procession of ministers and official laymen preceded the hearse (walking six or eight abreast).

The procession proceeded to Bourne Chapel, Anlaby Road, where, at 2.20 p.m., a memorial service was conducted by Rev. C. Spivey. There was a full choir, Miss Hodge presiding at the organ. Rev. C. Spivey announced hymn 870, "Come let us join our friends above," after the singing of which prayer was offered by Rev. T. Granger. Revs. T. Mitchell and J. Goldthorpe read suitable portions of scripture, and Revs. J. Stephenson and J. Hodgson delivered impressive and appreciative addresses on the character and work of the deceased.

While many deeply mourned because of their loss, yet a sweet influence and sense of the Divine presence pervaded the service: fervent, though subdued, responses coming frequently from many lips and hearts. After another hymn, announced by Rev. H. Clark, prayer was offered by Rev. J. Shaw. When hymn 949, "It is not death to die," had been sung, the Rev. C. Spivey pronounced the benediction, and the mourners departed, the coffin being borne shoulder high, and the strains of the "Dead March" resounding through the sacred edifice. The people thronged the building so that it was with difficulty that the mourners made their way in and out. Many present wore mourning dress, and the chapel, though large, was too small for the assemblage.

The cortege proceeded to Spring Bank Cemetery, where the interment took place. After the coffin, with its precious contents, had been deposited in its resting-place, Rev. T. Whittaker read the burial service. Rev. R. Harrison announced hymn 989, a favourite hymn of Mr. Milson's, "Hark! a voice divides the sky," and then offered prayer, when the vast company began to disperse. The thousands who assembled in the cemetery, and thronged the roads leading thereto, bore witness to the love for our beloved friend and minister, Parkinson Milson. It is said by many that so large a funeral has not been witnessed in Hull in connexion with Primitive Methodism since the burial of Rev. W. Clowes.

Mr. Milson's death is a loss to our town and denomination, but the fragrance of his sweet, devoted, Christly life and ministry will long linger amongst our people, not only in Hull, but many parts of the connexion, as an abiding inspiration. His widow and family feel keenly their loss, but have comfort

in the thought that their loss is his gain, and by the widely extended sympathy expressed by friends in so many ways. He rests from his labours, and his work shall follow him.

It was a matter of deep regret to me that an engagement to lecture at a village in the Market Rasen Circuit on the Tuesday evening, and to attend a Holiness Convention at that town on Wednesday, prevented me attending the funeral and delivering one of the addresses. I was, however, thankful that I was able to take the place of the Rev. J. Stephenson in the afternoon at the convention, while he performed the melancholy duty at Hull.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

At Bourne Chapel, Hull, a memorial service was conducted on Sunday evening, December 18th, 1892, by Rev. C. Spivey, who took for his text, Psalm xxxvii. 37. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." There was present a very large congregation. The preacher spoke powerfully on the subject of his text, and afterwards quoted largely from the journals of Mr. Milson, giving interesting and profitable particulars and incidents in his life until his decease. The service was deeply impressive.

At St. George's Road Chapel, on January 1st, the Rev. C. Spivey preached a memorial sermon, when he dealt in a most able and forcible manner with his subject.

At Clowes Chapel, on January 1st, a service was held, when the Rev. T. Mitchell preached from Acts xx. 24. "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself," etc. He spoke of the life and labours of the Rev. Parkinson Milson in an effective way, introducing several letters of sympathy and testimony to the worth of the departed, concluding with an earnest appeal to his audience to live good and consecrated lives.

At Petre Street Chapel, Sheffield, on Sunday evening, December 18th, the Rev. J. Stephenson, of Nottingham, preached a memorial sermon. He was in deep sympathy with Mr. Milson's life-work, and the sermon was one of characteristic tenderness, point, and power. The friends at Petre Street manifested exceptional appreciation of the great gifts and graces of their old minister and friend.

CHAPTER XXX.

TESTIMONIES FROM MANY QUARTERS.

“Can we forget one friend,
Can we forget one face,
Which cheered us towards our end,
Which nerved us for our race?
O sad to toil, and yet forego
One presence which has made us know
To God-like souls how deep our debt!
We would not if we could forget.”

— C. KINGSLEY.

THE tidings of Mr. Milson's death spread rapidly, and letters of condolence reached the family from all quarters of the connexion, and all classes of its members. It is difficult to select from so great a number, but the following letters are from old colleagues and friends.

• The Rev. Dr. Wood, Principal of Manchester College, wrote :—

“MY DEAR MRS. MILSON,

I cannot tell you how deeply affected we all were this morning to hear of the death of my dear old friend and colleague, your beloved, and now sainted and glorified, husband. I had hoped that before going home I might settle down for a few years near to him, and a few other old companions, but one after another have ‘crossed the bar,’ and disappeared, until few are left, and they are scattered and are wide apart. The name of your husband recalls days of wonderful grace, and extraordinary scenes of Pentecostal power, such as, I regret to say, are now but seldom, if ever, witnessed. In some respects it is painful for memory to linger on them, because there is so little prospect of the return of such days. As I think of my departed friend, I remember meetings I attended with him, family visits I made, private walks and talks I had with him, when we seemed to be on the very

threshold of heaven, and almost among the glorified spirits of such men as Clowes and others. One could never be with your husband, whether in private, in the social circle, in religious work, or business meetings, without being brought nearer to God, and into closer fellowship with Jesus the Mediator, and the spirits of just men made perfect. There could be no doubting with whom Parkinson Milson daily walked, or where he went for the source of life he lived. It was even quite on the verge of heaven where he lived. I often wonder whether there will be in our connexion again such preaching as his. Farewell to my dear friend and companion, the remainder of my earthly journey will be much more lonely on account of his removal, though I have seen but little of him in later years, but heaven will be all the sweeter, and more desirable. The stroke will be very heavy to you and yours, may you be graciously sustained until you rejoin him, where parting will be unknown."

Rev. M. B. Stamp :—

"You will have received my letter of yesterday, from the Circuit. I was glad they appointed a deputation as a token of their respect and esteem for my old friend. Every one here speaks in the highest terms of him and his work. . . .

I shall ever cherish precious memories of the five years that we worked side by side together. Especially were the years at Scarbro' years of great blessing and glorious ingatherings, and the earnest labours and faithful preaching of your dear husband did much to bring about that success. . . .

His personal influence on me was very helpful to my ministry, and the fellowship we had in our frequent walks together from our evening appointments are bright reminiscences to-day. He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost.

I had a few times the pleasure of hearing him preach, and his face became irradiated, and his eyes glistened with the holy fire that burned within his soul, and his rich imagination and sanctified mental powers had free play. I felt that I was listening to a man of God, and had gained inspiration and stimulus to my own soul."

“DEAR BROTHER SHAW,

My acquaintance with the late Rev. P. Milson commenced about 46 years ago. He was stationed in the Hull West Branch, and I was stationed in the Hull East Branch of Hull Circuit. We lodged together at Mr. Lascelles, in Bond Street, Hull, a place well known to many Primitive Methodist Ministers, a place of which the Rev. W. Howcroft wrote :—

‘There is a lovely spot I ween,
I have been often there,
It is the number *sweet sixteen*
Where stands the *old arm chair*.’

I esteemed Mr. Milson very highly for his eminent piety and quenchless zeal in seeking the salvation of men. ‘The heroic passion for saving souls,’ absorbed him. He was exceedingly popular in the town of Hull, and enjoyed the intimate friendship, along with myself, of the venerable William Clowes. He rendered good service to our connexion and the church of Christ by his fearless, pungent, and faithful preaching of old Methodist doctrines, and by his godly and eminently consistent Christian deportment. Many saved souls will be the crown of his rejoicing, in the day of God. May his mantle fall on our rising ministry.

T. WHITEHEAD.”

The Rev. G. H. Beeley wrote :—“In some cases when a beloved relative dies, there may be a shade of doubt as to his final state, but no one who knew your departed husband will have a doubt on that score. So that great as your loss and sorrow are, there is one bright ray, in fact, a great sheaf of hope on the subject.

I know not a living man, in or out of the ministry, for whom I have held a more complete reverence and high estimation than for him, whom many besides yourself are mourning the loss to-day. He was so loyal to Christ, his conscience, and the Connexion. The great ‘revelation day’ alone will show to what a vast extent the influence of his life, testimony, and discourses have helped to spread our Saviour’s kingdom on the earth. Thousands will for years to come receive

continued inspiration, from the remembrance of his words and works. His death is a bereavement to the whole community."

Mr. J. F. Pentith :—

"Since I saw you yesterday, I have been thinking about you and your dear husband. Although his failing health had prepared us somewhat for his end, yet we did not suppose it would be so sudden. I feel I must drop you a line to say how very much my wife, self, and family sympathise with you in your great sorrow, and to assure you how deeply we loved and venerated our departed friend. Amongst the many memories of the past, none are more interesting or precious than the recollection of his earnest and devoted labours in our circuit. Amongst the many grand men who have been with us in old Jarratt Street, your husband takes front rank ; personally there is no man with whom I ever came in contact as a minister that I valued or esteemed more than Mr. Milson. Many of his sayings and doings live with me to-day, and I cherish them dearly. Many years ago, when I was so ill as to be 'given up' by the doctor, my dear friend Mr. M. (who was then in our circuit) spent the most of one night on his knees praying for my recovery, and with that wonderful assurance, peculiar to his great faith, he got up all at once from his knees, saying, 'he will get better,' and I am alive to-day.

Who that ever heard his earnest powerful appeals from the pulpit can forget them? His fearlessness in rebuking sin, his longing for the salvation of souls, his zeal for the honour of his Divine Master, were evident to all. . . . The visits he paid to our house, which were continued after he left the full work, were always, more or less, means of grace to us. His earnest enquiry, 'How are you getting on,' his relation of some remarkable occurrence in his life, the reading of a letter from some one who had profited under his ministry, or something he said or did always profited and interested us. I do not know any minister who was more beloved by my young people at home than he was. I was delighted, and so were all present, to hear his welcome voice at old Jarratt Street last Sunday. We shall hear it no more on earth, but hope to meet him in heaven."

Mr. J. W. Emerson, of Grimsby, wrote :—"I hear

with sorrow of the death of your dear husband, to me a highly valued friend, nay, shall I not call him my Father in God? I had been hoping to hear and see him again in the early spring. That hope has gone, but I shall always see him and hear him, aye, and love him, in memories of the past. Nearly thirty-eight years ago, when together at Mr. Robinson's, he led me by his counsels, prayers, and entreaties to decide for a Christian life, and then helped my weak and struggling faith to firmer ground, as he knew so well how to do. No, I shall never forget him, and when I 'cross the bar' there are few faces I shall see with greater joy."

"My earliest recollections are associated with the memory and work of Mr. Milson. As a boy I looked upon him with feelings of wonder and reverence, as a remarkable man; and in manhood and up to the present time, my youthful judgment has not been reversed. Only I feel, with many of my brethren, that *goodness* was the great characteristic of his life. He was a good man, if ever there was one. I had a kind letter from him as recently as the 11th of the present month (November), hence the tidings of his departure came on me as a shock. . . .

H. B. KENDALL."

"Thousands will grieve to lose such a man from the church on earth, but what a host will rejoice in administering to him an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. Few men have lived such a holy, consecrated, and useful life as his. Few have been so widely admired and loved for transparent, and yet unassuming, goodness. He won the hearts of all classes, rich and poor, cultured and uncultivated; the charge that is so often brought against ministers now could not be brought against him, that he was the man of the classes, but not of the masses."—H. COOKE.

"His ministry was one of great power and success, and his life transparent and magnetic. Many mourn his departure, but to him what a revelation of the Glory he so often felt and spoke about."—T. J. GLADWIN.

"I have known him almost as long as I have known anyone, and have always looked upon him with feelings of reverence, admiration, and love."—JAMES KEIGHTLEY.

"Our whole church is most grievously bereft by his departure."
—G. BENNETT.

"His warfare, in which he showed himself a brave warrior, is accomplished. The loss of one so noble and Christly in his life is a great loss."—D. SHEEN.

Mrs. Newell wrote :—"How sad we were, I could not help weeping, but Mr. Newell said, 'We ought rather to rejoice, because we are sure he has gone to God.' I have been at class, and telling the members how he walked with God. I never listened to him without having my soul blest. . . ."

Mr. Jonathan Harwood, of Scarbro', wrote :—" . . . Many persons and influences have contributed to help my Christian life, but I must own that with respect to the deeper spiritual experience, the teachings, and perhaps in even a greater degree the manifest earnestness and sincerity of Mr. Milson's life have had more power over me for good than any other. To know him was to feel that at all events there was one transparent and apostolic soul to whom one could point to as an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile."

Writing in haste, the Rev. T. Whittaker said :—"He lived *well*, and, considering the limited capital of physical strength with which he began his ministry, he has lived *long*. Few who knew him when he commenced, expected that he would be able to give forty years of service."

"November 25th, 1892.

The General Committee to Mrs. Milson and family.

DEAR FRIENDS,

It affords me a melancholy pleasure to send you the following minute :—

'That we learn with sorrow of the decease of the Rev. Parkinson Milson, who for his fearless courage in the proclamation of distinctive Methodist doctrine, his burning zeal, his holiness of life, and large success in the conversion of sinners to God, deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by our people.'

JOHN WENN."

The members of the Hull District Meeting directed the Rev. T. Whittaker to write Mrs. Milson, assuring her of their

sympathy with her in her great loss. "We feel," say they, "that your loss is also ours. The presence of Mr. Milson amongst us was a benediction and an inspiration. We all knew and felt him to be a man of God, living continually in close and intimate communion with Him. He dwelt apart and in touch with the higher verities of our Christian faith. Heaven was always near to him, and he was near to heaven. He walked with God."

The Rev. T. Mitchell, writing for the Hull Second Circuit, says :—"We are not forgetful of the good and useful life he has lived, and the inspiration that has come to many hearts through his ministry. His name is fragrant in this circuit. His words have led many to Christ, his influence has helped to form the spiritual experience of those who were brought near to him."

The Sheffield District Committee sent the following :—" . . . We highly appreciate the distinguished service he rendered to the connexion as a devoted successful minister and witness of the doctrine and experience of Christian Holiness.

His spirit was permeated with the presence of the great Master. The recollection of his success in winning souls • lingers with us as a precious memory and incentive to greater usefulness in the work of the Lord.

We rejoice that for forty-three years he laboured in word and doctrine, bearing an unblemished character, full of holy zeal and enthusiasm for the glory of God, and the good of men."

Rev. J. Hodgson :—

"The brethren belonging to the ministerial association of the Hull and Grimsby and Lincoln Districts, at their sessions, held at Cleethorpes, April 12th and 13th, 1893, desire, through me, to express to you their prayerful sympathy with you and your dear family in your sorrowful bereavement, through the departure to the Church above of your beloved husband, the Rev. Parkinson Milson.

They wish at the same time to testify of their veneration for his saintly character, their gratitude for the service so cheerfully rendered by him to this association, and their admiration of his eminent goodness and usefulness. Their prayer is that you

may continue to be graciously supported under your deep and irreparable loss, and that we, as ministers, may imitate our departed brother in his zeal and fidelity in the cause of our Divine Master, till both you and we shall have the privilege of meeting with him in the realms of glory."

"DEAR MRS. MILSON,

I am desired by the Quarterly Meeting of the Hull First Circuit, held yesterday, to express to you the brethren's high appreciation of the Christian character, the great devotion, and the marvellous success of your late husband during a long and powerful ministry.

I need not say how heartily I endorse their expression of sympathy.

The four years we laboured together convinced me of the deep spirituality of Mr. Milson's character.

J. GOLDTHORPE."

Writing for the Grimsby First Circuit, the Rev. R. W. Keightley says:—

"In no part of our Zion was the ministry of your departed one more highly appreciated, and in few places more successful, than in this station. The spiritual power and saintly character of your husband are very precious memories with hundreds of our friends here. And you may safely count upon their prayers and sympathy in this your hour of trial and need.

To me, personally, the tidings of your loss came as a great sorrow. Though in another generation I have always been a very enthusiastic admirer of the character, ability, and work of Mr. Milson. Probably our interest in each other arose partly from the fact that we hail from neighbouring villages, and I cherish very grateful recollections of the kindly interest taken in me from my earliest days of ministerial life by your late husband."

Writing on behalf of the Bridlington Circuit, the Rev. T. Whittaker said:—"His saintly character commanded our reverence and hearty respect.

The memory of his words and prayers are still to us an

inspiration, and we feel that his presence with God makes heaven nearer to us."

The Sheffield Third Circuit officials, after passing a resolution of sympathy, added:—"We also wish to state that we recall with pleasure the four years he laboured amongst us, his faithful preaching, his earnest zeal, untiring labours, and prevailing prayer, with the success which to a large extent crowned his labours, and we pray that we may be counted worthy to be sharers with him of the glory which those before the throne enjoy."

The meeting also appointed Messrs. C. Hindmarsh, J. Hatfield, and J. Benson to represent the circuit at the funeral.

The venerable Jesse Ashworth, of Peterborough, writing me on the 28th of June, 1893, expressing the delight he felt at the prospect of a Life of Mr. Milson being published, says:—

"With our esteemed friend, the Rev. Parkinson Milson, I was well acquainted when he travelled in the great Metropolis. Although this was in the early part of his ministry, he was even then remarkable for glowing zeal, melting compassion, deep devotion, and power in prayer. I remember walking with him on one occasion along the Mile End Road. We entered a shop with a large collection of new and old books; he informed me that he remembered the time when he thought it wrong to read any book but the Bible, but while he retained his former veneration for the sacred volume, he had seen the importance of reading those books which threw light upon its hallowed pages. We attended several Missionary Meetings together, and I can bear honourable testimony to his earnest advocacy of the missionary cause. In fact, such was the kindliness of his manner, the earnestness of his spirit, that I have from that time retained for him the highest esteem, and can scarcely wonder at his marvellous career."

The Rev. W. Marwood, in a lengthy communication, speaks of his accompanying him in his visits to the people during the first weeks of his ministry in Hull, in 1846. He was very kind and obliging, was constantly talking of home and his mother, and continually writing to her. It was with difficulty he was persuaded to stay, and it was only when under his sermons several persons were converted he consented to

do so. On his way from Tadcaster to pay a visit to his parents he called to see Mr. Marwood, and told him how he had received the blessing of entire sanctification, and added, "I am going to stay now in the work," and adds the writer, "Thousands will bless God that he did so." He was incessantly writing, so much so, that Mr. Marwood thought him "somewhat lacking in sociality, as he frequently was so absorbed in his work as to take no notice of what was said to him." In after years, however, he found him very communicative, and valued him very highly as a brother minister and personal friend.

The Rev. James Shaw, of Bradford, in a long and beautiful letter, gives some deeply interesting reminiscences of Mr. Milson and the influence his sermons had on his mind and heart in early life. He walked eight miles to hear him preach one Sunday at Doncaster, and gives an account of a sermon he preached from "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt," and quotes some of his sayings, which had lived in his memory for thirty years. "I heard also," says he, "the *memorable charge* at Bridlington to the Rev. R. W. Keightley. Once in Goole Carlisle Terrace Chapel I heard him speak at a public meeting, where his great gifts and graces shone conspicuously. In a speech, full of faith and power, he revealed his real self by a casual reference to his first speaking through a telephone, while he travelled in Sheffield." A gentleman said, "How are you?" "Very well, thank you, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses me from all sin, does it you?" was his reply.

Rev. W. Suttle says:—"I shall never forget how greatly I was blessed by intercourse with him, and inspired when I heard him preach. His face shone with more than earthly brightness, and I felt brought very close to our Divine Master."

The Rev. W. Pigott also wrote:—

"MY DEAR MRS. MILSON,

My earlier recollections are incalculably richer for the relation your crowned consort sustained to my native circuit and home life. In those days, Rev. P. Milson rode a mule, and as he itinerated twixt the villages in Epworth Circuit, little did the apostle of purity think what blessings were being

breathed upon him by the droves of women drudging in fields, and groups of men active in agriculture; indeed, he was a modern Baptist, whom the Herodic feared, while the multitude eagerly listened to him with tear-dimmed eyes, while he directed them to 'The Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.'

In the pulpit, Mr. Milson was a prince, his keen moral perceptions of Divine doctrines, his firm grasp of spiritual verities, his clear conceptions of the all-conquering Cross, his perennially poetic speech, his versatile mind, and vast reading, together with his rich realisation of grace and truth, rendered him the Whitfield of Methodism. On the platform, not seldom did he evince the highest oratorical power, not by adopting the axioms of fame-hunting Rhetoricians, but by accurate analysis and skilful synthesis of the subject of his deliverance, which sparkled with suggestive illustrations, pulsed with transpositional trophies, glowed with sanctified energy, and rounded itself into poetic periods, the sentiment and sentence being replete with Milsonian rhythm. To hear the ever tuneful Milson was a rare treat. Is it too much to say that no minister of modern times has a richer record of signal conversion than he; to his pastoral work many owe much — his fervent prayers, sage counsels, and holy life have decided the destiny of many young men, whose after experience has emphasised the aphorism, 'The memory of the just is blessed.'

On page 153 of this volume there is an account of the conversion of an Irishman, named Bernard Kenny, who afterwards entered our ministry, and has since laboured with considerable success both in this country and the Colonies. While this sheet has been passing through the press the following letter has reached me, and, after reading it, I am delighted to have the opportunity, at the last hour, of adding it to the preceding testimonies, notwithstanding the large space they already occupy: —

"The Parsonage, Lithgow, New South Wales,

June 15th, 1893.

DEAR SISTER MILSON,

Your loving letter, containing the sad intelligence of your great loss, is just to hand, and with a sad heart, I

hasten to reply. The memorial card I shall cherish as an invaluable treasure till the close of my pilgrimage, I have it on my table, in front of me, and as I look at it, the most sacred memories of my life are revived. When I was just out of my teens, an incident which occurred terminated a long-cherished purpose, an impressive event led me to a situation in Louth. Having been brought up and educated a strict Roman Catholic, I attended to my religious duties at Louth as elsewhere, without any intention of ever becoming a Protestant. The head of the family with whom I lodged was an occasional hearer at the Primitive Methodist Church, and he invited me one Sunday evening to accompany him to hear the Rev. Parkinson Milson. As I had never been in a Protestant church, I hesitated, but he continued urging me, saying, 'You never heard his equal, he is the greatest preacher I ever heard. I'll go bail, he'll not say a word against your religion!'

* I complied. With a superstitious dread I entered the church, and was placed in a pew in the gallery, in front of the pulpit. The sacred edifice was crowded with a congregation of very respectable-looking people. The manner in which Mr. Milson gave out the hymn arrested my attention, and his fervent and fluent prayer without a book, embracing the needs of all present, made me feel that he was talking with God. This was altogether new to me, yet I was not in the least surprised to hear both men and women giving expression to their feelings in loud and hearty responses. The text was, 1 Thess. i. 10, 'Wrath to come.' I had heard Roman Catholic Divines on the same theme, but there was a living and convincing force in Mr. Milson's sermon which was altogether new to me. As he proceeded to describe the terrible consequences of unpardoned sin, I became alarmed with the consciousness of personal guilt. This was on the eve of Mr. Milson's removal to Hull. For several weeks my distress was almost unbearable. At length I revealed my feelings to John Webster. He invited me to Mr. Lowery's Sunday afternoon class, the members prayed for me and directed me to Jesus. I looked by faith to the bleeding Lamb, and obtained assurance of Divine pardon and peace. I felt that I ought to write Mr.

* I should not have ventured to do so. —G. S.

Milson of my conversion ; * he sent me quite a characteristic reply, which has been a beacon to me in the passage of life. After expressing his joy and thanksgiving, he proceeded :— ‘ Do not pay too much attention to this or that profession of religion, make the Word of God your rule of faith ; give yourself unto prayer, attend all the means of grace you possibly can, especially the class meeting, and the Holy Spirit will guide you in the way of all truth.’ Both ministers and people took a hearty interest in me, and I found the companionship of Messrs. Webster, Capes, and Simpson a source of strength.

Since my conversion my opportunities of either seeing or hearing Mr. Milson have been few. The friends at Saltfleetby invited him to preach their annual sermons, and a goodly company of us went from Louth. I shall never forget the scene. As he entered the church, the power of God filled the place, and many were prostrated on the floor, under the tide of Divine influence flowing over them. The next time I saw him was at Gainsborough ; the trustees invited him to preach morning and evening, and myself in the afternoon. His subject in the morning was entire sanctification : John xiv. 23 : in the evening, 1 Thess. i. 10. At the latter service, strong men and women quailed under the word, and with broken hearts cried unto the Lord for deliverance from the fell power of evil. The meeting continued until nearly midnight, and several were converted to God.

On the following morning we went for a walk ; the scenery was enchanting, and he gave me the wisest counsel I ever received from man. The next, and last time, I saw him, was at Brigg. I shall never forget how affectionately he received me : after a little conversation, he said, ‘ You must preach to-night,’ and he sent a bellman round to announce the service. Afterwards we had a long walk on the canal bank, and were charmed with the reflection of a magnificent comet in the water. On the way back he related some striking incidents in the holy life and successful ministry of the sainted Clowes. The next morning I bade my dear father in the gospel farewell. Since that memorable day I have met with many of

* See the letter, page 153.

his converts. A lady in London, who had, like myself, been reared a Romanist in Ireland, informed me that she used to sit with her window open, and eagerly listen to Mr. Milson preach the gospel in Elim Chapel, Fetter Lane, and by that means was led to a saving knowledge of the truth. She was mother-in-law to Mr. Hendry, a highly respected local preacher in London Second Circuit. I was at Brisbane, the Capital City of Queensland, for six weeks, two years ago, and had the pleasure of meeting with two : a Mrs. Dobbs, formerly a servant of Mrs. Simpson's of Louth, and another person. I also knew some in Sydney, and there is a Mr. Shepherd in my present circuit, who was converted under his ministry in Sheffield. . . .

Yours in the Lord,

B. KENNY."

Since it became known that this volume was being prepared, testimonies to his character and usefulness have been forwarded to us from all parts of our Connexion, and in our desire to insert as many as possible, we have exceeded the limits prescribed for ourselves, and our arrangements with the printers, by more than thirty pages. We therefore reluctantly cancel a complete chapter we had carefully prepared, containing an estimate of his character and work, in which his uniform spirituality, habitual prayerfulness, strong faith, and quenchless zeal, were illustrated. His natural talents, cultivated by constant reading, close observation, and careful study, were briefly dwelt upon—as well as his unflinching fidelity to truth, combined with breadth of charity—which did not obtain all the recognition they deserved. We had also prepared several pages of illustration of his vast fund of humour, which in his early ministry was suppressed, but in later years had free scope, and is specially seen in his private letters ; but these, too, must be omitted. We cannot, however, lay down our pen without a reference to his passionate love of Nature and beautiful scenery. This seems to have been born with him, and was developed by the contiguity of the woods to his home. He would run into them at all times, wandering in their beautiful glades, climbing their trees, and exploring their

mysteries ; bird-nesting in spring, and in summer gathering wild-flowers and the beautiful lilies for which Broughton Woods are still celebrated throughout North Lincolnshire. In winter he found sheltered spots from wind and storm in their deep recesses, and he grew up knowing the name of every bird, and plant, and flower connected with them. He knew, too, where to look for the egg of the partridge and the plover, and was acquainted with the song of the nightingale and the thrush, as well as the screech of the owl and the notes of the cuckoo. In his earliest years, before ever he was taught a letter, he had learnt to read the oldest book in existence, for as Longfellow says of Agassi :—

“ Nature, the old Nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, ‘ Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.’
.

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old Nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.”

- He could not look upon beautiful scenery without being affected almost to tears. The references in his journals to such subjects remind us strongly of strikingly similar ones in the “Life and Letters of Charles Kingsley.” Visits to scenes of beauty helped to sooth him when wearied with work, and speaking of them, he wrote home on one occasion :—“I was strengthened in body and soul. My whole nature seemed to feed on earth and heaven.”

“ He was a man of high-wrought strain,
Passing the reckoning of his friends or foes,”

if foes he had. He frequently provoked opposition, especially in the early years of his ministry ; but even those who felt the keenest stroke of his sharp sword, acknowledge that he was a man of God. In later years, while he relaxed none of his faithfulness, his ministry was more tender and sympathetic, and when he died he had probably not a foe in the world. “Praise,” says the old proverb, “a fair day at night,” and his

fair day had a lovely close. The Rev. F. W. Farrer says :—
“The old age of good men is often a beautiful spectacle. They show us the example of a larger tolerance, a sweeter temper . . . a clearer faith. The setting sun of their bright day tinges even the clouds which gather round it with softer and more lovely hues.” So it was with the subject of this memoir. Beautiful as his life had been, his last days were his brightest and best, reminding us of the declaration of the Holy Book, that “the path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

His name will not readily be forgotten, nor the memory of his mighty deeds soon perish. His fame will be perpetuated in the deathless souls he turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, and the saints he strengthened and blessed.

“He is dead, but his memory still liveth ;
He is gone, his example is here ;
And the lustre and fragrance it giveth
Shall linger for many a year.”

POSTSCRIPT.

THE excellent portrait opposite the title-page has been furnished by the generosity of Mrs. Henry Hodge, of Hull. This has enabled us to add forty extra pages to the volume without increasing its price.

To the Revs. Joel Hodgson and J. W. Beevers, who assisted in reading the manuscript before sending it to the press, and to those who have forwarded letters and other papers of Mr. Milson's, we tender our sincere thanks. We regret that we have not been able to avail ourselves of the offer of friends to assist us in reading and correcting proofs, and that we have been compelled to do a large portion of it in railway carriages, steamboats, and between services, in consequence of which several errors of the press have been overlooked, but these, we hope, will not affect the usefulness of the volume, which we hope may be made a blessing to many.

GRIMSBY, *September 12th, 1893.*

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